

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

INE

May

15c





Prof. Henry Dickson

America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

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VOL. VII

No. 6

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1915

Cover Design—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Pictures of Popular Photoplayers

Marguerite Clarke, Edna Mayo, Maurice Costello, Margaret Edwards,
Kathlyn Williams, Pauline Frederick, Pearl White, Bessie Learn,
Jack Pickford, Peggy O'Neill, Holbrook Blinn, Marguerite
Courtot, Dorothy Bernard, Viola Dana, Lenore Ulrich.

<i>Frontispiece</i>	Anita Stewart and Earle Williams	
Alice Joyce, Honeymoon Truant	Pearl Gaddis	27
The lovely Kalem star's romance.		
The Million Dollar Mystery Museum		30
The Pretty Sister of Jose (Short Story)	Bruce Westfall	31
A tale of adventure and love in old Spain.		
News of the Day in Pictures		39
Upon The Screen (Poem)	M. C. Davies	43
Sweethearts	Earle Williams	44
In which a leading man tells of his play sweethearts.		
The Snobs (Short Story)	Edith Huntington Mason	50
Adapted from a photoplay by George Bronson Howard.		
Whose Lips are These?		60
The Girl on the Cover (Interview)	Colgate Baker	63
A chat with Clara Kimball Young.		
A Movie Glossary		67
Who's Married to Who in the Movies		68
Mack Sennett—Laugh Tester (Interview)	Harry C. Carr	71
Some "dope" on the man who made the Keystone famous.		
Seen and Heard at the Movies—by our Readers		77

Contents continued on next page

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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1915—Continued

On Screens Across the Seas	Marie Roy	79
An interesting talk on the movies in distant lands.		
The Lily of Poverty Flat (Short Story)	Julian Johnson	81
A splendid romance by a writer from Bret Harte's country.		
Universal City Starts Housekeeping		90
"The Devil a Saint Will Be!"		92
Bryant Washburn becomes a hero.		
The Movies' Super-Zoo		95
Clothes	Grace Kingsley	99
How the movie actresses anticipate the styles.		
How'd You Like to Be the Patent Man?		105
The Kiss That Cured (Short Story)	Hector Braintree	106
A story of the kind of girl that's worth while.		
Tomorrow		111
A prophecy by Oliver Morosco.		
The Players		114
The Come-Back (Short Story)	George Wolfe	116
A powerful tale of New York.		
A Thrilling Parallel (Short Story)	Francis X. Bushman	121
An interesting story by a famous star.		
The Thanhouseurs' Return		122
Haunted House of Wild Isle (Short Story)	John Doman	123
A romance of the Southland.		
Hints on Photoplay Writing	Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke	129
The Fan's Prayer		133
Lilie, the Love-Pirate (Interview)	George Vaux Bacon	135
An impertinent interview with a charming woman.		
The Passing of the Fight Picture	"Jimmie" Johnstone	140
Beauty to Burn (Serial Story)	George Orcutt	143
A Visit to the All-Night Movies	John Ten Eyck	152
In which John Ten Eyck is converted to the movies.		
Questions and Answers		155

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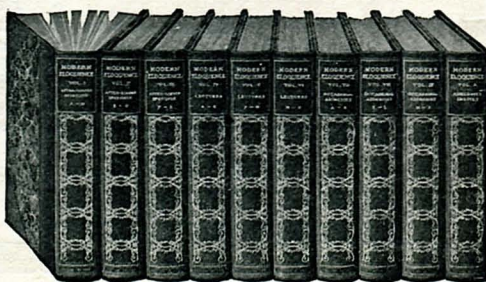
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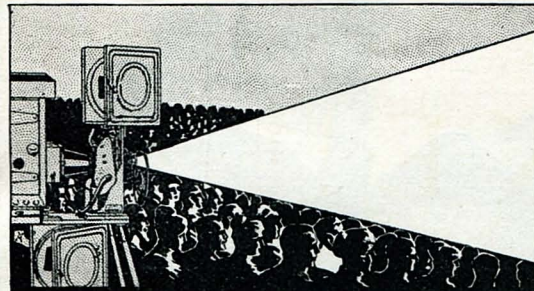
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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



MARGUERITE CLARK

was born in Cincinnati on Washington's Birthday, 1887. Her first appearance on the stage was at Baltimore in 1899. Her greatest triumph was in "Baby Mine." For the Famous Players she has done "Wildflower," "The Crucible," and "The Goose Girl." Three other Clark features are coming.



EDNA MAYO,

who is Essanay's most recent accession of prominence, is of a famous theatrical family, and has had wide stage and picture experience. She appeared in the metropolitan productions of "Help Wanted," "Excuse Me," and "Madam X," and has been leading woman with Pathe Freres. A strenuous programme has been mapped for her in the Essanay Chicago studio.



MAURICE COSTELLO.

A new photograph of one of the most popular players in photodrama. Maurice George Washington Costello was born in Pittsburgh in the late seventies. He has appeared in hundreds of famous film plays, has made a trip around the world as director-star, and is, as he has been for a long time, with the Vitagraph company.



MARGARET EDWARDS,

who came into startling prominence as the literally and absolutely unadorned prototype of "Truth," in Bosworth's "Hypocrites," is a young Californian, still in her 'teens, who had done much good acting in photoplays before her daring and her figure made her a cynosure of censorial eyes in Bosworth's dramatic invective against hypocrisy.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

has just returned from Selig's five-weeks' expedition to Panama, in which the outdoor scenes of Rex Beach's "Ne'er Do Well" were filmed. The indoor pictures are now being taken at the Los Angeles studio, to which the company hurried after a hasty return to Chicago, where the Selig offices are located.



PAULINE FREDERICK

star of the picture version of Hall Caine's "Eternal City," was born in Boston in 1884, and made her first stage appearance at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in 1902. Big dramatic successes of Miss Frederick were "Samson," "Joseph and His Brethren," and "Innocent." Miss Frederick is now a Famous Players star.



PEARL WHITE

made her stage debut as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the age of five. She has been about six years in pictures, and is now the star of "The Exploits of Elaine." Miss White had played all sorts of roles, from farce comedy to Juliet.



BESSIE LEARN,

ingenue of the Edison company, is 22 years of age, and in the short time that she has been before the camera has made an enviable record for vivacious and appealing comedy. Little Miss Learn has been featured in some of the best comedies of Edison release.



JACK PICKFORD,

brother of the famous Mary, was, like his sister, born in Toronto. After that he came to New York, and although very young is no new recruit to the stage, having acted almost all of his life. He has appeared with Biograph, Pathe and Reliance, and is now with the Famous Players.



Moffett, Photo

PEGGY O'NEILL,

famous little "Peg o' My Heart" who was chosen for the role in a contest participated in by 500 New York girls two years ago. Miss O'Neill has been playing "Peg" steadily ever since, but will appear in feature photoplays in the near future. This will not be Miss O'Neill's first experience in pictures, however.



HOLBROOK BLINN,

distinguished American character actor, and founder and director of New York's unique Princess Theatre, who will shortly appear in photoplays. Mr. Blinn's first screen drama will be a picture version of "The Boss," one of his personal triumphs of a few years ago. Mr. Blinn is a Californian by birth.



MARGUERITE COURTOT

is a veritable ingenue, having been born—in Summit, N. J.—in 1897. She has never been on the stage, never had any desire to be, and has never appeared with any save the Kalem company, for which she is now New York leading woman, under the direction of Tom Moore, who is in charge of Kalem's New York Studio.



DOROTHY BERNARD,

who has been in Florida during the winter, was born about twenty years ago in South Africa. She is of a theatrical family and has done much clever work as a leading woman of the ingenue type. Picture followers will recall her in recent releases of Southern pictures by the Lubin and Kalem companies.



VIOLA DANA,

known the country over for her remarkable performance in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," has joined the Edison company. Miss Dana is now only seventeen years of age, but she is a mature woman in stage experience, having played child roles with Thomas Jefferson, Dorothy Donnelly and William Faversham. Miss Dana is a native of New York.



Moffett, Photo

LENORE ULRICH,

who has been playing "The Bird of Paradise" with great success, will be seen in the film version of this exciting Hawaiian play. This is to be made under Oliver Morosco's direction in his own Los Angeles studios during the early summer months. Miss Ulrich is nineteen years of age.



"Then came Anita Stewart, a chestnut blonde, gray-eyed and merry-hearted."

["Sweethearts"—By Earle Williams]



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



Vol. VII. No. 6

May, 1915

"I'm asking you to marry me because I want you with all my heart."

In the end he convinced her——"

Alice Joyce — Honey- moon Truant

How Tom Moore made a Real Romance for one of the most adorable of Screen Sweet-hearts.

By
Pearl Gaddis

"And she went home Mrs. Tom Moore."

SINCE pictures are generally completed months before their "release" to the public, any famous truant may have exercised his or her spell of wandering—and have recovered therefrom—before being missed on the screen.

I'm afraid that pretty soon you're going to notice an Alice Joyce vacancy in your favorite theatre of the unspoken. Unless they've got a regular war budget of Alice

canned in some cold cement film vault somewhere—a matter upon which I really can't speak with authority.

Alice Joyce is supposed to be in Florida with the Kalem Company as its leading woman; but as a matter of fact she hasn't been in Florida for a good many weeks, and she hasn't been appearing in pictures.

Alice Joyce is just honeymooning in New York.

At any rate, she was New York bound when she left Jacksonville, Fla., and that's where Tom Moore is: energetic chap who is not only leading man of the New York Kalem Company, but its director. Marguerite Courtot is leading woman of this company. Miss Joyce has not, to date, appeared with it.

If a notary public asked Alice Joyce for her full and true name, so help her! she would have to respond: "Alice Joyce Moore," or spend a lot of days in an iron house knitting socks for Belgians or doing some other incongruous penance for perjury.

No one had ever suspected that Tom was in love with Alice or that her head was ever filled with thoughts of the leading man. And I firmly believe that neither of the two most interested knew it, until something happened to wake them up.

That something was a studio note in a certain magazine devoted to motion pictures, to the effect that Tom Moore had announced his engagement to a vaudeville dancer.

Alice saw the notice first. She raised startled eyes from the page wondering if it could be true. It must be, she thought.

The next morning at the Studio, she went to Tom, extended her hand and, like the good pal she was, wished him happiness.

"That's awfully nice of you, Alice," said Tom, "but—why wish me that now? This isn't my birthday."

"I was congratulating you on your en-

gagement," explained Alice, a little ray of pleasure in her heart at the idea that he was not exactly delighted. Just then came the director's call, and Tom's curiosity had to remain unappeased, while he and Alice acted out a charming love story for the delectation of the fans.

Alice lunched with a number of friends, so there was no opportunity for private speech then. But with an air of determi-

nation, Tom took possession of his fair opposite, and carried her off to dinner.

"Now," he said, as soon as they were alone, "will you kindly explain what you mean about my being engaged?"

Alice explained.

A waiter was sent out for a copy of the magazine, and Alice watched Tom read it, while a queer little feeling of warmth crept about her heart. There was no doubt that Tom was angry. That much he made evident. But he looked at his leading lady with new eyes when he had finished the article.

"There never was but one girl that I wanted to be engaged to," he began softly. "And you are that girl!" he finished, dramatically.

"I?" gasped Alice, like the veriest ingenue.

"Yes, you," returned Tom, masterfully, his hand covering hers on the table. "I say, Alice—let's get married right away. And then there'll be no danger of such stuff as this being printed." And his other hand struck the magazine, contemptuously.

"Are you proposing to me because you don't want things like that published about



Alice Joyce in her dressing room



"I'm proposing to you because I love you," said Tom.

you?" demanded Alice, indignantly.

"I'm proposing, to you because I love you," returned Tom with sincerity. "And I'm asking you to marry me at once, to avoid fuss and feathers—and because I want you with all my heart."

In the end he convinced her, and she went home Mrs. Thomas Moore.

Their friends were astonished. An enterprising reporter discovered the news, and published it. Telegrams of congratulation, gifts expressing the admiration of the givers for the recipients, and letters poured in from all over the country.

The other Kalem players gave a splendid dinner party, and expressed their love by the presentation of a silver set that would make the heart of any bride grow envious.

Now that Alice Joyce has left the Kalem company where will she next be seen? This is a question of interest to thousands of fans all over America and England too.

Although she has been before the camera less than six years she has achieved international fame.

A little more than five years ago the Kalem company found itself sorely in need of a young woman who possessed both beauty and dramatic ability. They had queens who were soulless; and temperamental stars with seamed faces and the figures of frumps; but they couldn't seem to get the miraculous combination.

One of the officers of the Kalem company was talking this over in a more or less jocular manner with a famous photographer. The photographer, after a moment of serious thought, said:

"I have the woman you want. She has never had experience but I have often thought she would make an actress. If you will permit me I will bring her to your office tomorrow morning."

Alice Joyce proved to be the miracle. She rose rapidly to her present well maintained position as one of the most capable leading women in filmdom.

Her wedding to Tom Moore took place May 11, last year at Jacksonville. Steady work for the two has delayed their honeymoon these many, many months.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore as the lovers in A Romance of the Orient

The Million-Dollar Mystery Museum

AFTER Miss Ida Damon of St. Louis received her certified check for ten thousand dollars, in payment for her solution of the Million Dollar Mystery, the judges found themselves in possession of some amazing manuscripts.

Arthur J. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., sent one embroidered in black on white linen. One man sent in his solution on the head of a barrel. Others solved the mystery by having the million hidden in an automobile tire, the cross on the top of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, a shark's stomach, and the Washington monument.

B. A. Busby, of Lower Brule, South Dakota, busted right out into poetry on the subject. Some of his verse follows:

Dear Mr. McGrath:

What have you been at
A-Hiding that million galore,
And puzzling poor mortals
Who, truth for to tell,
Are fighting the wolf at the door.
Telepathy fails; I tried it, you know,
And could not connect with your mind:
Soul can't call to soul
For that cash in the hole
That none of us ever can find.

And then he versifies the plot.

One contestant, writing from the United States Arsenal at San Antonio, Texas, solved the location of the million by saying that Florence's picture of her father had writing concealed in its beard telling where the money was.

Another solution has Braine killed, and reveals the fact that he had hypnotized Olga, so that, on his death, she comes out of the hypnosis and straightens out all the tangles.

R. Clark Alexander, of Paris, Tennessee, sent in a solution done up in an illustrated pamphlet of his own making, giving plans and stage directions.

F. B. Bennett, of Los Angeles, California, also sent in a pamphlet, filled with artistic pen and ink drawings, ending with pictures of two sets of the cutest twins in the world, the result of Mr. Bennett's suggestion that Florence marries Norton and Hargreave marries Susan. (To tell you the truth, the drawings of the babies are done so well that they make one think F. B. Bennett is a Miss or Mrs., and not Mr. at

all! These girls are getting so tricky nowadays and so often send in just their initials!)

The number of oddly arranged manuscripts was without number. A great many contestants, undoubtedly, considered that the amount of money involved entitled Mr. McGrath to receive the manuscripts done up in fine packages.

One contestant, also of an artistic turn of mind in the matter of preparing his synopsis, felt mercy in her heart for the wickedly erring Countess. He let her escape and become a nun.

Andy Clark



Yale Boss' Protege,

who has been one of Edison's most effective comedy youngsters. Since he acquired long pants—a sudden accession of grandeur last month—many mature and mighty proclivities of Yale Boss have been coming to international notice. Among these is his sage old capacity for discovering "young talent." Ordered some time since to exit to the street and "get a kid," Yale is said to have returned promptly with the unknown but potent bunch of gift depicted here.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose"

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH, ADVENTURE AND LOVE IN OLD SPAIN

By Bruce Westfall

Illustrations from the film, adapted from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, by The Famous Players.

IN Madrid his friends made proverbs about Jose Salandra. They giped and they laughed, and they called him the brother of the pretty sister of Jose. That is, the men among his friends laughed; as for the girls, being well conducted Spanish maidens, they did not theoretically know, of course, of his existence. They were more spiteful. For it seemed to them that if Jose thought less of the prettiness of this sister of his he would, perhaps, bring the guitar he played so well, and strum it beneath their windows, lifting his mellow baritone the while in songs to praise their beauty and lament the coldness of their hearts.

It grew to be a famous jest in the circle of his friends — this constant harping by Jose on the beauty of his sister, still immured in the recesses of the country. Amorous

adventure Jose disdained. His friends sang the beauty of some senorita; always Jose turned up his nose.

"Pretty?" he would say; "you talk to me of beauty? Ah, but you have not seen my sister, my Pepita! Wait until she comes to Madrid! Then you will understand!"

There were wild guesses, and many, in the beginning, about this sister of Jose. His friends believed him, before they became bored, and talked as eagerly as he of the time when she should come to Madrid. But he could not tell them when that time would come. That was for the old Padre, his great uncle and

Pepita put the little crucifix in her mother's hand, for there had not been time to send for the priest.



Pepita's, to decide. Pepita was in the country now, and there she lived with her grandmother, the old priest's sister. Their parents were dead. And in that simple fact was tragedy; tragedy that Jose hid well from the new friends he had made since he came to Madrid; but tragedy that accounted, far more, in truth, than his devotion to his sister, for his asceticism. For, young as Jose was he had seen something of the swift woe that love may bring; of the disasters it can work.

So it was natural that there grew up a legend of the pretty sister of Jose. His friends, laughing, would picture her when

he had left them. They

Painted her thin and sallow, with crooked features

and of an ugliness surpassing any they had ever seen. They

Jose plunged the knife into the tree, and swore an oath that made Pepita shudder.

invented new theories of her hideousness from day to day. But—they were wrong—as wrong as when they decided, as they sometimes did, that Jose had no sister at all, pretty or the reverse.

For Pepita was real, and as pretty as ever Jose made her out to be. And in her village home she played the same game that was Jose's delight in Madrid. No man could compare with the brother in Madrid. There, she would say, was a man worthy the name! Young as she was, she had her lovers. None was so ardent as Manuel, the poet, the troubadour, who wrote songs to her beauty and sang them, to airs of his own weaving, and to the accompaniment of the violin which sobbed of love under the magic of his bow.

Manuel, Pepita might have loved. She had moments of tenderness, when she refrained from castigating him with the sharp tongue that so utterly belied the sweetness of her looks; moments that lifted him to the seventh heaven of delight and pride,

and inspired him to the writing of new songs to celebrate her kindness. But those moments of pity, of tenderness never lasted. Always, when they threatened to move her, the memory of the swift tragedy that had changed her whole life came to harden her again.

Memory carried her back to the days when she and Jose had been together, little more than children. Father and mother had been living then; the four of them had been happy together. And then the tragedy had blasted their happiness. Their father

had begun to neglect them all; in time even the children, only half understanding, had heard of the strange woman with whom he passed so much of his time. And then had come the day when they had found their mother



dying before their door from a wound she had herself inflicted. Pepita had put the little crucifix in her hand, for there had not been time to send for the priest, even. But there had been time for them to learn that it was because their father had gone away with the other woman that this had happened; time for Pepita to understand that her mother had been wronged and betrayed and deserted. Then she had died, and Pepita had risen and stood over her, swearing to herself that never would she forgive all men for what one had done to the mother she idolized.

Such vengeance was not enough for Jose. He had taken the knife from the dead hand, and when Pepita came upon him he had plunged it into a tree to clean it. Then, holding its haft, he had sworn an oath of his own; an oath that made Pepita shudder.

"No—he is your father!" she cried.

But Jose had refused to answer; refused to listen to her pleas. He would have kept his oath, or tried to keep it. But his uncle, his mother's brother, spared him that guilt. He came upon the man who had broken his sister's heart, and they fought out the issue, man to man, knives in hand. And then he came

back, to tell Pepita that her mother was avenged.

So poor Manuel, who had never hurt a fly, had to make atonement, by his hopeless love, for the sin of the father of Pepita and Jose. Sometimes Pepita forgot, for a little, and Manuel was happy. But then she remembered, and he, of course, could never understand why she treated him so. He could only suffer, being the sort to do that without complaint. Then Pepita stormed, and wished for real men to love her, that she could hurt when she rejected their advances, and whose pain she would see.

But they were a poor lot in the village. The best of the young men went away: seeking fame, or fortune, and those who were left were not what Pepita considered fair game. She longed to go to Madrid, partly because Jose was there, partly because she was becoming restless and discontented at home. This was for Padre Ignacio, the old priest, her grandmother's brother, to decide. He was her guardian and Jose's. Again and again Pepita wrote; she begged Jose, too, to try to persuade the old priest to let her come.

Then Sebastiano came home. Pepita's village was his village,

Sebastiano flashed back a meaning look, at the sneer in Pepita's eyes.



too; he had been born and reared there. But as a boy he had gone forth to make a fortune, and he had come closer to it than most boys do. He had served his apprenticeship in the bull ring, and now he was the toreador of all Spain, newly engaged for the great bull ring of Madrid, where royalty and all the best blood of Spain would gather to watch his struggles. In Spain it is a great thing to be a famous toreador; as great a thing as ever it was. Even the greatest of American baseball players occupies a lesser place in the public esteem than did Sebastiano, the toreador, at this time.

He saw Pepita on the day of his return, as he strutted about the village. She pleased him, and he smiled at her, only to meet her indignant stare, and to see her turn her back upon him. He laughed; then grew angry. Great ladies had smiled on him, had vied with one another for his favor. Who was this little village girl to flout him?

Yet flout him she did, not once, but half a dozen times. He asked about her, and learned something of her history—it was common gossip in the village, needless to say. Then he tried to ignore her. But he could not, and he swore, at last, that he would tame her; that he would teach her that he, the great Sebastiano, was not to be treated so!

Pepita could almost have loved him for giving her the chance to flout him. Here was a fine beginning of her revenge, for Pepita knew enough to understand very well that Sebastiano was more troubled, as a rule, by the pursuit of women than by their scorn. Yet she could not bring herself, she felt, to do what was necessary to punish Se-

bastiano as a representative of his sex. To make him suffer she should lead him on, encourage him, and then, when she had raised his hopes, deny them. For with Pepita there was no need to simulate hatred of men. She did hate them. It seemed to her that they were all, except Jose, faithless,

heartless. She could not endure them. Manuel, with his violin, she did tolerate. But he did not seem altogether like a man to her, and she loved his music.

There was no need, however, for Pepita to lure Sebastiano. Her indifference, her unveiled dislike, did that. It maddened him. At first he was simply angry; then he grew determined. But she would not even meet him! She managed to avoid an introduction, on one plea or another—and then, just at the right time, it seemed to her, word came from Padre Ignacio that she and her grandmother were to come to Madrid at last.

Pepita was wild with delight. She would see Jose again; that was her first thought. She would

escape from the eyes of Sebastiano; that was her second. And she would have new sights to see. That counted, too.

The journey to Madrid was not a long one, so far as distance went. But it was a matter of three days as Pepita traveled. The road was bad; she rode in the most primitive of two-wheeled carts, drawn by a mule in no danger of breaking any speed laws. Yet she enjoyed it all, until, on the second day, there was a clatter of hoofs on the road behind, and out of a cloud of dust there emerged the figure of Sebastiano. On horseback, in his fine clothes, he was a splendid figure of a man. Yet Pepita did not admire him.



You are ten times prettier, querida mia, than I ever told them

"I suppose my father may have looked so, when he wooed my mother," she thought, and tightened her lips.

Sebastiano rode up. He swept off his hat in a low bow to the two women; he would have done as much for any women he met upon the road. But he did not speak, and he flashed back a meaning look at the sneer in Pepita's eyes. Then he rode on, and Pepita, for a time, saw the cloud of dust ahead, growing smaller and smaller, until it disappeared at last.

Somehow this appearance of Sebastiano, and the look of assurance that had been so plain in his eyes, daunted Pepita. She was not exactly afraid of him, and yet his appearance had cast a shadow over her journey. But that was lifted before long. Again there was a cloud of dust on the road before them, but now it was coming toward them, and long before she could really be sure Pepita guessed the truth—that Padre Ignacio and Jose had come to meet her. It was true, and all thought of Sebastiano was banished from her mind as she leaped from the cart and ran to Jose, to be caught in his embrace. He held her off.

"Ah!" he said. "They make jokes about the pretty sister of

Jose—but you are ten times prettier, querida mia, than I ever told them!"

"What nonsense is this, flatterer?" she asked, and laughed when he explained. "That is because you have not seen me for so long," she said. "Now you will grow tired of me, and you will soon be playing your guitar for the prettier sister of some other Jose."

He laughed at that. And, in truth, after they had come to Madrid, it was the talk of all who knew Jose that he was more devoted to this sister of his than any brother had ever been known to be. One sight of Pepita brought the scoffers to repentance; they vowed that Jose had underrated her charms. And if Pepita sought only food for vengeance she might have chosen as many lovers to rebuff as her brother had friends.

But she would have none of them. Jose played for her on his guitar; for her he sang the songs that both had known from their earliest childhood, and Pepita said, with just a thought of the patient Manuel, that she liked Jose's guitar far better than Manuel's violin. For this Jose, who was a true musician, reproached her. He knew Manuel

"At your age," said Pepita's grandmother, "I had been married a year."



for what he was; a great artist, who might, if he chose, win the hearts of vast audiences in the capitals of Europe.

Padre Ignacio knew many things. He knew far more than either Pepita or Jose guessed of the effect upon them of that lurid tragedy of their childhood. And he guessed something of Pepita's vow of vengeance. Although he was a priest he understood the human heart, and he knew that Pepita was made to love and to be loved. Otherwise, perhaps, he would have sought to induce her to take the veil. But, as it was, he sighed, and hoped that when the time came for her to fall in love she would forget her vow. He said nothing to her; he knew that to interfere would be the height of folly.

But his sister, Pepita's grandmother, was not so wise. She saw Pepita and Jose, all in all to one another, and chided them both.

"It is right for you to love one another," she said. "But must you be always together? Do you forget that there is another sort of love? And Pepita—she is growing up. Why, at your age, Pepita, I had been married a year!"

At which Pepita blushed and made an

"The time will come when you will love—and there will be no love in return!"



excuse to vanish. Padre Ignacio smiled. But if he did not talk, he did something that was more to the point. For one day he brought Sebastiano, the great toreador, home to supper!

"Pepita," he said, "you must have heard of this great fighter. He and I have long been friends. It pleases me to talk with one who is as strong as I am weak."

Pepita bit her lip. She could not be rude to one she met beneath her uncle's roof. Yet she resented his coming bitterly. Manuel had followed her, with his violin. He had walked from the village to Madrid. But she had not resented that, though she had laughed at him, rather cruelly, and told him he was wasting his time in thinking of her. But Sebastiano—! He was different. She hated him, she felt, for his good looks; for that look of assured triumph he wore when he looked at her. There was a story, too, that was whispered. People said that there was a girl who had loved him for a long time, and was pining away now because he would have none of her. Pepita thought of that, and it hardened her determination—though no one had said that Sebastiano was to blame.

Now, though she hated the thought, Pepita felt that she was being fought for: that Manuel, who lingered in Madrid, and Sebastiano were opposing one another, with her hand as the prize. And what was

worse, Jose, though he still worshipped her, had transferred some of his worship to Sebastiano.

Inevitably the popular hero of the bull ring appealed to the boy in Jose, and when he understood that this great man actually loved his sister his pride and his delight knew no bounds.

Pepita's angry rejection of Sebastiano amazed him.

It almost angered him.

"But—what more could any girl want?" he cried, in wonder.

"Have you forgotten our mother, Jose?"

He stared at her.

"What has that to do with Sebastiano?" he cried.

"He is a man. It was a man who made her kill her-

self. For her sake I hate every man!"

"Oh, that was childish nonsense, Pepita! I am a man. So is Padre Ignacio. So is Manuel—yet you do not hate us. You laugh at Manuel, but you are a little sorry for him. You do not hate him—you are sorry for him—because you—do not love him—"

"Jose! Stop!" cried Pepita.

But it was at his eyes, and the light of a new knowledge that suddenly shone in them that she cried out. She was furious because Jose had surprised a secret; a secret, too, that she had not known herself until that moment. Could it be true? Could it be that she was, in truth, beginning to return the love of Sebastiano? Oh, how she would hate him if that were true—if he could make her suffer, as she had hoped, light heartedly, to make him suffer!

That very night Sebastiano found her in the garden of Padre Ignacio. He had few opportunities to see her alone, though her grandmother was a lax duenna. But this time he managed it.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, sombre in look and voice. "I am to make a tour of the cities of Spain. Seville—Barcelona—all say that I must show myself in their rings. Pepita, will you come with me—as my wife?"

Strange things were happening to Pepita. She looked at him, almost in terror. For she felt herself yielding; felt that she was about to forget her vow. And then the memory of her mother's death came back to her.

"No," she said.

"Pepita—think!" he said. "I ask you for the last time! Lately I have thought you were gentler, that you were beginning to like me more—"

"You have thought that?" she said. She summoned all her resolution. And then she laughed, mockingly, provocatively. "And must a girl mean all—her manner says?"

"You were playing with me!" he said, angrily. "Madre de Dios—"

In the moonlight she saw his face, and for the first time saw a man's fine anger.

"It is not for me to reproach you," he said. "You meant to make me suffer? Well—sometime it will be your turn to suffer, too! The time will come when you will love—and when there will be no love for you in return—"

"As—Sarita—loved?" she whispered.

She saw him start. Sarita was the girl of whom Madrid had spoken in whispers; the girl who had loved Sebastiano. His eyes grew dark with sorrow.

"I wish I could have loved her!" he said. "She was worthier of a man's love than you."

Then he was gone. And, with his going, conviction came to Pepita. Here was no wanton

breaker of hearts. Love to this man she had sent from her was a sacred thing. He had offered her his heart—and she had cast it away. Too late she understood that she loved him—and that beside that greatest of all things vengeance and all her dream of hatred was as nothing. She called his name, but he did not hear. And then, sobbing, she sank down in a woeful little heap. Outside Manuel's violin wailed its message. For the first time she understood it. And Padre Ignacio, listening, heard her sobs, over the notes of Manuel's violin. He understood, too, and smiled, sadly. He knew that Pepita had learned one of life's lessons. It was a hard

She dressed herself in her best. . . . But he did not come.



one, and she must pay the price—but he could not help her to evade it.

It was a chastened Pepita who waited now. Sebastiano would come back to her; she was sure of that. She heard of his progress through Spain; of the ovations with which he was greeted everywhere. She drank up eagerly every morsel of news that Jose could bring her. And at last he returned to Madrid.

"He will come to-night," said Pepita. And dressed herself in her best. But he did not come. Instead there came a rumor, incredible, terrible. A rumor that Sebastiano was betrothed; that a great lady, rich and beautiful, was to marry him. The rumor spread; everyone had heard it. Day followed day, and Sebastiano did not come. And so Pepita was sure that what she heard was true.

Yet, when the day came for the first fight in which Sebastiano was to show himself in Madrid after his journey, Pepita could not stay away from the ring. She went, to torture herself with the sight of the man she loved. She was lost, a tiny unit in the great crowd. But she saw him—saw him walk to the box where the great lady whom rumor said he was to wed was sitting—saw him kiss her hand, and she felt that life was empty. He had never kissed *her* hand!

Then he was called away, while the crowd cheered him. And Pepita, horror in her eyes, saw what followed, as the great lady, with a gesture of relief, called another man to her side, and began the most shameless and open of flirtations!

The fight began.

All the lesser foes of the great bull did their work. The darts were planted; the beast was aroused to his full fury.

Then Sebastiano, great and splendid, sword in hand, stepped out. Pepita leaned

forward, praying for him, her heart in her eyes. She had never seen him fight; she had not dreamed what fear might be. Suddenly he looked up. His eyes met hers. In that great crowd they singled her out, and he knew her. For a moment a great light shone in his eyes, and they were taken from the bull. A cry went up; a cry of warning. And then, so swiftly that Pepita could not follow it, the unbelievable happened: Sebastiano, greatest toreador in Spain, had met his bovine match! While others drove the bull away and finished him, Sebastiano lay on the white sand of the arena, staining it with his blood.

Pepita, white faced, forced her way through the crowd. She came near to the great lady. So near that she could hear her speak.

"Bah!" she was saying. "What a spectacle! And I had thought him a great fighter! Dead? What matter?"

Pepita could have killed her. But she had other work to do. She appeared outside, when Sebastiano, white and still, was carried out. He was taken, at her command, to Padre Ignacio's house. And there, for many days, she nursed him. It was she, the doctor said, who saved his life. Long before he was allowed to speak, she saw wonder in his eyes, as he lay, the breath of life just stirring in him. He could speak at length.

"I saw you—that day."

"Yes," she answered.

"And I thought you had learned what it was to love," he said.

"Yes," she said, again, so faintly that he could scarcely hear.

He reached out, presently, and took her hand, and stroked it. And then, suddenly, she was on her knees beside him, sobbing, and he found the strength to hold her close.

Movies Taken for Ghosts

ACCORDING to a letter received by Thomas H. Ince from a missionary, recently, the first display of moving pictures in the Province of Szechuen, China, 2,000 miles up the Yang-Tse, caused a mob disturbance of alarming proportions.

When the bodiless, yet vigorous shadows began to move silently across the screen in the visible but immaterial simulation of life murmurs arose, soon increasing to shouts

and uproar, that foreign devils had possessed the locality, and were in league with the spirits of the dead. Actual destruction and perhaps bloodshed was prevented only by the clubbed guns of the native soldiery. Later, when the pictures were explained, the natives became ardent fans. The first feature films shown in Szechuen were Ince pictures. These caused the outburst of superstitious rage.

Night in the "Court of the Universe"



Truly, the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is the Fair of Thrilling Names. At the far end of The Court of the Universe rises "The Tower of Jewels"—a monster white diamond in a dark and wonderful world.

Mazurian Lakes to the 'Frisco Fair



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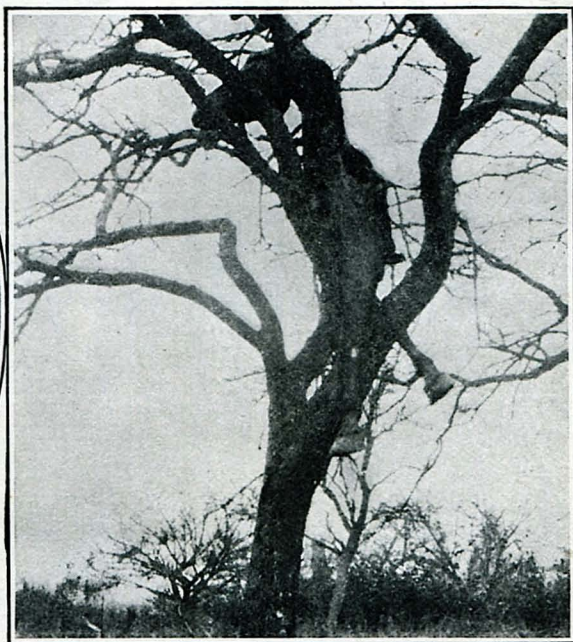
The world's biggest typewriter, at the 'Frisco fair. Operated by electricity, this dainty machine prints letters three inches high.

Von Hindenburg, human Gibraltar of Eastern Germany, at headquarters.



© Hearst-Selig

Dick Rudolph, baseball hero of last season, "working out" at Macon, Ga.



© Underwood & Underwood

A bit of real war—a horse hurled into a high tree by a French "75" shell.

Movie Camera Men on the Job



Blanche Payson, six feet, four inches tall; woman "cop" in the "Zone" at the Panama Fair.



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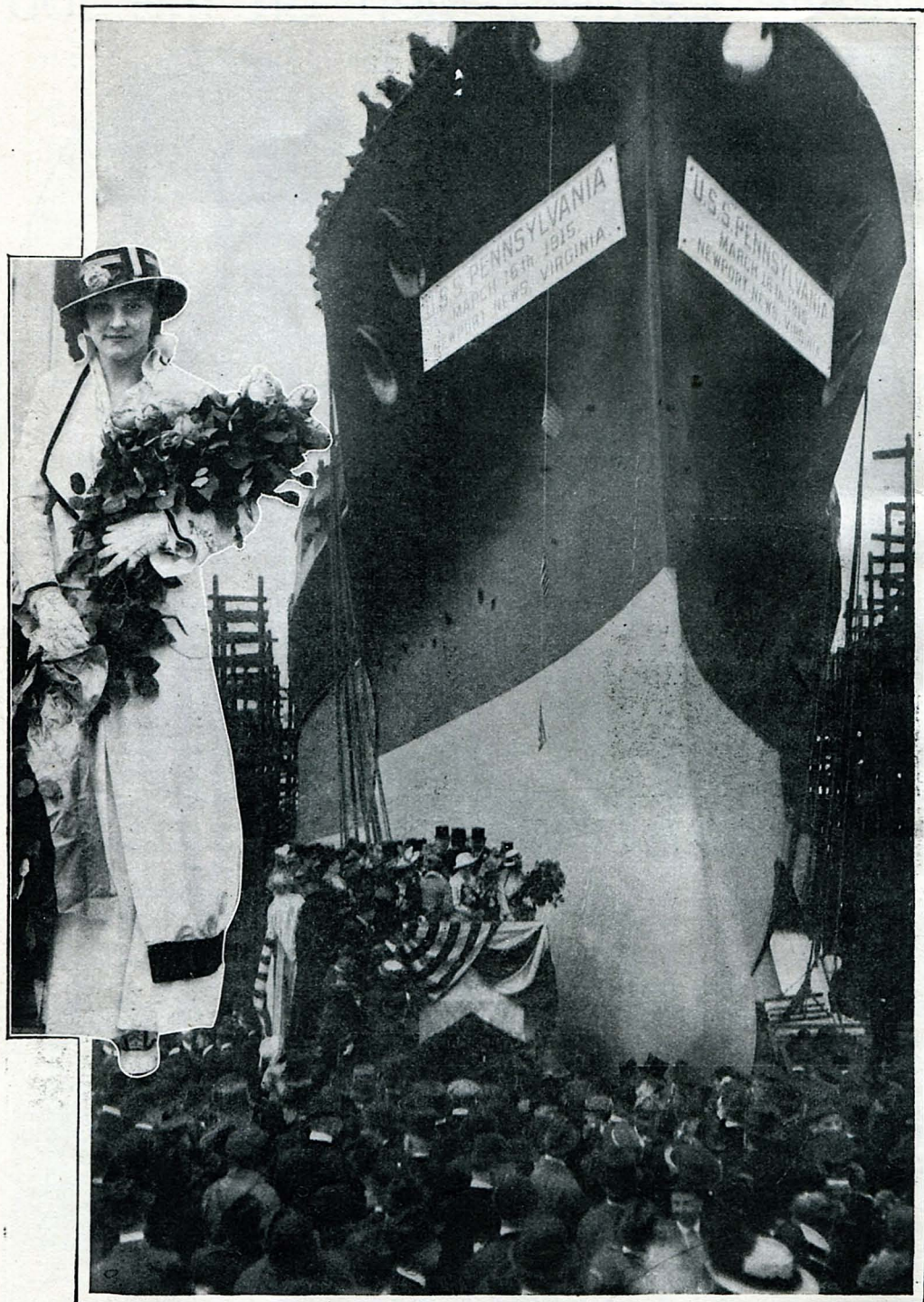
— "Tell" awarded the iron cross. His bark saved a German brigade from ambush.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Does London take war seriously? Answer, the Women Volunteers.

"With This Ship I'd Defy the World!"



© Hearst-Selig News

Said the Captain of the visiting German auxiliary cruiser, Prinz Eitel Frederick, as U. S. S. Pennsylvania, mightiest dreadnought of the seas, slid down the ways to her baptism at Newport News, Va. Miss Elizabeth Kolb, her sponsor, is seen in the insert.

Upon The Screen



UPON the screen she comes
and goes,
Her cheeks are like a June-
time rose,
Her eyes are twilight stars,
I swear;
A wealth of sunbeams makes her hair;
I love her wee tip-tilted nose!

I sorrow for her in her woes,
And long for vengeance on her foes,
The while she smiles and suffers there
Upon the screen.

My sympathy no other knows;
But as each wind of sorrow blows
Upon her, and each gentler air,
It sways me too all unaware.
Alas! No smile's for me but those
Upon the screen.

M. C. Davies

M. C. Davies, stand up! You sent this poem to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE without any further identification than your signature and we don't know who you are or where you live; but we do believe that the above is the truest, most purely lyrical and most inspirational effort in rhyme yet inspired by the photoplay or its stars. Its lines have the effortless sweep, the climactic force and the absolutely sincere sentiment of true verse. It is a rare exotic of song.

World's Latest Biggest

THERE will be movies at the New York Hippodrome this summer. The pictures began in March and will continue until the first of September.

The management of the Hippodrome announces that the pictures at the Hippodrome will be on the same magnificent scale for which all productions of the great metropolitan theatre are famous.

New Bath Tub for Roscoe

OWING to the restrictions of the standard bath tub, the Keystone studio at Los Angeles has installed an eighty-five-thousand gallon tank of concrete, which, when completed, will be filled with pure and sparkling water.

Hereafter Roscoe Arbuckle will be able to take a bath without having to be pried out of his tub.

THE sweethearts to whom I have made desperate, forlorn, or successful love in the course of my life as an actor on both the dramatic and the shadow stage, have been many and varied. For most of the time prior to my engagement as a motion picture actor, I was not the man in the play who had the sweetheart, however, but the villain. In stock, on the road, in New York, in Canada and in Australia I was a villain for ten years, rarely if ever being permitted to play the part of the youth whose heart beat with tender throbs for the leading lady of the play. I was the dark gentleman with the cigarette who does his best to make the two lovers unhappy—who with a persistence worthy of a better cause, goes through numberless plays trying without sympathy and without despair to achieve the impossible task of preventing the lovers from being in each other's arms as the curtain descends on the final act.

I come from Sacramento, California, but it was in New Orleans with the Baldwin-Melville stock company that I first appeared before the footlights—then at the Belasco Theatre in Portland, Oregon, then at the Alcazar in San Francisco.

Week after week, I was the villain. Week after week I was foiled and some other man got the lady of my cruel love; but I still pursued my way, and eventually became a villain in "The Third Degree," and with Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box." I was a villain too with Phoebe Davies in "Way Down East," in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Glorious Betsy," and "The Chorus Lady." In fact, I led a thoroughly villain-



Sweet-

By Earle

A REMARKABLE ARTICLE
BY EARLE WILLIAMS IN
WHICH HE TELLS OF HIS
PLAY SWEETHEARTS

ous career, being allowed to be the handsome lover only in very rare cases.

Consequently, my experience on the speaking stage led me to cultivate a cold, cruel and shifty mien, and when I arrived at the Vitagraph studio four years ago and was immediately instructed to be a leading man—which in the parlance of the grease-paint means the hero who loves the heroine of the play and eventually wins her for his bonny bride—I was amazed; but of course tried it. An actor is supposed to be able to be anything at a moment's notice and has no more right to object than a soldier to complain to his officers for being sent to certain death against a battery of field guns.

Thus, I became, perforce, an observer of play sweethearts.

My first heroine was Helen Case, who is a little brunette of the shrinking violet type. To such a play-sweetheart the play-lover makes love with the

Earle Williams and
Clara Kimball Young

hearts

Williams

—AND INCIDENTALLY,
PHILOSOPHIZES A BIT ON
THE SUBJECT OF SWEET-
HEARTS IN GENERAL.

tender gallantry of the old regime in Virginia "befoh de wah." For her, the hero would walk smilingly to death against a bank of Union bayonets; but to kiss her little pink fingertips abashes him. This is the type of sweetheart known as the old lavender, colonial or pre-suffragette type. You could not imagine her as a stenographer, as a lady traveling salesman or as an anarchist; but you can imagine her as someone whom you know will make a darling grandmother when she grows old. And can one, after all, say anything nicer of a sweetheart?

My next photoplay leading lady is an exhibition of the fact that life deals in contrasts. Lillian Walker followed Helen Case. Considering Miss Case as a violet, Miss Walker is a royal rose—a sweetheart ever suggestive of far, sunlit places where roses grow against castle walls beside a dreaming azure sea beneath summer skies; where there is laughter and music in the air, and love is a jolly, rollicking little chap, with never a stretch of rainy weather in all his life. Miss Case suggested the quiet, shadowed places in dark woods; places for poets to dream in. Miss Walker suggests what the Days of Old meant to us as boys—the days of knights in shining armor, of green lawned tourneying fields and merry men; Richard and Villon and Robin Hood.

My next play-sweetheart, Miss Edith Storey, brought me back from the olden, golden days to the present day of massive civilization and delicate savagery. What is more savage than the athletic American girl? What artillery shatters cities with greater ease than does the beauty of the tall, graceful American blonde shatter hearts—and father's bank account—and

speed laws—and everything that it is much more delightful to shatter than to have about in stuffy completeness? She is the type of sweetheart who suggests action, Gouverneur Morris stories, Harrison Fisher illustrations and the lady on the silver dollar. She suggests everything that is tennisy, horsey, likeable, carefree, of the open air, and too genuinely wholesome to have to depend upon convention.

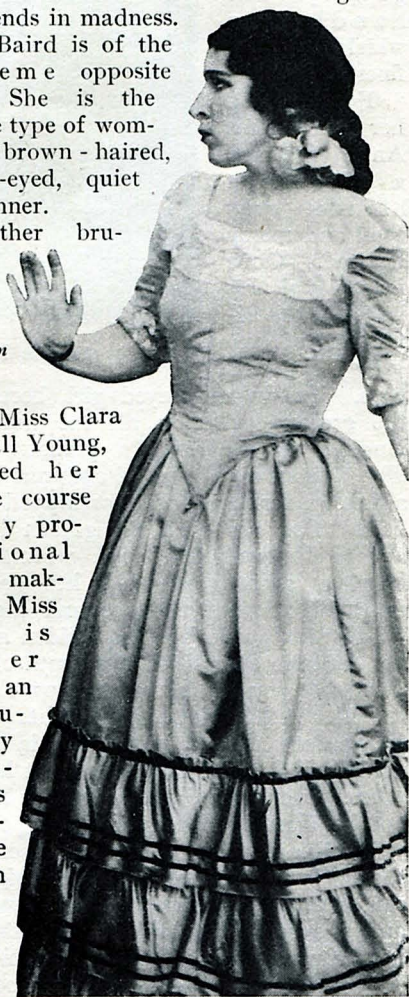
Miss Leah Baird followed Miss Storey. Miss Baird is of the tall, dark, statuesque type, the kind of woman with whom men fall in love and for whom they make homes. She is the type which a man loves seriously in contradistinction to the kind of girl with whom love begins in laughter and foolishness and ends nowhere or with tears. Someone said once that a love affair begun in folly ends in madness.

Miss Baird is of the extreme opposite type. She is the sincere type of woman, brown-haired, brown-eyed, quiet of manner.

Another bru-

"Edith Storey, a tall, graceful American blonde."

nette, Miss Clara Kimball Young, followed her in the course of my professional love-making. Miss Young is rather small, an insouciantly vivacious brunette with great, dark eyes



and whimsically smiling mouth. For such as she, men have wrecked kingdoms and saved empires, and yet she is of the physical type of women who suffer greatly, who are sensitive and ruled by sentiment. To a woman such as she a man makes love gracefully and gently. One handles a whirlwind with finesse.

Following her came Miss Anita Stewart, a chestnut blonde, gray eyed and merry hearted. One must laugh his way into the affection of the girls of this type. To the gray eyed girl, boredom is the greatest crime in all the world and laughter is the world's greatest virtue. The Greeks were fond of chestnut blondes almost as much as they worshipped golden hair. The girl with the golden locks is apt to be somewhat cold, whereas your chestnut blonde, with all her great assumption of independence and the pride which prompts it, has yet, hidden away in her carefree disposition a warmth of sentiment that persists, no matter how she stifles it. Her pride makes pain for her when it comes into conflict with this latter, for neither will down and each must hurt the other. Such a girl can be led but she cannot be driven. She is of the type which will give all but pride for whomsoever she loves. She is of the type which have caused most of the broken hearts, anguishes and poetry which Cupid has to his credit (or discredit) in the annals of Time.

Indeed, these play-sweethearts of mine, each one so different from the other, only



Earle Williams and Anita Stewart

very sense in which that remark was intended to apply as the lord of creation, Man? And what being has shown a million times such constancy, loyalty and self-sacrifice against every sort of odd so many times as Woman?

Of course, to blame men for being impressionable as far as women are concerned is to blame them for having eyes to see and ears to hear. For what is sweeter to the man whose life is all struggle and fight against every odd, than the soft beauty of a girl—particularly a girl who loves him, who creeps into his arms and kisses him and tells him how wonderful she thinks he is. Is any man to be blamed for making a double-dyed ass of himself over such a girl? Lives there a man with soul so dead that he has not done so? What is more luresome than the music of her voice, what more enchanting than the gentle caress of her arms?

Is there a city which can hold out against a 42-centimetre cannon? Is there

go to show the endless variety of chords that Cupid plays upon his little lyre. No two people in the world are alike and so no two love affairs are alike. For a man to say of his experience, "Thus and so," is to be received with laughter or incredulity by the first man to whom he speaks whose experience is sure to have been if not exactly the opposite at least vastly different.

Quoth Hamlet:

"Frailty, thy name is woman;" yet what being is so frail in the

a man who can hold out against a woman, when with subtle, inherited and fatal skill she proceeds against him with horse, foot and guns, with sweet words and flattery, with blandishments and a feigned dependence, with the soft wonder of her hair, the unforgettable kisses of her lips? Who shall save such a man from the perfumed and delicate dungeons of Cupid, watched over by a jealous jailor who gives joy and happiness only to make her prisoner more securely hers?

Alas, the only way to freedom lies through heartaches, disappointments, cynicism and loneliness, and that is scarcely freedom. The man "tormented beyond compassion with an ever-remembered passion" is no free thing but a victim on the rack.

Verily, the sons of men have for untold centuries stood forth against the world and in clear, deep words, boasted of their conquests of those women whom they loved. Thus does the simple-minded male betray himself. None hears a woman so bespeak her victory. She hugs it to her heart; for



"Leah Baird, the type of woman men love and marry"

the woman who has been "conquered" by a man has the delicious humor of being able to contemplate his unsophisticated pride in his achievement while she rests secure in the knowledge that the victory was hers.

Why any one man falls in love with any one woman; why any one woman picks any one great, lumbering male out of the lot and delicately plots to chain his heart to her bracelet for a jewel, is a thing which no one shall know till all the tribes of men shall stand before God's judgment seat. Even then, perhaps, no one will know except the women, and they will never tell, you may count on that.

Verily, in all the wars of all the nations of the earth there has not been one ten millionth the agony as have resulted from the delicate tourneys in which Cupid jousts for hearts to bear away upon his lance point.

Men's minds are wise but their hearts are not. What wild spirit amongst unattached males has not experienced the devil-



"Helen Case, a shrinking violet"



ish sensation of being violently in love with one who has come—and gone—and cannot be forgotten, while another little darling really loves him devotedly and he cannot for the life of him make himself love her, much as he knows it would be to his peace of mind and happiness to do so? These are the things which cause one to go stalking for Cupid with the sword of awakening only to be shot from behind a tree and to lose the sword again.

For some reason or other, the masculine adept in the art of making love has always been an exile in the hearts of his fellows. He is considered by the many, for some reason or other, either as a deep-dyed villain or a trifle unworthy of respect; and yet what great man of history, what conqueror of nations or of destiny but who has been a great lover?

Adam's love affair with Eve was easy. King David and King Solomon were veritable Romeos in Asia Minor, and as for the brilliant Greeks and the mighty Romans, what one amongst them conquered or lost the world magnificently before he had learned the dainty art of conquering and being conquered by some dark Nerissa or fair Cleopatra?

And you may be sure that love-making, like all the other arts, is a matter of technique and training as well as natural aptitude—which means, experience.

And did you ever hear of a girl worth while who didn't appreciate experience on the part of her lover? ("Cynic!" some cry. Nay, good brothers, truth-teller.)

Did your sweetheart ever quarrel with you because you had kissed some early charmer ere she came into your life? And haven't you quarreled with her if you have ever learned that someone had hugged and kissed her in days gone by? Of course you have and of course she didn't.

Women are never jealous of the past. They are jealous of the present and the future, however, always. They may say they are not and may even persuade themselves to their own satisfaction that they are not. Let the moment come, however, and the truth of my words shall be proven. A woman suffers ten times more from jealousy than she ever does from lovelornness. Nor is that remark cynical, as someone may think, for jealousy is an awful, frightful and horrible thing.

*"Lillian Walker
is a royal rose"*

One cannot use too many or too strong adjectives to

describe its terribleness. Anyone who has been jealous realizes the fact. Anyone who has not yet been jealous has something coming to him.

A love which is founded solely and only upon the appeal of beauty, upon kisses and all the delicate daintiness which kisses imply, is a thing which is the foundation of all drama, literature, poetry, art and delirium; but it is not a foundation for lasting happiness.

"Congeniality" is a pleasant word and congeniality is a pleasant thing. It is more than that. It is the very life of Love.

Love in its essence is born in warfare; but it can last only through the deepest and sweetest spirit of friendship. Congeniality is the pathway from the flames of passion to that friendship.

Passion is unforgiving and insistent; friendship is forgiving and patient and long-suffering even to the end.

So the highest art in making love is to make one love you who, after passion has worn itself away and flamed into darkness with the sunset, will be your one dearest, best, most understanding, most generous and kindest friend.

Is Bosworth Leaving Bosworth?



Hobart Bosworth, the famous director, who is thought to be retiring from the corporation bearing his own name. Bosworth, Inc., has in the past year assumed a foremost place among American manufacturing enterprises. Frank A. Garbutt, a Los Angeles capitalist, is said to be the new head of the Bosworth enterprise, and Bosworth may become a Universal director. The photograph reproduced above shows Bosworth, at the right, in his office. Next him sits Elsie Janis, his most recent star. On the table is perched Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford.

Narrated by
Edith Huntington Mason

The S

FROM MILK-CANS TO MIL-
LIONS AND A DUKEDOM

MILK cans and milk pans, shining pails and switching tails, long rows of dusty wagons, long rows of sheds. Romance brings up the nine-fifteen, we know. Kipling has told us so, but who would expect to surprise it in a city dairy?

Henry Disney was the last person to think of surprising romance any where. He was not looking for that sort of thing. There was too much bottle washing to be done, too many cans to fill and early suns to greet with rattle of wheels and clank of tin.

But not by appointment do we meet our joy! Miss Ethel Hamilton, after three years of exercising her young wits upon the problem of amusing herself, had seized with avidity upon her new role as club-woman. With the enthusiasm of the hawk for its prey, she and some older ladies accepted the health commissioner's invitation to go and see for themselves whether Dickson's dairy was sanitary or not.

Having satisfied herself upon that point, she went her way, trailing clouds of glory; which fatally crushed Henry Disney. The distinguished honor of showing this bright being from another world through the dairy had been his!

Mr. Maynadier Phipps, a young lawyer constitutionally opposed to struggling, unless in the interests of leading a rag cotillion, had received word from a firm of solicitors in England asking the aid of his firm in finding the whereabouts of the missing heir to the dukedom of Walshire. That this person should prove to be Henry Disney the milkman, was only another evidence of the fact that fortune had unquestionably determined to make that sunny-tempered youth her darling.

"You see," said Maynadier eagerly, as he and his sister Laura pored over the photographs and other proofs which went to establish Disney's identity, "this chap's father was the duke's third son. He got into trouble and left England. Since then, his eldest brother broke his neck fox-hunting, his second brother was killed in Afghanistan, and now the two sons of the eldest brother have been drowned—yachting."

"And his mother?" enquired Laura—

"Was the daughter of a woman who kept a ten-cent lodging house in New York—the duke's son was a booze-fighter."

Laura Phipps' eyes dilated. "Imagine, Maynadier," she said, "a milkman with a dukedom!"

"And a fortune," said her brother. "don't forget that!"

Her face suddenly reflected the light in his. Possibilities—vague and undefined—seemed suggested by the words. Remembrance of unpaid bills for frocks, and



nobs

From the Play by
George Bronson-Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
THE LASKY FILM.

frocks yet to order—sacrifices on the altar of social position—came to her. She shook her brother's arm excitedly.

"Let me in on it, Maynie!" she entreated, "you know you've got a scheme!"

That evening the unconscious victim of the gleam in the eye of Maynadier Phipps, was walking homeward, his thoughts bent on celestial beings with wavy blonde hair. Just as he was about to turn from a side-

"His clothing was a sartorial rainbow."

street, into the main thoroughfare of the

town, he was struck from behind by an automobile.

Henry had never been so indignant in his life. The machine had had the whole road in which to pass—he felt as if the encounter had been intentional.

"Here, you!" he cried angrily.

The owner of the machine, by this time, was at his side.

"So sorry," said a masculine voice with what Disney called a "girly-girly" slur to the "R's," "didn't see you. Here, get in and we'll go home and find out the damage!"

Disney was not injured and knew it, but he found himself perforce accepting the invitation. But that was not to be the end of his complaisance. Upon reaching the home to which his captor referred, nothing would do but what Henry must go to bed.

"Not while I have my health and strength," protested Henry, "I'm all right and you know it. I—"

He might as well have addressed the wall. A butler appeared from one dimly-lighted room, and from a corridor appeared a trained nurse.

She was very pretty in her white uniform, but Henry did not notice that. He was too busy kicking the shins of Mr. Maynadier Phipps, in protest against being carried upstairs, to observe Mr. Phipps' sister.

A period followed which the young milkman always looked back upon with the liveliest horror. To be put to bed was bad enough, but to have medicine that he did not need forced down his throat, and a woman he did not love forever at his bedside, forever holding his hand, forever cooing,





"Disney found himself perforce accepting the invitation."

"Drink this, dear!" was intolerable. Long hours filled with creeping footsteps and whispering voices, dominated by the strong-armed butler and the saccharine-voiced trained nurse, would have driven him frantic, if it had not been for the sane vision of a girl with bright brown eyes and wavy blonde hair.

But conditions have little chance when brought into conflict with a man of resources. Waking at dawn, the young man caught his guardian napping, and succeeded in effecting his escape from the house, via the window and the lightning rod. Chariot of the sun god looked no sweeter to Apollo than Disney's milk-cart looked to him that morning.

Poor young man! His freedom was short-lived. The curse of the strawberry leaf was upon him. The wiley Maynadier, failing in his effort to have his sister entangle the affections of the incipient duke of Walshire, followed matters up by sending the senior partner of Phipps and

Reynolds to wait upon Disney. The secret of his inheritance could no longer be kept from the milkman.

Henry Disney was a creature of habit. For three days after receiving the great news, he went about his duties, apparently, as usual. Yet all the time he was pulling off mental daisy leaves that assured him first that he was a duke—then that he was plain Henry Disney after all.

A cheque from his lawyers made the thing real to him—in one afternoon he bought a motor-car, two suits of clothing, a diamond scarf pin, a bull-dog and a phonograph!

Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard was discouraged.

"Isn't it strange, Ethel?" she said, addressing a fair, fluffy-haired girl who was reading a magazine in the other grandfather chair by the hearth, "how the club has changed? In the early days one saw only the people one knows!"

Miss Hamilton looked up and laughed.

"Yes," and that's about all one did see. One didn't see any bowling alleys or swimming pools."

Mrs. Beauregard surveyed her in astonishment. "For a young person of your family and position," she said, "you're getting most unaccountably democratic!"

The young girl shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I hate snobs," she said, "I know I was born one, but I couldn't help that!"

The older woman changed the subject.

"Have you heard the latest?" she asked. "Maynadier Phipps has found the heir to the dukedom of Walshire. It seems the young man is quite an ordinary sort of person. Works for his actual living, or something!"

Miss Hamilton took the paper Mrs. Beauregard tossed her.

"Reads like a romance, doesn't it?" she commented. "From milkman to dukedom, how thrilling!" Then a mischievous glint came into her warm, brown eyes. "What

a chance for Laura Phipps! With a lead like that she ought to win the race to be duchess of Walshire hands down."

An automobile arrived before the club.

"Bradley Fairfax," commented Mrs. Beauregard.

"But what an odd sort of person to be with Bradley!" said the girl. "Fairfax, if anything, is just a little too correct!"

The man she mentioned entered and was accompanied by a youth with splendid shoulders, sunny-tempered eyes and dazzling teeth. His clothing was a sartorial rainbow: pink tie, checked suit and loud spats.

At sight of the two women, Fairfax halted, then attempted to make an introduction.

"This is—or—this is Mr. Disney—I ran into his car," he explained, "and put it out of commission, so of course I brought him along to the club to telephone for repairs." He seemed to be apologizing for his companion.



"To be put to bed is bad enough: but to have medicine he did not need forced down his throat was intolerable."

Mrs. Beauregard's cool nod indicated that she thought he had need to.

Miss Hamilton feared that the stranger noticed the snub, but she wondered why he stared at her so.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said cordially, and added as she observed Fairfax sneaking from the room, "wont you have some tea with us?"

There was nothing in the whole world that Henry Disney would have liked better, but he was not to have the pleasure. Laura Phipps and her brother entered the room.

They greeted effusively the young man in the check suit.

"You've met the duke?" Phipps enquired of Mrs. Beauregard and Miss Hamilton, and presented the former milkman all over again, with an extra flourish for the title.

Ethel Hamilton's surprise was swallowed up in her merriment to note the effect of this announcement upon Mrs. Beauregard. Like the conjuring stick of old, the

word "duke" had touched hidden springs, and the milk of human kindness flowed. Neither was the caressing manner in which Miss Phipps said "His grace!" lost upon her. Tea finished, they went out to their cars.

"Maynie has put the duke up, at the Uptown Club," Miss Phipps explained, "and I'm going to drop him there, on my way home."

Mischief dimpled Miss Hamilton's face. "Perhaps I could help you?" she offered; "the Uptown Club is really more in my way than yours. How about it, Your Grace?"

The incredible swiftness with which Mr. Disney turned from the small Ford to the big Packard bore witness to his enthusiasm if not to his manners!

It was a wonderful spring day and the big man by Ethel's side was delightfully different and unspeakably amusing! She made him tell her about the dairy, his sway-backed brown horse, and rattling



"A large monogram in red ornamented the dark silk."



"You don't remember seein' me before?" he asked wistfully.

wagon, and with peals of merry laughter, told him that he must surely give her a ride!

Disney stood by the car a moment when he alighted at the club. "You don't remember seein' me before?" he asked wistfully.

She looked surprised. But she did not remember—and gently told him so.

"However," she added, in her charming young voice, "I shant forget you, now that I have seen you! I hope we shall be friends in the future!"

Disney told his solicitors that the reason he did not wish to sail for England at once was because he wanted first to see what three months of society at home would do toward putting a polish on his manners.

"You cant make a man a duke, jest by tellin' him he is one," he said plaintively.

But the real reason, he was well aware, was because of that glorious promise for the future which Miss Hamilton had made him.

His education he found a fiery trial. He

did not drink out of fingerbowls, as he proudly boasted, but there were many mistakes he did make. In spite of the fact that his society was much sought after, he often became discouraged. The only thing he really enjoyed was learning to play golf under the merry tutelage of Miss Hamilton.

Ethel enjoyed that, too. She never liked the young man so well as when he was out of doors. Even seven years of following the prosaic calling of a milkman cannot wholly eradicate the effect of good blood.

Ethel's friendship with the heir to the Walshire estates caused much envious comment among the young ladies of the town who had caps to set; and sharpest of all these tongues was that of Laura Phipps.

It was a Friday afternoon violin recital, and the opera-house was crowded. Ethel and the erstwhile milkman were entering a box, chaperoned by Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard. Disney's ready-made suit had some difficulty in compassing his great frame,

but it was not that which brought down upon him the raillery of Miss Hamilton.

"You foolish man," she said, spying out the atrocious ruby-eyed dogshead cuff-links, "why didn't you ask me about those?"

Delighted with this proof of their growing intimacy, Disney called her attention to his tie. "See!" he said holding up for inspection the end of his four-in-hand, "had it made to order!" A large monogram, in red letters, ornamented the dark silk.

Disney scowled fiercely. So those hours of torment in the Phipps' residence had not been inflicted on him through mistaken kindness, but intentionally! After such a revelation he felt entitled to eavesdrop—

"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Beauregard replied, "he doesn't know we are all laughing at him, and his manners, and his awful clothes! A duke indeed! Providence had much better have left him to his milk-cans!"

Disney was very quiet when Miss Hamil-



"You allus said you wanted me to take you drivin'," said Disney.

Ethel's laughter rang. "Oh you poor boy!" she said.

During the intermission Miss Hamilton went out in the foyer with some women, and Disney was left alone. Mrs. Beauregard, with Laura Phipps, was visiting in the next box. Seated in the shadow of the curtain at the back of the box, he was unobserved—presently he heard his name mentioned—

"And all the time we were pretending he was sick," Laura Phipps was saying, "we knew who he was! Isn't that rich?"

ton returned, so much so that she taunted him about it, but for once her bright sallies failed to rouse the dazzling grin of appreciation on the big fellow's face. There was within him a very sea of bitterness and heart-ache, which even her worshiped presence could not alleviate.

In men of his kind, the big, simple sort of nature, such revulsion of feeling is dangerous. The bitterness must leave its mark.

Laura Phipps was giving a ball which she said was to re-open the season after

Lent. It was her last effort to reclaim the truant.

At the fashionable hour of eleven o'clock His Grace arrived, but on this occasion, his attire, heretofore only secretly sniggered at, caused a sensation. Grimly resolved that since they laughed at him in his attempt to be the gentleman, he would be a milkman in earnest, Disney had come to the dance dressed in a pair of jumpers and a flannel shirt. He had been working all day long, and his hair was towseled, his boots muddy, and his hands grimy.

For once Miss Hamilton did not laugh. Convention is a tyrant—she did not understand the cause for Disney's defiance of it, and she was disappointed. He had been improving so fast she thought, and now, to revert to type like that! His rude apparel seemed suddenly a personal insult.

Doubtless Laura Phipps felt much the same way at sight of Disney, but as hostess, she had no hesitation in asking him to dance. To those who did not comprehend her motive, it seemed a brave and courteous thing to do.

It appeared in its true light to Ethel, and the thought that Laura was hypocrite enough to disguise the repugnance she must have felt to be seized in the arms of such a Philistine, determined her to take the opposite course.

"Will'ya dance with me?" asked Henry, as soon as he could reach her side.

The perfume of the cowyard assailed her. For the moment there was nothing of the duke in him—he was all boor. She could not stand it. The snob in her spoke. "I have this dance with Mr. Phipps!" she said coldly.

Henry turned sick at the rebuff. The only person who made this sort of life worth while, had gone back on him. He was in dangerous mood when he entered the smoking room. He found more trouble there. Young Fairfax, who was by way of being devoted to Laura Phipps, and who had beside, a reputation for "correctness"—to sustain, was furious that this fellow before him, in the dress of a common working man, should have danced with her.

"You country boob!" he said, "what do you mean by coming here to a gentleman's house in that guise, and asking ladies to dance with you? I don't care if you're father was a duke, you're a lout!"

Disney had no knowledge of the duelling

code, but he knew what to do when he was angry. He struck at Fairfax with his great fist.

The broker was instantly panic-stricken; he was half the milkman's size. He shouted to Phipps, who was in the hall.

Phipps however, true brother to the designing Laura, attempted to side with the heir to the Walshire estates.

"You're getting what you deserve, Fairfax," he said, "for talking that way to His Grace."

The title was the last straw. Raging, Henry turned on the fawner.

"You damned kidnapper, you!" he said, "you damned kidnapper!"

He lunged right and left at them both, they fell back into the hall, and the next instant all three were engaged in a rough and tumble fight. People came running.

Phipps managed to scramble out of the conflict, anxious only to make peace, but Fairfax, little cat that he was, finding himself unable to give punishment with his fists, drew a pocket pistol.

There were shouts and shrieks of protest from the spectators.

Inexplicably to herself—surely she did not care so much as that for this big, rough man who had never had the advantages of education?—Ethel Hamilton leaned against the stair-post, quite faint.

But there was no occasion for alarm. With one twist the big fellow deprived Fairfax of his weapon.

"You little squirt!" he said, "you would, would you?" Then he turned on the group in the hall—"If this is 'society,'" said he, "it's nix on society for me! Milk pans is better friends for a man to have. They aint hypocrites!" With which forceful if inelegant speech, he left them.

Ethel could not soon forget the scene. The sight of that great arm of Disney's raised in contempt for the weapon in his adversary's hand, the contemptuous words in the young, boyish voice, haunted her dreams. He was a real man, after all, and she had failed to appreciate him. She suffered when she remembered her refusal to dance with him. After that, what could he do but class her with the other hypocrites. Yet she was certain that if she could see him again, she could convince him that she was, as she had ever been, his true friend.

But a meeting did not seem probable, for

Disney, disgusted with the attempt to learn how to be a duke, had returned to his milk route. No expostulation from his lawyers had been potent to make him understand that he could not so lightly lay down his responsibilities.

Miss Hamilton was a proud girl, but then the very roots of love are grounded in humility.

The afternoon was warm and soft—a spring rain was drying on the pavements.

In short skirt and little covert coat, a black sailor on the top of her fluffy, blonde head, she made her way, on foot, through the streets of the little city, until she came to Dickson's Sanitary Dairy. As she entered the office she remembered with interest that she had been there before—though on a different errand.

Some Boa!

PUNCTUATION and all that sort of thing is sometimes a matter which the movie theatre manager neglects to watch when getting out his posters and sticking them together to make a more thrilling and solid display of color and action.

Perhaps the men who print the posters deserve the blame most of the time; but, be that as it may, the fact remains that some great combinations are occasionally to be witnessed by passersby.

For example, the following was strung across the entrance of a London Cinema last Summer:

"THE BOA CONSTRICTOR," LENGTH 3,000 FEET.

The manager of the dairy was as simple, in his way, as Disney himself, and he had welcomed the young man back with quiet approval.

"There's lots more in the milking business than duking it," he had remarked, and Disney, disheartened and disillusioned, had agreed with him.

But that was before he heard who was in the office, waiting to see him. At the sound of Ethel's merry laugh a great happiness sprang into Henry's heart and flooded all his boyish face with crimson.

He took her by the arm and led her outside, to where his milk-cart waited.

"Get in," he said, pointing to the sway-backed horse and the wagon with its rows of cans at the door; "you allus said you wanted me to take you drivin'!"

On one theatre, a number of bills were strung together, resulting in a striking literary effect:

"A HORSE ON BILL BONIFACE'S NEW SHIRT
AND O'KAMA SAN MANUFACTURING
AN ELECTRIC DYNAMO,"

which are the titles of four different films.
Another read:

"THRILLING DRAMA. FEATURING BIG GAME
HUNTING. 1,500 FEET BETWEEN
MAN AND BEAST."

Which, one might say, is a pretty safe distance for the man.

"How I Keep My Strength."

The most popular movie hero in America will reveal that secret to you in the June number of **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**. You have seen this man as a superb and trilling lover countless times. In these pages next month you will learn of his rigorous life—how, by exercise and right living, he has brought himself to the physical perfection of an ancient Greek—the people in whom vitality and physique reached their highest development in history.



The Selig studio in Chicago: a photograph taken on a recent midnight. Down the silent streets the arcs blaze in brave loneliness; within the studio it is a high noon of endeavor beneath the batteries of Cooper-Hewitt lights, as camera men, director and actors hurry the "interiors" of a belated feature.

Whose Lips Are These?

THE nation-wide interest evoked by the competition in the March issue of THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in which readers were invited to try to identify sixteen pairs of eyes, has prompted the Editors to submit the following twenty pairs of lips belonging to some of the best known moving picture stars in America.

The eyes published in March were interesting, aside from the competitive interest in guessing them, because of the suggestion as to the characters of the owners they gave; but the twenty pairs of lips will prove even more interesting.

It is a saying that one looks for weakness in a person's chin and at the mouth for strength. In making up this list, the Editors were amazed at the strength which came out in the mouths of some of the actor folk when said mouths were divorced from the rest of their owners' beings.

There is in this collection, a mouth expressing practically every type of human character. There is one which is absolutely ideal—the mouth of a famous movie prima donna. Her mouth is interesting, not so much from the perfection of its beautifully curved lips, as from the fact that it expresses a nature whose determining

characteristic is poise and an unruffled serenity.

There is the mouth of the schemer, the scholar, the born flirt, the clown and the daredevil to be found in this collection, as well as the artistic mouth and the mouth of a man much beloved.

Each mouth is numbered. Simply put the name of the person opposite the number of the mouth which you think corresponds, and send us your lists by April the 16th.

Do you know the lips of your favorite movie stars? While the eyes may be the windows of the soul, the lips are the instant index of every emotion, the gate through which the bitter soul spreads bitterness, the sweet soul happiness and contentment, and the strong soul, encouragement.

You have seen every pair of these lips hundreds of times upon the screen, laughing or crying, and sometimes forming their words so clearly that you have understood what was meant even though the words were spoken weeks before and thousands of miles away.

The correct list of names will appear in the June issue.

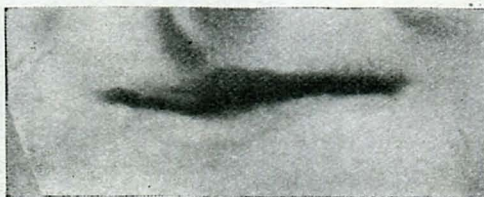
Are you a good guesser?

Can You Make These Lips

Study each picture carefully. Take two pieces of paper and cover everything on the page except the lips you are studying. It will keep the other pictures from distracting your attention.



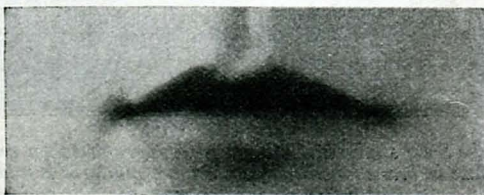
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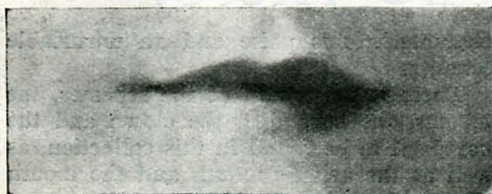
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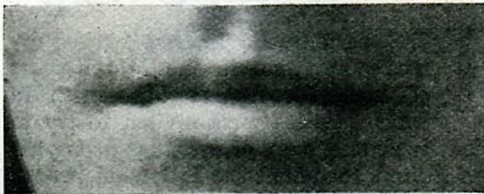
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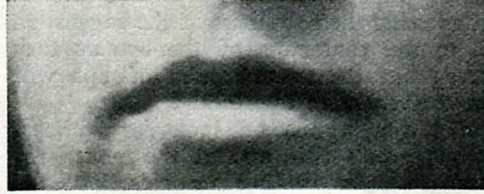
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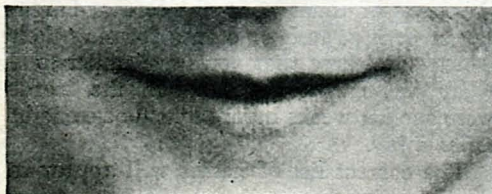
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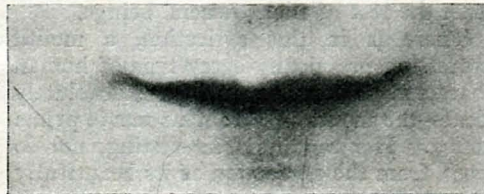
No. 4



No. 9



No. 5



No. 10

Tell You Their Owners' Names?

Concentrate on each one. Every mouth is one which you have seen hundreds of times and perhaps belongs to your favorite actor or actress.



No. 11



No. 16



No. 12



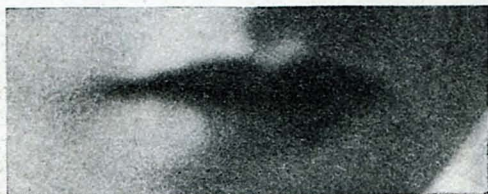
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No. 13



No. 18



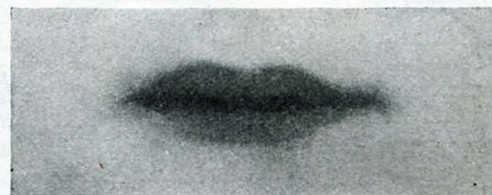
No. 14



No. 19



No. 15



No. 20

Clara Kimball Young



"Her eyes are brown, with changing lights—speaking eyes. Her face is lovely, mobile, sensitive: an ideal face for the screen."

The Girl on the Cover

By Colgate Baker

WHEN Whittier wrote "Snow-bound" it might be presumed that he had summarized snow troubles in these United States, but Whittier preceded the pictures. He only knew the woe of too much snow; he didn't even dream the uncertain misery caused by the lack of it.

On a sunny March day a telegram ordered me on the delightful scout duty of finding Clara Kimball Young.

I scouted in the direction of Fort Lee, across the Hudson, in New Jersey.

"She is at Saranac Lake, waiting for snow to finish 'Hearts in Exile,'" was my brief but decisive information.

So I waited, and added my prayer to the other petitions going up for a quick blizzard.

I waited until press-time for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE grew comfortably close.

"Mrs. Young is here; they've given up the snow for the present." That was the word from the Fort Lee studio, over the telephone, and I made arrangements to be on hand the next morning.

A caretaker met me on my Jersey arrival. The whole place seemed busy as a vodka shop in Russia since the Czar stopped the

sale of alcohol in one afternoon.

"Where is she?"

"Nobody home. It snowed at Saranac last night."

Fortunately, it had not only snowed at Saranac, but it had snowed opulently and firmly. And the storm, its business completed, whisked away to some other waiting picture-field, I suppose. So the company completed its outdoor scenes in a very short time, and returned to New York. After all, I had time to see her.

The greatest artists in motion picture acting to-day, are not those famous stage stars who have acted for the camera, but those players who have specialized in picture art and who are known exclusively as "stars of the movies."

They are the ones who have won world-wide fame, who get their personality over on the screen, who are able to convey in pictures, with a power which is nothing short of marvelous, not only every human emotion, running the gamut from joy to despair, but thought and speech.

In this facility of expression in motion pictures I know of no one who excels Clara Kimball



"When the day's work is finished I only want to go home."

"I never find time to do any shopping—my chief delight!"

Young. She is a veritable Bernhardt of the screen. Those who have seen Mrs. Young in "The Little Minister," "My Official Wife," "Blood and Thunder," "Lola," "Love's Sunset" or any of the famous films in which she has portrayed the leading role, have not failed to be impressed with her almost psychic power of thought transference.

Mrs. Young was just finishing "Hearts in Exile"—which is founded on John Oxen's popular novel and Owen Davis' play of the same name—under the direction of her husband, James Young, the chief of the artistic staff of the Peerless, and I was permitted to watch the work. It was very interesting. There was an infinite amount of detail about it and Mr. Young rehearsed the

"I do not like to see myself in pictures."

last scene at least fifteen times before he called for "Lights," and said "Take it."

I was impressed with the fact that Mrs. Young spoke lines, although there were no lines in the script and she acted with a concentration which was almost weird because it was so quiet and intense, but withal she was absolutely natural in her manner.

When it was all over and we sat down in a corner of the studio I begged her to tell me something of her theory of picture acting.

"The great thing in acting for pictures,"

said Mrs. Young, "is to be perfectly natural. It is the naturalness of motion pictures—the illusion of real life which they convey—which gives them their appeal and popularity. So above all other things I try to be natural. The gestures, the expressions,

the business of the legitimate dramatic stage seem artificial in pictures, and that is why so many stars of the stage fail when they act before the camera. It shows up every defect and mannerism."

"Why do you

"Whenever I see myself I regret I did not do better."

speak lines when you act?"

"Lines in picture acting are just as necessary as they are on the stage, and herein is the secret of my success, if there is any secret about it. Of course we are not provided with any lines. We are given business, situation, position, movements, gestures and facial expression, but no lines. So I make up my own lines. If you cannot provide yourself with the proper lines you will never be a star of the movies.

"And you must give yourself just the right line, too. It takes a great amount of thinking sometimes to hit on just the correct line, but when you do strike it, you may be sure that it will go over on the screen just as if the audience heard you speak it.

"There are times when spoken lines are



not necessary, however. For example, in soliloquies. If I am alone before the camera, meditating and I have come to some decision; for example, I have resolved to kill the villain. I say to myself, mentally, 'I will kill him,' but I do not move my lips, yet it goes over just the same and just as strongly as if I said it."

As probably all readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE know, Mrs. Young has very beautiful and wonderfully large and expressive eyes. They are brown, with changing lights and reflect every passing thought; speaking eyes, in the literal sense of the word. Her face is also the mirror of her thoughts, a lovely, mobile, sensitive face, ideal for the art of the screen.

She has been on the stage almost all her life. Her mother, Pauline Maddern, was a notable dramatic actress in her day and is now playing character women in the Peerless Stock Company. Her father, an old time actor, is also in picture work now. Mrs. Young had extensive dramatic experience before she joined the Vitagraph company four years ago to play leads. Her success was instantaneous and she soon won her way into the foremost ranks of motion picture stars. While with the Vitagraph she made a tour of the world in their interests and was filmed in every country she visited.

"The changes that have taken place since I began to act for motion pictures four years ago are astonishing," Mrs. Young confided to me.

"A movie star was not thought to be a person of much consequence then, while now I do not think that the President of the United States receives more attention or publicity than some of the favorite picture actresses.

"Personally fame does not trouble me, for to tell the truth I do not have time to enjoy much of it. I am so tired when the day's work at the studio is finished that I only

want to go home and stay there. One of my chief regrets is that I can never find time to do any shopping, which is my chief delight. I have not been able to go to a dressmaker in three months, I have been so busy—think of it, isn't that awful?

"I also find it rather embarrassing when I do go out to be stared at by hundreds of strangers, who do not quite recognize me, but look at me with that expression in their faces which says 'Where have I seen her before?'

"I frequently hear young women say, 'I think I will go into moving pictures—the work is so easy. I know I can do it.' But these girls deceive themselves, or if they carry out their intention, they are quickly disillusioned.

"Directors are

"Oh, it is a terrible thing to like the villain!"



"I cannot act well before the camera with a villain I like."

agreed to-day that successful motion picture acting requires more temperament and a stronger personality than is necessary for the dramatic stage. We try out hun-

dreds of aspirants here, regular actors and people from all walks of life, and about one in five hundred has enough temperament or the right personality.

"Youth is a great essential for the camera is merciless upon age. Every wrinkle and line comes out with painful distinctness in motion pictures.

"Professional actors as a rule have acquired certain mannerisms which render them useless for picture work. Many of our well known stars of the screen have mannerisms, I admit, but they are not very pronounced. Mannerisms are the one thing which must be avoided.

"I never go to see moving pictures made by others for fear that I may catch their mannerisms. Unfortunately I am very easily infected. When I was a little girl with my father's repertory company, I used to sing songs between the acts. We had another little girl with the show who did the same specialty, who had all the usual mannerisms of the stage child, affected gestures and that sort of thing. One afternoon I watched her and unconsciously I imitated her when I sang my song. Father came to me immediately and said:

"'Kiddie, you must not watch that other girl again, stop or you will grow just like her.'

"I stopped and became my natural self again, but it taught me a lesson I have never forgotten.

"I do not like to see myself in pictures and I never go unless it is necessary. Whenever I see a picture I have made, I am filled with vain regrets that I did not do better. I feel sure that I might have done better and could do better if I had another opportunity. However, if we are satisfied we never progress, so perhaps it is just as well I feel as I do about my work."

"Are love scenes easy to play before the camera?"

"That depends. I have acted many love

scenes on the stage as well as in moving pictures and I find there is a great difference between them. On the stage an actress may go through a love scene with an actor she personally detests, and it makes no difference in her work. Before the camera it is almost impossible to act a love scene with a man who is personally distasteful. There is something very subtle about this. I admit I do not quite understand it, but I know that I cannot act a love scene well in pictures unless my leading man is personally agreeable and a gentleman.

"Neither can I act well before the camera with a villain whom I like. Oh, it is a terrible thing to like the villain! There is another interesting psychological subtlety about picture acting.

"The cast of a motion picture to-day presents a problem which is not easy to solve. In spite of the large number of actors who are anxious to do work for the camera, there are comparatively few who are able to meet the artistic requirements which with the steady improvement in pictures are constantly becoming more difficult.

"Mental concentration, I have found, is the thing which wins in acting for the camera. There is not the sustained inspiration that is found on the dramatic stage, working up to one climax after the other, through one continuous performance. We usually begin making a picture by taking the last scene first and then we work backward. So one must have the ability to concentrate instantly, to get into the character and the situation, to work up the inspiration of the moment—it is very difficult at first to do this. Even the experienced dramatic actor finds it hard to act a character piece-meal in this manner.

"But the more I act for the camera, the greater possibilities I see in the art, for it is an art, and it will be recognized as one of the greatest before long, I am sure."

Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce Photoplay Magazine? A specimen copy will be sent to any address in the United States on application by card or letter to
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, - - - **8 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

A Movie Glossary

COMEDY: soundless laughter at nothing.

* * *

Comedy: kicks in the same old place; or, see above.

* * *

Comedy: a German make-up such as never was in trench or submarine; or, see above.

* * *

Comedy: abuse of intended father-in-law; or, see above.

* * *

Usher: underripe male who lives solely to see that you get an uncomfortable location.

* * *

Ticket-seller: a young lady who doesn't have to.

* * *

Villainess: any lady the leading man suspects.

* * *

Heroine: preferably a blonde.

* * *

Hero: a male saint who can pass for twenty-eight.

* * *

Villain: any man the leading lady refuses to mull over.

* * *

A nickel: the price.

* * *

A dime: see above.

* * *

One reel: good.

* * *

Two reels: pretty good.

* * *

Three reels: they have to be good.

* * *

Los Angeles: atmosphere and celluloid; screen crime and photographic love; cameras and directors.

California: the most taking State in the Union.

* * *

Cowboy: a Mellen's Food baby in a mail-order outfit.

* * *

Florida: Los Angeles overflow meeting.

* * *

Horse: vehicle with only one speed—a gallop.

* * *

Bandit: one who upholds the stage.

* * *

Rich man: see Monster.

* * *

Father: use Dad.

* * *

Dad: see Her Father.

* * *

News picture: as long as it didn't happen in our town.

* * *

Hand: something to be held.

* * *

Love: what the villain never gets in on.

* * *

Kiss: a heart-torpedo.

* * *

Lake: something to fall into.

* * *

The papers: what no villain can do without.

* * *

Theatre: any deep grocery on a vacation.

* * *

Snow: a fur rug for the outdoor studio.

* * *

Bungalow: see Mansion.

* * *

Locomotive: no hazard for Helen.

* * *

Million dollars: always a mystery.

H. J. HEINZ, the pickle man of 57 variety fame, has built a motion picture theatre on the grounds of his pickle works at Pittsburgh for the use of his employees after luncheon every day.

THE movies are seriously affecting the bull fighting industry in Mexico. Whereby the motion pictures seem to have done more good in that cruelty-ridden country than "watchful waiting."

Who's Married to Who

In the Movies



Edward
J. Le Saint



Mrs.
Le Saint
(Stella
Razeto)

Edward J. Le Saint, a director with the Selig Polyscope Company, and his wife, Stella Razeto, are old friends of the Selig audiences.



J. Farrell
MacDonald



Edith
Bostwick

Edith Bostwick, well known for her work in the Victor films of the Universal group, is the wife of J. Farrell MacDonald, director of the Hollywood studio at Universal City, California



Clara Lambert



James Daly

Clara Lambert and James ("Uncle Jimmie") Daly, are a couple well beloved by the people of the Lubin Philadelphia studios. Mrs. Daly has the exclusive privilege of being Arthur Johnson's mother in photoplays.



Gene Gauntier



Jack Clark

Jack Clark and Gene Gauntier are in Universal City, Cal., Mr. Clark being director of the studio, in which Mrs. Clark is star.



Mack Sennett, Master-Director of Comedy

Mack Sennett—Laugh Tester

The Man Who Makes the Keystone Comedies

By Harry C. Carr

A BIG shaggy man with a splendid leonine head is sitting at a desk in an office, surrounded by stenographers, desk telephones, filing cabinets and all the rest of the junk that stands for business system. In rushes an agitated moving picture director.

"Say," he demands, "Would it be funny if the policeman fell out of the window onto a cactus plant?"

"It would not," answers the shaggy man with finality.

Exit the moving picture director.

The great white chief of the Keystone Company has spoken.

There are men who can bite a tea leaf and tell you whether it came from a tea plant up on the far slopes of the Himalayas where the borders of the British are guarded by the Gourkas, or whether it was sealed in Ceylon. There are others who can taste whiskey and tell when it ceased to be corn in the ear. Other experts can detect a bogus bill by the feel as it touches their fingers. Mack Sennett is the world's best laugh tester. He can

bite into a joke and tell whether it is really funny or just a sort of bogus funny as accurately as the whiskey taster can tell the year of distilling.

Sennett is one of the towering personalities of the moving picture world. There are ten producing companies in the Keystone and a herd of comedians. Sennett is literally all ten companies and most of the comedians. Every comedy of the enormous output of the Keystone has been both written and acted by Sennett before it leaves the factory.

His extraordinary methods can best be shown by chasing him through a picture.

We will assume that the scenario has

been written by one of the "kept" scenario writers who work on salary for the company. Sennett says that about fifty outside scenarios are received every day and fifty returned.

"It is the rarest thing in the world to find a real idea in the mail," says Sennett. "If we find even the germ of an idea in any scenario, we buy it and ask the writer for more. But nearly all those sent to us are merely silly strings of crazy incidents. It is not possible to be really funny without being logical. You will notice in our wildest rough comedies that the story has probability and sequence. Take even that trained snake that pulled a man up a cliff in one of our comedies. If you had a trained snake, it would be a most practical and excellent way of rescuing yourself from a precipice.

"Good comedies are so rare that even our hired scenario writers seldom turn out a perfect one.

"The way to write a good moving picture comedy is first to get your idea; you will find that either in sex or crime. Those two fields

are the great feeding grounds of funny ideas.

"Having found your hub idea, you build out the spokes; those are the natural developments that your imagination will suggest. Then introduce your complications—that makes up the funny wheel.

"If I could find a writer who could do this with success—that is to say one I could trust to turn out two comedies a week in such shape that I could hand them out to the directors without going over them myself, he could name his own salary. I mean that literally. He could prepare his own salary vouchers. That is how rare good comedy writers are.

The best acrobat in the Keystone organization is Sennett's stenographer; he has to be. While Sennett dashes hither and yon the stenographer dashes after him. Every word of the chief's directions are taken down in shorthand.

*Charles Chaplin**Harry McCoy**Ed. Kennedy*

"We have tried famous humorists and I can say with feeling that their stuff is about the worst we get. Every writer to whom we talk about scenarios is very airy and off-hand about it. 'Oh yes,' he says, 'I get you. What you want is just a lot of action.' Which is just what we don't want. What we want is a real idea—a logical, compelling idea. We will add the action."

Having found something that looks to him like a funny idea, Sennett goes over to a corner of the big studio, where, chalked on the board floor are the locale he intends to use. Lakes into which comedians are going to fall—rooms—fire escapes, etc., all indicated on the floor. There, among the chalk marks, he and the comedians work out every comedy situation. Not only do they plan all the situations and the business, but Sennett acts out every scene and shows how he thinks nearly every actor should do his part.

No one but a man with stage technique at his finger tips and a mind sizzling with pep and ideas could do this. There are few picture directors with the necessary physical strength.

"You will find your idea for a motion picture comedy either in sex or crime. These two fields are the great feeding-grounds of funny ideas."

Sennett has big heavy shoulders and a frame like a sailor. His shaggy hair and quick strong gestures speak of enormous reserve power. He is so full of pep that he acts out half a dozen comedies when he talks to you in his club.

His equipment has been thorough. He bumped the bumps in burlesque vaudeville, musical comedy, melodrama and all the rest of it.

"I never succeeded very well on the stage," he confesses. "I never could agree with the directors. It always seemed to me that they made mistakes in dragging in situations for the sake of getting a laugh. I thought their comedy was too forced. They didn't let us act naturally. I was glad to go into moving pictures for

the sake of trying out my own ideas. They seemed to have justified my complaints against the directors under whom I worked. If you want to make people really laugh—laugh all over—you must convince them."

Well, we will return to the chalk marks on the stage.

Sennett is showing the actors how he thinks it ought to be done. He has shown

*Roscoe Arbuckle**Mabel Normand**Charles ("Hogan") Murray*

them to such good effect that some of them have become famous in the process. One of the actors he is showing is a very pretty girl bubbling over with the fun of the thing they are doing; that is Mabel Normand.

"When Miss Normand first came to my company," said Sennett in his club the other night, "She got such a small salary that I can't think of any word short enough to tell about it. Now she gets the second or third highest salary paid in the picture business.

"Miss Normand is such a wonderful success even more on account of her head than her good looks. She is quick as a flash and just naturally funny. She is funny to talk to. She seems to think in sparks."

Sennett was asked if Miss Normand didn't have troubles like other people learning to act. "Worse," he said. "The trouble with her was inducing her to keep quiet. Like most girls with quick thoughts, she acted quickly. She moved so quickly that the audience couldn't get it. Deliberation and poise were the lessons she had to learn. It was a tough job getting her to slow down. After that, she took up the problem of getting what I

call 'man comedy'—that is, the repressed stuff. Not just flying around but sitting still and showing the changing thoughts on one's face.

"A somewhat similar development was that of Roscoe Arbuckle of our company—our fat man. We got him in the beginning because he was the rare combination of fat and perfect athlete. Arbuckle is a wonderful athlete in spite of his weight.

We got him on account of the falls he could make. Every week he has been developing. I can see the difference in every picture we turn out. He began as a rough 'faller' and he has become a finished artist. And he is still going."

Miss Normand and Arbuckle and all the rest of them were trained over there among the chalk marks on the floor. That chalked-off patch of flooring may be said to be the post graduate college of moving picture comedy.

Sennett says that the great problem at this stage of the comedy is to plan effects so they appear to have "just happened." Their highest efforts are put upon the accidents. The stubbing of a toe, the tomato that hits the wrong man, are planned with

"Famous humorists send us about the worst stuff we get. What we want is a real, compelling idea. We will add the action."



Syd Chaplin

Minta Durfee

Ford Sterling

the utmost care. Some actors fail utterly because they can't help showing that they expect the accident that is to get the laugh. Every move of the Keystone policemen, who seem to dash around at wild random, is planned down to the finest detail.

While they are working out the stuff on the chalk marks, there is one busy citizen. This is Sennett's stenographer. He is the best acrobat in the Keystone organization; has to be. While Sennett dashes hither and yon around the chalk marks, the stenographer dashes around after him. Every word of the "chief's" directions are taken down in short hand.

Finally they have worked it out, down to the last detail among the chalk lakes and streets. The stenographer then transcribes his notes.

The next day, these notes and the necessary actors are turned over to a sub-director who turns the chalk lakes into real ones. The sub-director makes the stenographer's notes come true. He works out in film form the business that has been planned on the chalked stage.

So much territory is used in one of the Keystone comedies that it takes a week or

so to work it out. By this singular method Sennett is able to direct the whole thing in miniature in a few hours.

By this method he personally directs the scenarios of all his ten or twelve companies. In a short time Keystone intends adding ten or twelve more and Sennett will also direct these. His will be the mind behind every scenario.

It is of course impossible to anticipate on the chalked floor all the details that come up when the real work is done.

For this reason, as Sennett sits in his office, a constant stream of moving picture directors are dashing in upon him.

He will be talking scenarios with a writer when a director dashes in and "puts up to the chief" some intricate

question of comedy effect. This the ancient ceremony called "Passing the buck."

Right off the reel, Sennett will be called upon to accept or reject some idea that will make or break an expensive production. These interruptions would just about drive the average man crazy.

But like many men of excessive vitality and perception, Sennett has trained his

"Mabel Normand recently got such a small salary that I can't think of any word short enough to tell about it. Now she gets the second or third highest salary in the picture business."



Chester Conklin

Alice Davenport

Mack ("Ambrose") Swain

mind to switch on or off like a dynamo.

He says he has trained himself to switch from one thing to another without the slightest feeling of irritation.

"The secret of it," he says, "is in the doctrine of non-resistance. If you think to yourself 'I wish this fellow would not cut in on my work,' you are hopelessly lost. The salvation of your nerves is to surrender yourself to any one who wants your attention. The reason that people get on the average man's nerves is that he gets on his own nerves. I don't get on my own nerves. Impatience or irritability would kill all the pep in sensitive, high-strung people such as I have to do with."

In due course of time, the actors come back with a few bumps and a feeling of elation at work well done and the "makings" of a film. The next job is the projection room.

Sennett cuts all the film sent out by the Keystone. He is a hard cutter. Only about one-fourth of the film made ever sees a public screen. That is to say, for every four feet of film taken, one foot is used and three feet thrown away.

This stage is, after all, the supreme test

of the director. It is at this point that he has to show an almost uncanny instinct for gauging the public taste.

The "legitimate" stage director can correct his mistakes. The first performance of every farce comedy is an experiment. He tries the play the first night. Some of the funny situations "get over;" some don't. Those that do not are cut out or changed. The moving picture comedy

director has no such safety valve. The only test he has for what will make the public laugh is his own intuitive sense. He puts on what he thinks is funny and it has to stand. He seldom has any very definite means of finding out just which parts the public liked and which parts failed of appeal.

Sennett's years on the stage, hearing audiences laugh, stand him well now.

Having seen Sennett the scenario maker, the actor and the film cutter, we take a look at Sennett the business man:

"I feel sorry for the men who are trying to break into the picture game," he said. "It is getting harder every year. To begin now at the beginning and come in competition with the directors who have

There are ten producing companies in Keystone and a herd of comedians. Sennett is all ten companies and most of the comedians. He virtually writes and acts every comedy of the enormous Keystone output.



Rebuilding a portion of Sennett's great outdoor stage at the Keystone studio, near Los Angeles.

learned through long and hard experience will be an ordeal to try any man's courage.

"The great difficulty of mastering the moving picture business is keeping up with the constant changes. These come with incredible rapidity. You can understand how rapid are these changes when I tell you that we couldn't possibly put over today the comedies we were producing with success six months ago. They made a big hit six months ago but are entirely out of style now.

"Rough horse play has suddenly vanished from moving picture comedy.

"The moving picture comedy now demands subtle effects. Let me cite you a typical scene.

"A man is sitting in a hotel parlor. At one end of the room is sitting his affinity with her escort; at his side sits his wife. He is trying to show devotion to his wife without letting the affinity know he is

married and to beam upon the affinity without letting his wife suspect. He just sits there. The comedy consists of the changes on his face. That takes real art; it also takes real scenarios; also takes real directing. This was the stuff at which Charlie Chaplin excelled.

"There is a lot of money to be made in pictures—fortunes. But it takes great judgment and a game spender. No one who stops to think about the cost can ever succeed. The cost is simply not to be taken into consideration.

"For instance there are four people on the payroll of the Keystone company who, just one year ago, were getting three dollars a day. Now they are each under contract at a salary of \$10,000 apiece. We consider them cheap at the price.

"The moving picture business is the business for a man who is up on his toes and thinking fast."

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Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

THIS GETS THE FIVE DOLLARS

THE picture on the screen was of the great West. In it, a young man's father loved his horse better than he did his son.

The mother of a lazy son had come to the theatre with her little daughter. Said the little girl:

"Oh, Mamma, isn't that awful! He loves his horse better than he does his own son!"

"I know, darling," said Mother gently, "but the horse is willing to work."

W. H. Conklin, Roselle, N. J.

BE REASONABLE!

IN a photoplay shown recently, two men and a girl were shown dying of thirst in a desert. They were rescued by a prospector.

The two men drank wildly from the prospector's water bottle; but the prospector, who was in love with the girl, clasped her fainting form to his heart and pressed wild kiss after kiss upon her lips.

At which a little girl in the audience, much excited, cried out, "Man, man,—give her water!"

H. F. Pratt, St. Louis, Mo.

DAVEY'S ADMIRER

TWO stylish young women stopped at a poster in front of a motion picture theatre announcing the appearance of a famous actress in a coming photoplay. At the top of the poster, in the usual place, was "David Belasco Presents."

Said the first young lady:

"I simply must see that play!"

"Oh, I should say so," agreed her companion.

"I think David Belasco is simply wonderful. I saw him last week in St. Elmo."

Miss Bee Schwarz, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SINCEREST FLATTERY

ONE night in a movie show I noticed two boys sitting in front of me during "The Perils of Pauline." They were engaged in earnest conversation. Presently I made out one of them say:

"Towser won't do that!" just as a dog in the picture had performed an amazing deed.

I recognized the speaker as the little boy who lives next door. More conversation followed regarding "things to fall on," etc.

The next day I noticed a large sign on the lawn of the house next to ours. It read:

PEARLS OF POLLINE

by Tom, Henry, Towser, Kate & Co.

See Polline and Harry in reel life.

Admission.....1c

May Wishart, Brockton, Mass.

THE THRIFTY SCOT

TWO countrymen went to a movie theatre in Edinburgh, Scotland, for the first time.

As is usual in Scottish theatres, tea with crackers was served free of charge about four o'clock.

Shortly afterward, the second performance commenced.

One countryman remarked to the other:

"Come awa' oot, Jock, we ha' seen it a'."

To which Jock cannily replied:

"Ye may gang if ye like, Sandy; but Ah'm gawna wait for ma dinner."

John N. Bethune, Westfield, N. J.

SOME LIGHTS 'EM ONE PLACE, SOME ANOTHER

ON the screen, the villain started to smoke his pipe; but, somehow, the match wouldn't light. He tried the table, the chair, the floor, the sole of his shoe, the side of his trousers; but in vain. Finally, in desperation, with one stroke on his collar he lit it.

"Did you see where that guy lit that match?" asked a visiting New York drummer.

"Sure," replied his companion, a native Wisconsiner, "—on the back of his neck. That's where all rough-necks lights 'em."

Edward G. Kitz, Oshkosh, Wis.

REVISING GENESIS

JOHNNIE had been to a picture show Saturday night. The next morning at Sunday School, a visiting trustee asked:

"Who was the first man?"

"Maurice Costello!" shouted Johnnie.

C. W. Fullwood, Nyack, N. Y.

ONE STANDARD OF EXCLUSIVENESS

IN a town in Pennsylvania there is a motion picture theatre the manager of which has placed a large clock with an illuminated dial to the left of the screen for the convenience of his patrons.

A husband and wife and their little boy entered the theatre one night. After they had been seated awhile the wife asked her husband for the time. From force of habit he pulled out his watch and looked at it instead of at the clock which was before him.

His son watched this performance with a puzzled air. After a few moments, he apparently arrived at a solution of the action in his own mind, and chirped out:

"That clock is only for poor people, ain't it, father?"

J. R. Chromey, Duryea, Pa.

WHY WIVES LEAVE HOME

"THE Lovers United" had just been shown. Mrs. B. turned to her husband and said, said she:

"Oh, I wish I had one of those affinities. I think it would be just grand to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about my incomparable golden hair and tell me my eyes are the most beautiful in all the whole wide world and that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted by an angel. Oh, I think an affinity like that—"

"All you seem to want," interrupted her husband, "is a plain old fashioned liar."

May Benson, Marietta, Ga.

SWEETER THAN GEMS OR CLOTH OF GOLD

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN had just given Beverly Bayne one of those kisses.

"Gee, Maude," said a young woman in the center of the house, "I'd rather have a kiss like the one he just gave her than all the swell outfit of scenery she's got on, believe me!"

Edith Siddell, Davenport, Ia.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

THE announcement requesting the ladies to remove their hats appeared upon the screen. One young woman ignored it utterly. Whereupon a short fat, pink-faced and officious usher appeared at her side.

"Lady, did you read dot sign?" he asked.

"I did," she answered.

"Vell den," he snapped, "compare mit ldt."

Anna Kramer, Kinsley, Kan.

DULCINEA AT THE MOVIES

DULCINEA and Percival went to a motion picture show the other evening. As African hunters rounded up a herd of wild elephants, Percival remarked:

"They say five thousand elephants a year go to make the ivory in piano keys alone."

"Oh," replied Dulcinea, "isn't it wonderful what they can teach dumb animals to do!"

J. Ray Murray, Sunbury, Pa.

A NEW THOUGHT ON OLD RIP

DURING a scene in which Rip Van Winkle was sleeping twenty years, a little girl in the audience, much impressed, piped up with:

"Muvver, ain't it a wonder he doesn't petrify!"

Elsie Cresswell, Abilene, Tex.

THE SNOB

DURING a very pathetic scene in a movie recently, a small boy kept snuffing in a most disagreeable manner. There was a woman seated behind him whom this performance annoyed exceedingly.

She stood it as long as she could, then, leaning forward, asked:

"Little boy, have you got a handkerchief?"

The young man so addressed turned around in his seat and regarded his questioner coldly.

"Yes, I have," he replied, "but I don't lend it to strangers!"

Mrs. Edna Remmelte, Adrian, Mich.

WELL, RATHER

LITTLE miss of five years was watching with interest a business play when the words "\$5,000,000.00 Was His Net Profit" were flashed upon the screen.

"Mother," whispered the little girl, "what is a net profit?"

"A net profit," answered her mother, "means the real profit."

"Oh," cried the youngster with a bright smile, "is Billy Sunday a net profit?"

Miss Janet Boyle, Atlantic City, N. J.

THE YEARS THAT NE'ER RETURN

IN the "Truth Wagon" the last scene is a long, clinging kiss engineered by Max Figman and Lolita Robertson.

As the scene faded out one night in a small town movie house, an old man about seventy years old, with long white hair and whiskers, got up from his seat and turning around said loud enough for all to hear:

"Boys, that is enough to make an old feller like me feel kinder sad."

G. O. Tilghman, University, Vt.

OUT OF FASHION

IN a film comedy produced recently there was a scene in which a mother was vainly trying to quiet her baby in church during a wedding.

Two girls were sitting together near the front of the house.

Said one:

"I think it's awful to bring a baby to a wedding, don't you, Mame?"

"Yeah," said Mame. "It certainly is. If I ever get married I'll have printed on the invitations, 'No babies wanted.'"

Hazel Bisbee, Chicago.

ARKANSAS ON SUFFRAGE

THEY were showing the photoplay, "Your Girl and Mine," at a motion picture theatre in Little Rock. In a front row sat two typical Arkansas "hill billies."

"I don't take much stock in this here woman suffrage," said one.

"Well, I do," answered the other. "I say,—let 'em suffer."

Nellie Shelton, Little Rock, Ark.

JACK THE BLASE

JACK disliked being kissed, and, being a handsome little chap, sometimes had a good deal to put up with. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the movies in the evening instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures, there was nothing but a lot more of hugging and kissing.

He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women.

After he had rolled into bed, Mother came in to kiss him good night.

He refused to be kissed.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father who was standing at the doorway looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for the love of Mike, give this woman a kiss!"

Mrs. Fred C. Fischer, Nevada, Mo.

IN TEXAS, DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

DOWN in Texas, there is a lot of sentiment but not much sentimentality. And living among realities, people learn early to consider necessities without tears.

This was the spirit of a little lady of five, who, after witnessing a war drama in which the cannon and the rifles played their deadly havoc amongst the participants, turned to her Mother and asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Mothe, wheah do you reckon them directohs puts all them dead folks?"

Miss Helen May Totten, Sherman, Tex.

DIDN'T NEED IT

JUNIOR, very interested in a photoplay in which a popular baby is having his face washed:

"Say, Moms, ain't they foolish people?"

"Why, Junior?"

"They don't need to wash that baby's face. They kissed it so much all they need is a towel to wipe it off."

Miss Jeanette White, Worcester, Mass.

On Screens Across the Seas

By Marie Roy

THE influence of the moving picture industry in all its forms and ramifications, in all countries, and in its bearing upon education through the visual exchange of ideas, is nothing short of stupendous. Still nebulous, the time is swiftly coming when, like a bright star in the heavens, it will guide the unread and the otherwise illiterate man to a broader understanding of life, and a better knowledge of what his more progressive brother is doing.

In Yucatan the movies are the principal amusement and the dress of the natives is greatly influenced by the well-dressed men of the moving picture films. More especially is this noticed in the dress of the young men, and as the majority of the films come from France, Paris fashions are quite often incongruously interwoven with the prevailing native costume.

In Mexico, as in most Latin countries, the love element is a strong feature of the films desired. The eternal triangle of a melodramatic nature pleases, and the French, Danish and Italian films of this class are better suited temperamentally to these people than the American films, although a few cowboy and wild west plays are still enjoyed in Mexico.

In China can be found a phase of the moving picture business which probably could be practiced in no other country. The front of the house calls for various prices according to location of the seats, as is the custom in our own theatres; but they go farther in China than we do, for seats are arranged back of the curtain for those who are able to pay but a pittance and the Chinese coolies who occupy these seats get a reversed view of the picture film. I wonder if there is another country in the world where this "by-product" of moving picture exhibitions could be utilized.

The Chinese are much interested in the securing of American films, but they find they are too high for the low prices that must be charged, and on this account most of their films are rented from London houses.

So popular were the moving pictures in Russia before the war that the most insignificant towns and villages, even in remote districts, were well provided with this kind of amusement, and new theatres were being opened daily. How much this had to do with the waking up of the Slav to a desire for a broader life will probably never be known; but unquestionably it must have been a great factor toward that end.

The admission charges in Russia run from 8 to 67 cents and many of the theatres were frequented by as many as 1,000 persons nightly. In many places of the better class a full orchestra in the music room and foyer delight the audiences during intermission, while usually a violin and piano are played while the performance is being given. On Sundays and holidays the crowds are often so great that additional police officers are required to keep the immense crowds moving and to prevent possible accidents.

All the moving picture machines used in South Africa are of English or German manufacture, and are usually purchased outright. It is stated that the depots for films in Europe will only send films to South Africa on the loan system if the person hiring them pays rent from the time the films leave the depot until they return thereto. This of course makes the cost of hire prohibitive.

In India the Barode Central Library Department, recognizing that the moving picture will reach that class of persons who are unable to read and write, has installed what is known as a visual instruction department, and this department is daily making every effort to make itself more useful to the public, and especially that large portion of the public who have either no taste for reading or cannot read.

For this purpose the central library recently purchased for its traveling library branch a number of sets of travel tours. This realistic mode of sightseeing is enjoyed by the least studious as well as the most highly educated visitor to the institution.



Beatriz Michelena as Lily Folinsbee, in "The Lily of Poverty Flat."

The Lily of Poverty Flat

Narrated by Julian Johnson

FROM CHARLES KENYON'S PHOTOPLAY OF THE SAME
NAME, FOUNDED ON BRET HARTE'S FAMOUS POEMS,
"HER LETTER" AND "HIS ANSWER TO HER LETTER."

Illustrations by the California Motion Picture Corporation.

JOE stood on the rain-hardened road outside the Registrar's office in Marysville, waiting for the stage to Poverty Flat.

It was a true California noon, wonderful with dazzling sunshine that seemed to pour from everywhere in a cloudless sky of uttermost blue. Momentarily, mysterious wisps of breeze caressed Joe's face. The day was warm, but they were cool with the memory of some hidden snow-gulch in the Sierras, and fragrant with the tang of pine needles. Beneath, the river chortled, a silver runaway in a glen of silver sycamores. Two snow-peaks rose from the farther Sierras like white saints in blue stoles. Nature spelled perfection, yet—

Although Joe's days were peaceful and his nights untroubled, he could not help thinking of Truthful James' proverb: "There's one way to spell happiness and mis'ry with the same letters—'w-o-m-a-n'—which the same it is hard to understand, but a fact."

In the weary months that he and Truthful James had panned the streams and picked the granite hills Joe had little time for any sort of beauty. He wondered, now, if an Eve would ruin his poor but happy Eden.

A cloud of brown dust announced the stage. As it halted before the Registrar's office the Marysville populace came out, with mild curiosity, to give it hail and farewell. No one got down. No one got in. Joe passed greetings with the driver, and was abjured to hurry. As he entered he did not, for a moment, notice the occupant. When he did he started involuntarily.

Across, in contemplation that was quite unconscious of him, sat the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her brown hair fell back

from her brow in an irresistible mode. He had never seen such eyes. There was hauteur, passion, power—above all, mad fascination in her curving mouth. Joe noticed, too, how beautifully kept were her small, brown, exquisitely manicured hands. Joe tried to sit on his own hands. Her frock was a mode with which he had no acquaintance. Her gaze was beyond the hills.

Suddenly, it struck Joe that he knew her! "Aren't you Lily Folinsbee?" The abruptness of his question shocked him. It sounded like an explosion.

But the girl was not embarrassed; she was neither interested nor annoyed; she did not take her eyes from the hills as she answered, deliberately, "Yes."

Joe had a wild desire to apologize.

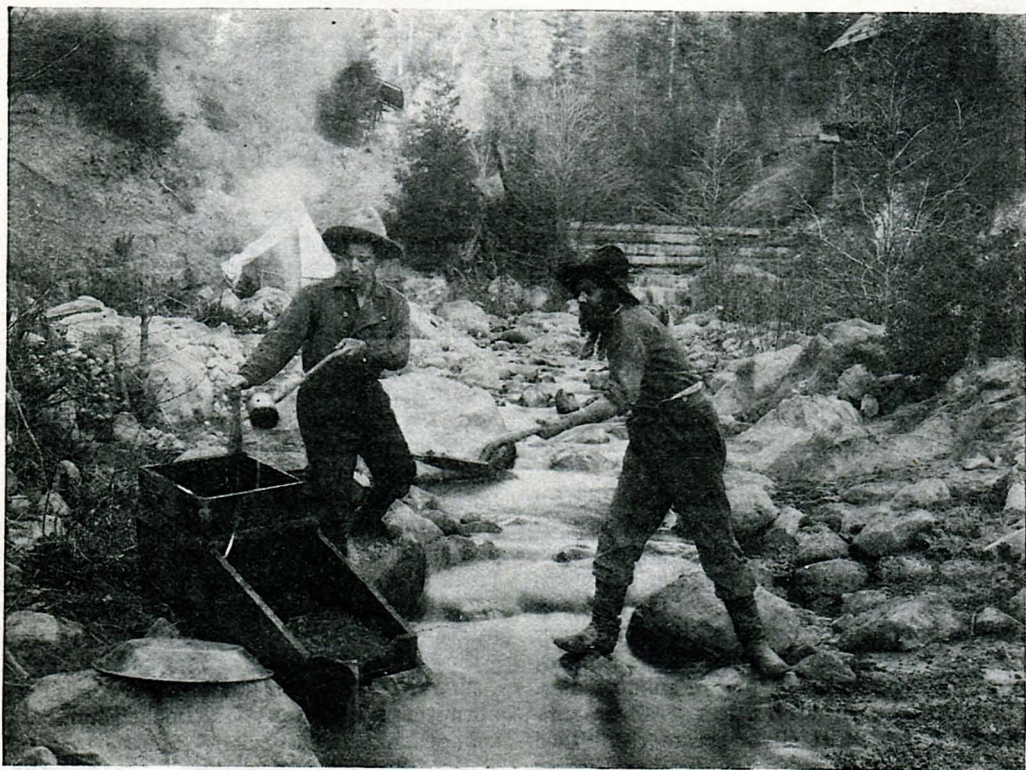
"You see, Miss, I know your father. My partner and me, we trade with him—or we did till—I've seen you—that's why—"

"Indeed!" Her voice was suave, but her mouth tightened. She looked out the other side of the stage. Joe's voice fell into a bottomless well of humiliation.

Long afterward the horses paused at the foot of a steep grade out of an arroyo.

Lily opened the door and stepped out, lightly, assuring the driver, with a cheery smile, that she would walk up. Joe hated the driver for that smile.

As the stage rumbled on, with Joe, in high discomfort, sprawled over the most of its racking interior, Lily fell a little way behind. The man watched her furtively through the wee glass pane. Suddenly his eye fell on a business card in the road. It was the card of a peddler, which had been given him at Marysville that morning. In a spirit of humor, Joe had passed it to a malevolent-looking Indian who had left town headed in the opposite direction! The



He told her of the struggle of himself and Truthful James.

peddler was still in Marysville.

In the West one acts upon the thought, not after deliberation. Joe dropped loosely from the step, taking care to fall behind the stage, and still to keep far enough ahead of Lily not to annoy her. The stage disappeared behind the twists in the grade, but Joe kept the girl in sight. He did not believe that the Indian had doubled on his tracks for any good purpose.

High on the granite face of the grade grew a wonderful cluster of golden poppies. Unstrapping his gun, he struck out manfully for the blossoms. His toes caught in a crevice of the rock, his hands were torn—he reached them. He gathered them all—a great, odorless, glittering handful of floral riches. As he came down, Lily, in some uncertainty, was standing at the bottom, with the gun and its cartridge belt in her hand. Joe dropped with a thud, almost at her feet. With a little cry she started backward, instinct and training giving her an even firmer grip on the weapon.

"That's right, Miss," exclaimed her invader cheerily, dragging off his hat. "Keep me covered, but accept this bouquet. I

wasn't flirting with you in the stage. I was just lonesome, an' this is my apology."

Lily looked at him—tall, clean-shaven, kind-eyed, bright smiled. She decided that he was all man, and from men who were just men, she feared nothing. She returned the smile and took the poppies.

"Here's what I've been gathering," she answered, extending some sprigs of myrtle. "How much prettier yours are!"

Once loosened to a pretty woman's willing ears, Joe's tongue ran like the creek in the arroyo below. He told her of the struggles of himself and Truthful James on their poor claim at Poverty Flat; of their abandoning this, and the staking of a new claim elsewhere—hence his trip to the Registrar's.

He told her of the malevolent-faced Indian, and his vague fears, and he started to tell her of another Indian: "El Capitan," the lonely monarch of the hills, whose tall, silent grand-daughter, Tamara, he had rescued from starvation and outrage just the week before. But he did not. He did not want this girl to know anything about Tamara, although there even the thought of romance was ridiculous.

Lily found him wonderfully interesting.

In the midst of one of her silvery peals of laughter a fusillade of shots rang out. Their faintness showed how far the stage had preceded them. There were four, then silence.

"That's the express messenger," said Joe. "It means they're at the summit, and it's hurry or walk all the way to Poverty Flat!"

"I'll beat you!" cried Lily, leaping up the cliff-edged road. Joe, lumbering easily behind, noted her twinkling small feet, her trim ankles, her supple, girlish body. In action, as in repose, she was a beautiful thing.

Suddenly at a turn, Lily stopped with a little cry. Joe, trotting up, saw the stage standing, horseless, empty.

"Wait here—take my gun!" The iron note, new in his voice, thrilled her. Joe went forward.

At first he saw nothing. The horses had been neatly unharnessed; the traces had not been cut. Then he saw that the express messenger's cash box was open—something red was trickling over the mesquite almost at his feet! Hastily Joe drew the tarpaulin from the boot, and threw it over the bodies of the express messenger and the driver.

Horses' hoofs rattled around the bend. Joe leaped back to Lily, who was standing motionless, seized the gun and backed her into the undergrowth, following slowly.

The Vigilantes—not the half-breed horde he had feared—thundered by, drawn from the valley below by the shooting and the appearance of the highwaymen.

Joe and Lily commanded a clear view both ways, but he was unwilling to proceed with the girl for fear of ambush. She complained of thirst. It was two hundred feet to the creek bed, but Joe, taking a canteen from the driver's equipment, clambered down the rocks.

As soon as he had gone the Indian desperado, whose real purpose had been to capture Lily and hold her for the ransom he knew her frantic father would pay, began closing in. To have shot the girl would have been easy; to capture her unharmed was not so easy; to carry her away, before Joe could discover the trick, was very hard.

Joe was half-way up the hill-side, the canteen dripping snow-water, when he saw the flash of buckskin through the scrub-oak.

The whole situation was apparent. To get at the assassin he would have to make a considerable detour, but his path was clear,



"News of the hold-up reached Poverty Flat's one dull street."



El Capitan left with Tamara a chart of the secret mine worked by his ancestors.

and he could go quickly and soundlessly, while the Indian was stalking Lily with infinite deliberation. Lily had Joe's gun, yet to warn her probably would mean death to both.

Bent double, Joe fairly ran through a little lane of mesquite. Presently he found himself behind the Indian, who, at the edge of the road, was taking a leisurely survey before leaping out at Lily, whom he perceived to be armed. Joe was within a dozen feet of the savage when the sharp crack of a dry chaparral twig betrayed him.

Wheeling, the Indian snatched his own gun from his hip. An instant before Joe had leaped toward him, and in the grapple the gun fell from the red hand. Tearing himself free, the Indian tore his knife from his belt—hurling him backward, Joe dashed the glistening black head against a boulder. It was instant and horrible death.

Joe felt sick. It was the first man he had ever killed, or even wounded.

Though at a loss to explain his disheveled appearance, his utter forgetting of the cool canteen—Joe did not reveal this epi-

sode of primeval conflict to the inquisitive girl. He left her in the hands of the Vigilantes, returning, and it was her turn to be amazed, provoked and terrified, as they found the Indian's corpse, and she realized her scant escape from a fate worse than death.

As for Joe, he hastened to Truthful James, and Truthful James, melancholy and gently austere, opined that the woman would be the beginning of the end of their happy poverty.

News of the hold-up and fight, and the capture of the remaining assailants, reached Poverty Flat's one dull street before Lily and the re-horsed coach. Mr. and Mrs. Folinsbee, terror-stricken, were accordingly over-jubilant when their girl arrived unharmed.

Her pretty San Francisco clothes, her boarding school wisdom and her beauty, set Poverty Flat by the ears. A dance was announced in her honor, to be given in the camp's biggest place of assembly, Harrison's barn.

Many suitors were invited to attend.

Chief of these was Jack Hamlin, handsome gambler from Sacramento—debonair, dashing, and, in his way, honest.

There was Culpepper Starbottle, indolent son of Colonel Starbottle, Poverty Flat's aristocratic lawyer, who was always late to "co't," whose clients were mainly gullible widows and horse thieves, and whose one life-long puzzle was, "Where does mah boy git his laziness? Sholy not from his energetic father, sah!" But Culpepper was only goaded toward Lily by his father, who looked upon her as he would look upon a fine filly of lineage, or upon a white-pillared house—something of easy attainment and superb appearance. Young Culpepper's own tastes—for financial reasons—were for Sadie Lotsky: kind, domestic little Jewess, daughter of Isador Lotsky, a client who connived with his father in many a scheme the elder Starbottle was too ambitionless to carry out.

Though she said nothing about her chagrin at Joe's disappearance, Lily was disconsolate. She did not even know his name! Had she known that Joe had been refused further credit at her father's store, and of his deep humiliation, she might have understood.

Business in connection with his new claim called Joe, at length, through Pov-

erty Flat. It was the morning of the dance. Lily, peering through her window, half-dressed and trying on the new gingham her mother was finishing, could not resist waving ecstatic greeting. Joe knew not what to think at the quick sight of the face that had never left his dreams—at the vision of the soft throat he had never seen, the little brown hand, the beautifully molded white arm. He did not think—he felt! An overjoyed madman, he waved his hat to her, spurred his horse furiously and rode straight on. He did not know what else to do.

He only knew that he loved Lily—desperately, hopelessly, perhaps—as much as any of the world's men had ever loved woman or goddess.

As for Lily, despite her mother's reproval, she called to Sanchez, the Mexican porter below stairs, to identify the rushing rider. That was easy; Sanchez had seen him often.

A little later that day, on Lily's horse, Sanchez was carrying to Joe an envelope containing a sprig of myrtle, and a slip of paper on which was written: "Tonight at 8—Harrison's barn—Lily."

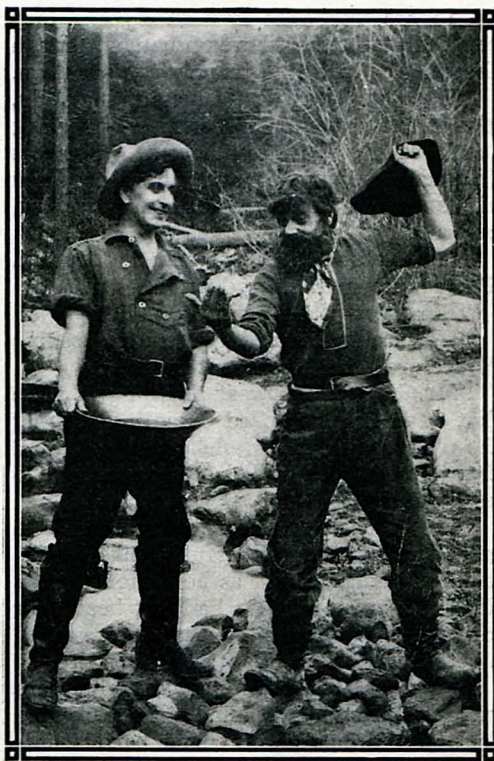
Sanchez was not without axes of his own to grind. His feminine desire was Dolores Mendoza, buxom Spanish woman who kept a small roadhouse half way to the claim of Joe and Truthful James. Sanchez knew that Dolores secretly despised him; and he hated Joe, in true rattlesnake fashion, because Dolores unavailingly pursued him with the desperation of one forlorn. So, stopping for a glass of Sonoma claret, he taunted Dolores with stories of Joe's real love. But notwithstanding his lingering and his semi-intoxication, Sanchez finally reached the claim, and delivered the wonder-message and the faded flowers.

"It's too late," drawled Truthful James, through his tropically luxuriant beard, "for you to git there by bridge. Send your regrets."

"I can swim North Fork!" retorted Joe, frantically trimming his back hair with a pair of dull scissors.

"You'll swim North Fork to glory!" informed his partner. "She's yards deep to-night and thunderin' through like the clipper ship that brought us 'round the Horn."

But when Truthful James went to collect dry wood for the evening bacon-frying, Joe evaded him, leaped on a half-cinched



Joe and Truthful James make the long-lost Indian mine their own.

saddle, and brought up from his gallop only at the North Fork bank.

James had again proved his sobriquet. In truth North Fork was yards deep and apparently a quarter-mile in width. A baby rivulet the day before, torrential mountain rains had made it a typical California torrent. Tomorrow it would be placid and small—tonight it was a liquid brown monster tearing gashes in the dirt walls of the arroyo, freighting redwoods and even small sequoias toward the valley of the Sacramento.

Joe felt that hesitation meant return. His horse neighed frightenedly.

"Go, boy!" He struck with the spurs.

With a screech of fear and protest the horse, trembling, leaped into the torrent.

The first plunge submerged beast and rider completely. Emerging from the silty wave Joe felt, exultantly, that he was already winner in the battle with nature. The horse took the confidence of its rider and plowed like a dauntless ship through foam and driftwood. Though carried far down stream, embattled by rolling trees and men-

aced more than once, by hidden rocks, they reached the farther shore unscathed, though the chances had been frankly against them.

The dance was at its height, but Lily, alone, hid under a pepper tree—awaiting the lover she knew would come. She was frightened when she saw him leap from his angered mount—dripping, shivering, but smiling.

He explained. She called Hamlin. There were quick introductions.

"Wont you please give Mr.— Mr.—"

"Harper," prompted Joe, shamefacedly; "I declare, I most forgot it myself."

"Mr. Harper can wear anything of mine that fits him," laughed Hamlin, striking the wet shoulders wholeheartedly. And they were off, Hamlin leading at a run to keep the other warm.

Joe's thanks were brief, but sincere. He and Hamlin were wonderfully alike in size, and he was conscious, as he buttoned up a fine buff waistcoat that had not been very long from San Francisco, that he presented a better appearance than ever in his life.

As for Jack, quite different thoughts were rushing through his mind. In throwing Joe's wet things across some barrels outside, a paper had fallen from the coat pocket. In the brilliant moonlight Lily's writing was not hard to read. The faded flowers, too, crushed like an odorous dagger through Jack's quivering fingers. The gambling instinct, the desperate resources of the cheat, crowded madly upon him as he stood in the silence of the scented night. He realized for the first time that Lily was more than a big stake for him. She had been the pleasure of a great winning—now he loved her, with the wild fury of a baffled strong man. He resolved to win her by hook or crook, to lie, dissimulate, to kill if need be—he stopped, and slowly put the note, and the blossoms, in the wet pocket whence they came. His love for Lily was a nobler, finer thing than he had ever known.

As for Joe, the wonder of that night stayed with him always. His first surprise was to learn that he had not forgotten how to dance. But, though he danced almost as well as the graceful though strangely silent Hamlin, he was equally happy in watching Lily everywhere.

The most of them were gone when, with an awkward bow, Joe made his adieu to Lily, her father and mother, and to Jack

Hamlin, whose negro boy had brought over the still damp clothes, neatly bundled in a Contra Costa newspaper. Lily walked with him to the gully below Harrison's barn. Her face was toward the West, from which the great moon, harbinger of imminent morning, looked down like a mystic sun of romance. She looked up into the moon. There were opalescent lights in her eyes. Joe stretched his hands toward her.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, Lily, Lily!" he murmured, again and again, without touching her, without saying anything more.

"Joe!" she whispered, breathing in little gasps. She put her hands upon his shoulders. "Joe!"

Their lips met.

It was first love for both of them, and neither remembered the hour until John Folinsbee came down the path, a bit roughly, and ordered Lily back to the house without speaking to Joe at all. Hamlin stood in the door, framed in the lantern light. He seemed a statue of loneliness.

As Truthful James predicted, Folinsbee forbade the marriage of his pretty daughter to the shy young miner, and forbade their meeting. But love finds no bars in commands, steel or stone, and the elopement would doubtless have taken place on schedule but for two unexpected bursts of misfortunate fortune.

The Mammoth mine, in which Lotski had interested Folinsbee, developed a wonderful strike. Having taken Folinsbee's money for apparently worthless stock, the frantic Lotski now found himself but half owner of a magnificent property. In his quandary he called upon Culpepper Starbottle, whose father had drawn up the company documents, and even the claim. Culpepper, shrewd despite his worthlessness, knew of the society bee in the bonnet of the newrich Mrs. Folinsbee and immediately suggested sending Folinsbee to Paris to float the stock of other mining companies. The idea appealed to Mrs. Folinsbee with tremendous force, was received half-heartedly by Folinsbee and was furiously repudiated by the rebellious Lily. Yet in a little while the general store had been disposed of, and, in unaccustomed broadcloth and creaking boots, the head of the household prepared for the great migration.

El Capitan had died, and with Tamara he left, scrawled upon a stone, a chart of

the secret gold mine which had been worked by his ancestors, but for which, for fear of white men had remained untouched during the present generation. Tamara was content in the loneliness of nature's nunnery, and lived by snaring small animals for their skins. Joe in his idle hours had made for

the stone chart. Dolores at the general store saw Lily's uneasiness, suspected a delayed appointment, and, very humbly told her that she had been sent by Joe to fetch her.

The two began a walk through a pass in the nearby hills toward the canon where



"Stopping for a glass of Sonoma claret, Sanchez taunted Dolores with stories of Joe's real love."

her, of logs and bark, a refuge against storms and men. Tamara did not love Joe, but he had been kinder to her than even her harsh grandfather. She gave him the chart of the mystic mine, because she could not mine the gold herself, and was quite content with her trapping.

Dolores Mendoza, meanwhile, obstinately kept up her love-battle. She hated Lily, her apparent obstacle, with all the passion of a Latin. She observed Joe's kindness to the lone Indian girl, and determined to turn it to advantage in that conflict where anything seems fair.

The morning in which the Folinsbees were to begin their long journey to Paris, was the morning in which Tamara gave Joe

Joe had built Tamara's shelter. As they came out in the little clearing Joe and Tamara could not see them, but to Lily it appeared that Joe had his arm about the Indian damsel. In reality he had his arm back of her, his hand flat upon the rock, supporting himself as he held the heavy tablet of riches.

Lily started to advance. The Spanish woman caught her hand. Lily paused, tears filling her eyes.

"I couldn't bear to see you deceived," whispered Dolores sweetly:

When Joe arrived at Folinsbee's, wildly dizzy with the news of wealth, it was not Lily who greeted him, but Sanchez, with ill-humor and a note.

Joe and Lily had planned a wild ride to Sacramento and a minister. Instead, he read, in the scented paper: "Joe, dear, my heart is broken—not for my love, but for my loss of faith in wonderful you. Good-bye for always—Lily." The myrtle was crushed in the letter. And the dead golden poppies of their first golden day.

Joe wrote. Lily's watchful mother burned the letters. Lily waited in dull anguish for the letters that never came. Dolores, drunk, boasted of her exploit even to Tamara. A few days after she was found wearing a pretty knife between her shoulders, quite dead. Sanchez was accused, and escaped lynching only by fleeing to the hills, where he became a petty outlaw. But the stoical Tamara, the real murderess, said nothing. It was her vengeance—upon the woman who had wounded her friend.

Lily, lonely in Paris, lived only by the kindness of Jack Hamlin, who had gone to San Francisco as soon as he discovered the secret troth between the girl and Joe. In the Palace Hotel he had found her, waiting for a European sailing vessel. Though suspecting a breach between her and her mountain lover, he was innately a gentleman and he asked no questions—but he followed on the next ship.

The Folinsbees, two of them uncouth fish flopping on dry alien sand, had been in Paris but little more than a year when Lotski in a San Francisco court, found that Col. Starbottle's partnership papers were utterly defective, and that even the title to the Mammoth mine was faulty. The last defect he speedily remedied, but the partnership lapsed, the remittances ceased, and Col. Starbottle, in a windy letter, explained to Folinsbee that he had been voted out of the firm.

The broken, remorse-stricken old man now sought any alliance for Lily that would pay his debts and return him to California.

Comte de Brissac, roué of wealth and position, grew senilely mad about Lily. The girl was virtually ordered to marry him, and only the interference of Hamlin, who won at cards for her, and who was wounded treacherously in a duel with Brissac over her honor and freedom, prevented the nuptials. Hamlin guaranteed the return of the family to America and on his couch of convalescence heard Lily whisper the proposal he had never dared to make.

"Do you love me, Lily?" he asked.

Lily was silent. "No," she said at length; "but you are the finest man I know; you have proved yourself my best friend."

"I do not want to marry you," returned Jack with slow desperation, "unless you love me."

Desire sometimes beats down all walls of moral resistance. Before the family left Paris, half-mad with the passion that burned his heart like a steady flame, Jack seized her and crushed her to him. He took her cool, gentle kiss as a famished hound takes water after a desert run; he begged her pitifully to renew the once-rejected offer. So she promised to be his wife—in California.

Joe had become leading citizen of a town no longer worthy the name "Poverty Flat." There was a bank, a theatre and a very regular hotel, all of which Joe had built. Though still living in the open, he had annexed city manners and 'Frisco clothes. Though the loss of Lily had permanently saddened him, his health, thanks to his hard work and his freedom from dissipation, was never more splendid. His resident woe lay in the fact that though Truthful James was now bank cashier and operahouse manager he would not come from behind his beard, cease wearing his boots outside his trousers, or get a haircut more than thrice a year.

Then came Joe's abduction by the bandit Sanchez. Stage robbery, thanks to Joe's guards, having become a very deadly pastime, Sanchez, in his life's one bold stroke, hit upon seizing the captain-general of prosperity in person, and holding him for the colossal ransom of one hundred thousand dollars.

Hamlin and Lily heard about it before they were off the dock at the foot of Market Street. There was little else of note in the papers.

Hamlin immediately rushed to Poverty Flat to head another rescuing party—leaving Lily with strict orders not to leave San Francisco.

She came, arriving in the dead of night. And, like a brown ghost from the hills, Tamara, leaner, taller, wilder than ever before, stole down upon her at dawn. Tamara did not tell Lily how she knew of her presence; she only told the necessary things; of the secret lair of the Sanchez gang and Joe's forest prison, which she had discovered; of the treachery of Dolores—even of her own vengeance.



Sanchez, the saloon-bully, amuses himself by shooting out the lights.

Lily, with her heart pounding to suffocation in the wild pain of understanding, rushed into the redwoods with only Tamara and a stable-boy at her heels.

From West, North, South, the Vigilantes had been closing in upon Sanchez; Lily and her small detachment came from the East.

It was a wonderful primeval morning—mosses under foot, sapphire sky above, floral colors flaming from gray rocks and a furnace of dazzling sunshine turning the little leaves to swaying lightning—just like that other morning in which a key of golden poppies had unlocked two hearts. Tamara said nothing. Hot odors rose from the clumps of chaparral and oily mesquite as they trudged upward.

Suddenly at their right: a shot, shouts—many shots.

Tamara, her intuition directing her straight, plunged through the undergrowth, parted the oak and sycamore and Lily beheld, in a little clearing, a tempest of tremendous action.

In advance of his party stood Jack Hamlin, exchanging shot after shot with Sanchez, at bay. Sanchez' men were running—one kicking a burrow evidently laden with loot. Tied to a tree, Joe, his eyes wild with fury, a heavy beard matting his face, struggled diabolically to free himself and assist his would-be liberator. Even as they watched, he freed himself, and picking up an abandoned gun, sent a bullet through Sanchez' breast as Hamlin closed with him.

Chivalrous to the end, Hamlin dropped his own weapon, and extended his hands to bear the dying bandit gently to the ground. Sanchez' answer was an up-ripping stab from a dagger he had hidden in his shirt. They fell together—Sanchez dead, Hamlin dying.

Lily and Joe hurried toward him.

With a wan smile, Hamlin seized their hands and joined them.

"In a life with the cards," whispered Hamlin, hoarsely, "these are the best hands I've ever held."

Universal City Starts Housekeeping

THE COMPLETE MUNICIPALITY THAT PRODUCES
TEN MILES OF FILM PER WEEK

UNIVERSAL CITY, the world's one celluloid metropolis, started its first reel of existence March 15.

It was "opened" like a world's fair, or the occupation of a conquered province.

There were bands, speechmaking, wild-westing, fireworks and feasting.

One special train of openers progressed from New York for the event, and sundry groups and individuals foregathered forty ways from the compass.

Notwithstanding Universal City's grand operatic inaugural, it is a regular municipality, with regular inhabitants who live, work, merrymake and sleep under real roofs there.

It is fifteen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, just over the brown dip of Cahuenga Pass—to the northwest of that "Pueblo of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels." It is on El Camino Real, the bell-bordered highway of the kings.

The buildings, parkways and work-grounds of Universal City, exclusive of certain farm and ranch lands adjacent, cover 750 acres.

Less than a year ago, where the various structures now rise, a great barley field bared its tan face to heaven nine months in the year.

Then the director-general of the Universal Company, coming to Los Angeles, visited the then established plant for picture making, and, being consulted as to certain improvements that seemed necessary, gave his opinion in four words: "Scrap the whole thing!"

It was scrapped, the new Universal City site was purchased, and work was definitely, energetically and intelligently commenced.

Perhaps to the outsider the most remarkable feature of Universal City is its complete municipal organization, but to the makers the chief concern has been the picture stages, which are said to be the most complete and varied, as well as by far the largest and most expensive picture stages in the world.

The largest stage covers 90,000 square feet. In one corner of this is a revolving

stage; in another corner, a rocking stage; half the stage is removable, and beneath it are concrete tanks capable of small subdivisions, or union into a lake of no mean proportions.

Close by is the stage of second size—second to no other, however. Its dimensions are 350 by 198 feet.

Grouped about this are the buildings of the property manufacturers, the costume and tailoring buildings, the carpenter shop, the building of drafting and design, the scene lofts, and some hundreds of yards of dressing-rooms.

Not far away is a building occupied by Italian and Swiss workers in plaster and papier-mache.

Also near at hand is the property storage warehouse, a saw and planing mill, and laboratories.

Universal City has 1,500 inhabitants, all directly engaged in the creation and manufacture of moving pictures.

It has a co-operative city government.

It has its own fire department, with a dozen uniformed men, an engine, and a chemical wagon.

It has a police force and a lockup (for uproarious visitors, they say). There are patrolmen and several mounted policemen.

There is a public library.

A free gymnasium, with swimming pools.

A restaurant which can accommodate 600 guests at once.

A school for the Universal children.

There is a Zoo, with a good representation of the wild animals of every country on earth.

There is a hospital, equipped (even to ambulance) for emergency cases, and also for patients who have protracted illnesses.

All the buildings in Universal City, with the exception of the residentia^l bungalows, are of reinforced concrete.

On leased farm lands, adjacent, grain and hay are grown for the Universal cattle and horses.

There is an interdenominational church.

And the workaday forces of this model burg turn out, for a world optically hungry, just ten miles of film per week.

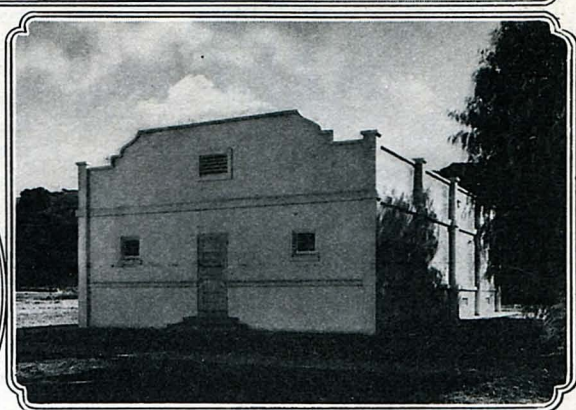
Camera-Catches in the Movie City.



The world's biggest stage.



*Yes,
they have
real
police!*



Universal Theatre.



The City Hall.



"The Devil a Saint Will Be!"

HOW BRYANT WASHBURN, DELIGHTFUL VILLAIN,
IS ACQUIRING A LONG-DESERVED HALO



THE secret is out! And welcome news it is to Bryant Washburn's long list of admirers. No longer is he forced to hide that dimple in his chin, and cast malevolent glances of hatred at his successful rivals, for the golden wand of good fortune has changed this deep dyed celluloid villain into a three-reel hero.

A hero has often through force of circumstances become a villain, but rarely has said villain turned the tables and made himself into a story book favorite.

This is the way it all happened: The Essanay Company was receiving scores of letters, asking why a good looking chap with such a pleasing personality was always made to do wickedness. So, to please the "fans," Bryant Washburn has, within the week, been made leading man of his own company.

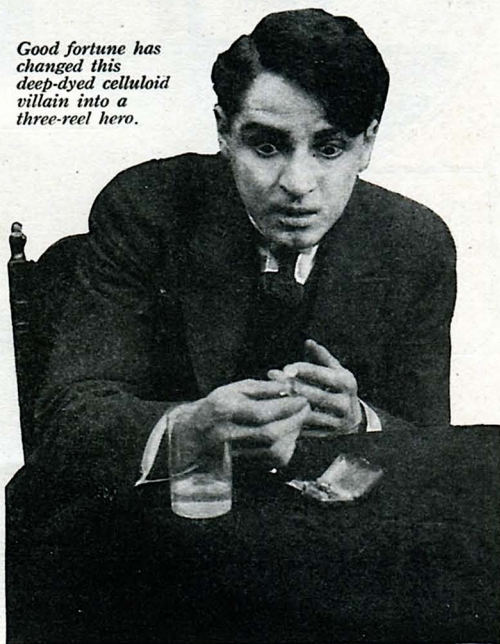
His first release will be "The Little Straw Wife," a three-reel production, in which the erstwhile heavy is featured as a sure enough hero.

This transformation has not all been accomplished by the magic wand. It is the result of four years' hard study and earnest application. Bryant Washburn has entered heart and soul into every role that he has been called upon to portray. No matter how unpleasant his villain types have been, to each he has given a thoughtful and realistic characterization.

"I don't believe the average person realizes the amount of time and attention these roles require," said Mr. Washburn.

"Because there is no dialogue to memorize and no lines to learn, the beginner may think one casual reading of a photoplay sufficient. This is untrue. A screen play should be studied with as much care as the most important stage production ever produced. Every character that I have been called upon to interpret, has been taken from real life. I study a type, blend it with another type, and finally

*Good fortune has
changed this
deep-dyed celluloid
villain into a
three-reel hero.*



build my conception of the character from a blending of my whole selection, into one. I study the scenario so carefully that I can visualize the whole story before the director has taken a single scene.

"I haunted the worst resorts in town to get color for my dope artists. It made such an impression on me that after I had finished the 'Strength of the Weak' my nerves were all shot to pieces. I had a letter from a doctor who said that he had been vainly endeavoring to cure the son of a close friend who had contracted the morphine habit. True, the habit had not progressed very far but it had gotten the lad so tightly into its tentacles that a cure seemed remote. He saw this picture and was so affected that he cured himself.

That's the best letter I ever received, and I am treasuring it as the one instance where my 'Heavy' was worth while.

"I get many of my best character make-ups on the trains. Nearly every sixth person is some distinct type, such as we need to use on the screen. I get more pointers from a crowd than from the best book on makeup ever written.

"I have played old men, counterfeiters, dope fiends, every kind of fiend incarnate, but never the handsome hero. It's going to be a happy day for me when I can switch from the illegitimate lover, to the real thing in dress up clothes, and an honest to goodness right to win the maiden. Honestly, it will seem funny—happily funny—to be on the square!"

Sentiments of the Majority

THE following card of thanks published recently by "Uncle Ira" in the Kansas City Star will be cheerfully seconded by a large number of movie fans:

"I wish to express my thanks to a young lady who assisted me while I was attending the picture show the other evening. Being seated directly behind me, she read aloud all the announcements as they were thrown on the screen and described all the scenes in a loud, clear voice and I was much impressed. She, being tender hearted and seeing that I was near-sighted, conferred that favor upon me. She is my idea of what a young lady of sixteen years ought to be. She is not one of your shy little things who is afraid to speak out loud. It was a vast help to me because I didn't have to look at the screen at all—could talk to my companion and look over the audience and 'hear' the pictures at the same time. A gentleman in front of me bothered quite a bit and kept turning around and finally got up and left the theatre. I noticed it bothered the young lady who was befriending me, too, but I assured her he had no reference to her.

"In order fully to thank the young lady, and that there will be no misunderstanding, I will tell her name;

"She is Miss Chewgum Openface, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gadabout Openface. She is to be commended."

Now—Three Cent Movies

OHIO, the home of the three cent street car fare, is also the home of the three cent movie. Dave Ostand, a tailor, and Ben Tolmich and William Einhorn, newsboys, opened a movie theatre in Cincinnati on the third of March, the entrance fee of which corresponds to the famous Tom Johnson street car ordinance.

The theatre gives five reels of entertainment for three cents and has a sign out in front advising patrons to put the two cents they save by coming there into a savings bank.

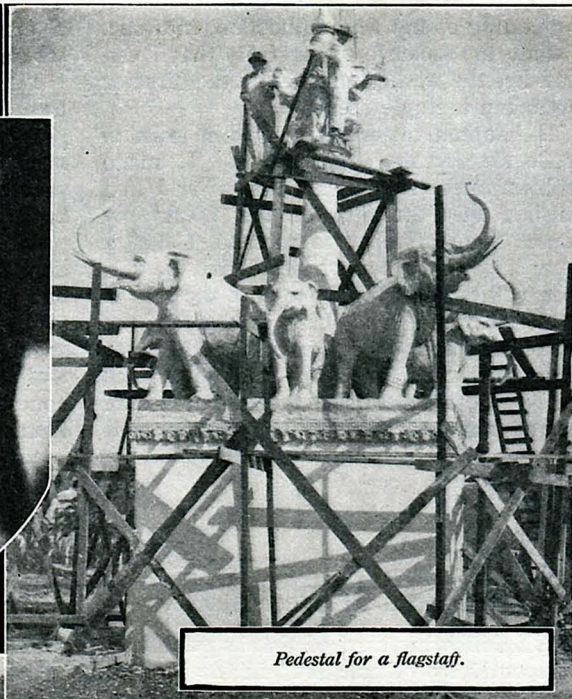
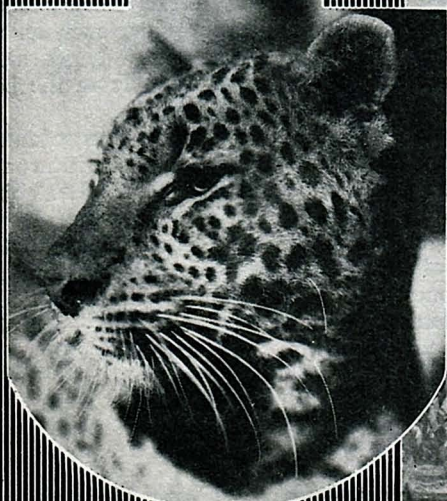
Thus Cincinnati has reached the opposite extreme in the matter of movie prices from New York, where The Birth of a Nation opened in March at the Liberty Theatre, charging two dollars per seat. Only grand opera prices as yet remain untouched for use in the movies.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS is not afraid of growing fat.

One day during luncheon at the Selig studios in Chicago she was warned against butter and sugar and all those fattening things.

"Moving picture actresses are kept too busy to worry about reducing," she laughed, and putting three lumps of sugar in her tea, added some more butter to her toast.

A Bengal Tiger.



Pedestal for a flagstaff.



*A view of the
animal cages.*



African Water Buffalo.

The Movies' Super-Zoo

SELIG'S MENAGERIE JUNGLE, WHICH
COST A MILLION AND COVERS
SCORE OF ACRES, SOON TO OPEN

OUTSIDE the collections of animals owned by a few tent shows, there are but two private zoological gardens of extraordinary size and modernity in the world.

One is the Hagenbeck Garden in Hamburg. Here the great German collectors of animals have endeavored to reproduce the conditions of nature, as far as each animal group is concerned. But since the outbreak of the war very little has been heard of the fate of these animals. If the war continues long, the meat-eaters will probably be killed to save their provender.

The second of these "natural" gardens is the Selig Jungle-Zoo, just being completed, after several years of labor, in Los Angeles. It will be formally opened to the public in a very short time.

It is not surprising, considering the all-embracing scope of picturedom, which reaches out and takes ships and armies, whole country counties and big city theatres for its own, that the camera has claimed and created an ultra-menagerie.

It is said that William N. Selig was the first picture manufacturer to film stories in which wild animals performed. However that may be, he has done it on a more extensive scale than anyone else, at any rate.

Selig has a personal passion for beasts and birds which extends beyond any bound of their practical use before his cameras. Wild creatures, and the careful collecting and natural conservation of them, is his hobby.

The new Selig Jungle-Zoo occupies twenty-two acres of land near Eastlake—between Los Angeles and its famous "suburb of millionaires," Pasadena.

It is approached by a wide new asphalted street called Selig Boulevard.

The entire cost of the Zoo, from its inception to its completion, represents an expenditure of more than a million dollars.

Its scheme of architecture is Mission throughout, thus conforming to the South-

ern California theme in building construction—and it is interesting to note the artistic and architectural fact that Southern California, alone of American sections, has a real, distinctive and original architectural note.

The gardens have been laid out by a European landscape gardener who came from Vienna for this work.

The natural environment of the animals has been followed as far as possible.

The aquatic animals of Africa clomp and snort through morasses of rush and reedy brake.

The members of the cat family crawl and lurk in sandstone caves simulating their desert lairs.

The elephants may reach with their trunks sweet foliage on high trees.

The monkeys chatter and clamber to their farthest and highest content.

The entrance arch and its gates, leading from Selig Boulevard into the Zoo, are of Parian marble, and were carved by Carlo Romanelli, Florentine sculptor.

Iron and wooden cages are taboo. The confines of the animals, of all sizes, are of concrete.

Included in the collection of animals are thirteen Bengal tigers, forty lions and lionesses, fourteen pumas, a jaguar, a score of assorted bears, fifteen leopards, two rare black panthers, three rare bears from Malaysia, nine wolf-dogs, a herd of water buffalo, a herd of sacred cows, five zebra, a park of deer, yak, giraffes, and half a dozen elephants, including the wise old elephant of early films, performing "Kathlyn," and little "Anna May," the child wonder.

The Zoo also contains the bird collection, in its house; the stables for the finer mounts of the Selig Company, and a hot house which is said to contain a specimen of almost every tropical plant.

The architectural feature farthest visible is the Alaskan totem pole, rising nearly seventy feet.

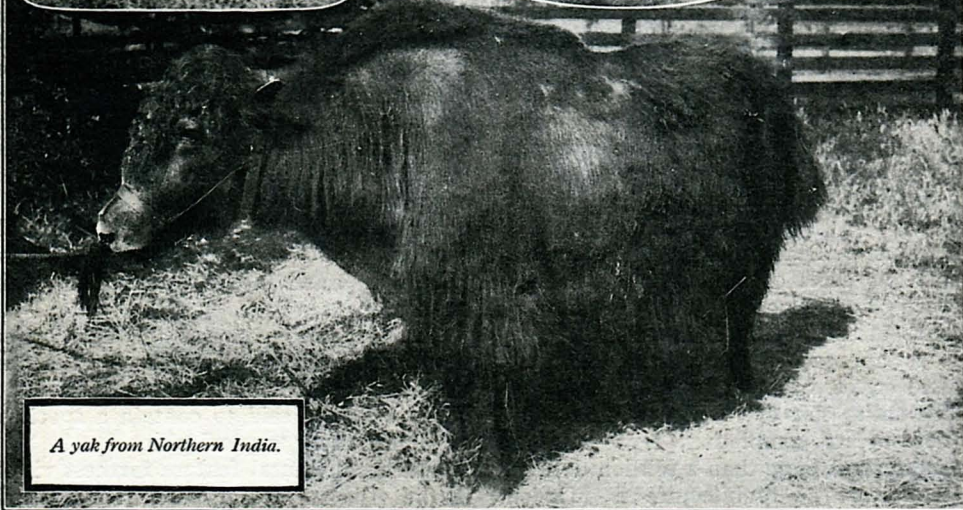
A loggia in the Selig gardens.



White peacocks.



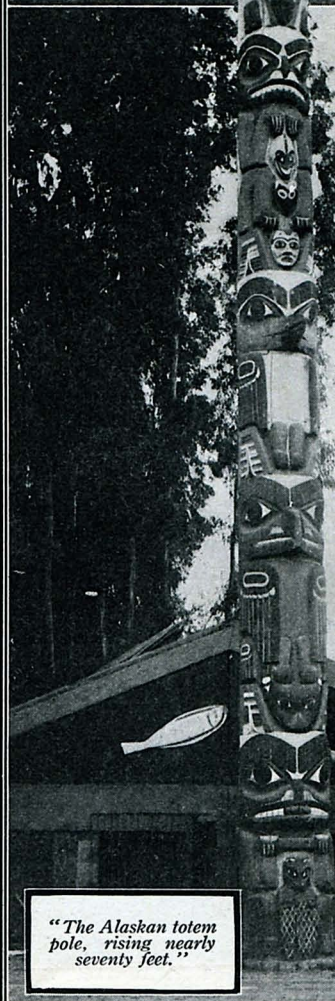
Members of the cat family lurk in the sandstone caves.



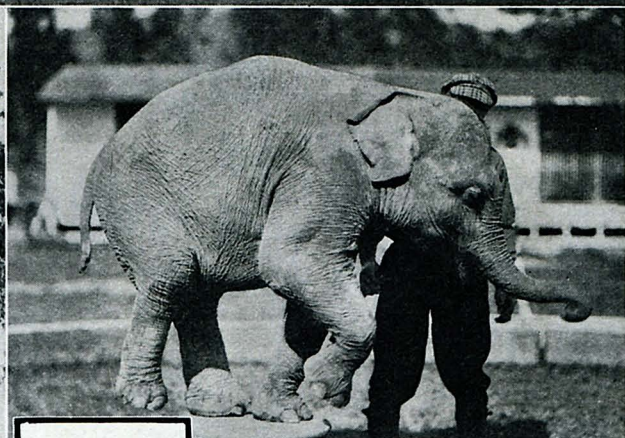
A yak from Northern India.



*"Its scheme of architecture
is Mission throughout."*



*"The Alaskan totem
pole, rising nearly
seventy feet."*



*Kathlyn, the
Elephant.*



*Another member of the
cat family.*



"Put your mind on the fashions and anticipate changes; it's not hard to tell what the next style will be. Silks, velvets, satins and flowered or striped materials are best in pictures."

—Mabel Normand to Grace Kingsley.

"Clothes"

The predicament of the Los Angeles camera queens—across the continent from the supposed style center, yet necessarily and every moment in the front trench of Fashion. Their ways, means and viewpoints are told here

By

Grace Kingsley

"A WOMAN in order to keep the love of a man must be something of an actress. Also she must dress the part. And that goes, too, for the film actress who would keep the love of her public."

That's the way a clever film actress put the matter, the other day, when I asked her about the significance of dress on the screen.

The drama of the Drape, the comedy of Clothes, the masterpiece of the Modiste, is what a hyperbolic critic once called the modern drama: but this motion-picture child of the stage is a lusty, vital youngster, with action as his mainspring, and the charge of being a puppet upon which to hang clothes cannot be laid to him.

Nevertheless the appeal of pictures being wholly to the eye, clothes naturally play an important part; and their significance has as many angles as there are film-stars.

It is necessary that the film actress be absolutely correct in dress, whether in modern or historical plays.

The camera is a pitiless critic. Where the limelight will smooth over wrinkled lines and idealize cheap materials, the screen mercilessly reveals every defect.

The result is the most painstaking-

"Don't smother your individuality in clothes," said Mary Pickford; "if my gowns don't suit my personality, I have them made over."



ing study and care on the part of the leading women of the movies to wear only the latest and best of current styles, and if possible, to anticipate them. That many film stars pay for exclusive fashion hints and sketches from New York, receive advance copies of the fashion magazines, and that the screen is the fashion magazine of the masses, are most interesting facts.

Miss Kathlyn Williams, one of the best dressed women of the screen, and the star of the Western Selig organization, is authority for the statement that a film wardrobe costs nearly three times as much as a stage one.

Especially is this the case where one appears in one and two-reel pictures; for one must have a different character of dress for each part. Then in the big productions there are necessarily very many scenes, each demanding a separate gown, as a usual thing.

As a case in point Miss Williams wears five beautiful and expensive gowns and as many simpler ones in her latest picture, "The Ne'er-Do-Weel."

Miss Williams wore, the day I talked with her, an exquisite lace and pink silk negligee. And before the scene was over I witnessed that frock in its death agonies. A careless property man stepped on the train of the gown, tearing it from its foundation and hopelessly ruining the lace.

Little Mary Pickford, now appearing with the Famous Players, believes that in the pictures the fashions of the moment should be subservient to the individual suitability.

"Don't smother your individuality in clothes," said Miss Pickford. "Many of my gowns come to me from London and Paris, but if they do not suit me I have them made over."

"I think to be suitably dressed is the main thing."

"Times have changed. I once knew a young girl to wear a silk and chiffon gown in a breakfast scene! We used to save our old clothes for the pictures. Any old thing would do. I knew a leading woman when I first went into pictures who used to change her dress carefully when she came down to the studio, donning her second-best clothes even if she was playing the part of a millionaire's wife."

"Clothes should be made subtly to express the supposed character of the wearer,

too. And to do this, the styles must always be adapted."

Miss Fritzi Scheff, the well-known musical comedy star, famed for her taste in dress, who has been appearing in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" for the Oliver Morosco Film Company, says that Americans are now making their own styles and should have done so long ago.

"I get my gowns in New York. Americans have a quieter taste in dress than French women. They have different figures, too, and cannot carry off the French styles to advantage. It is foolish for them to try. A film actress especially must study what is becoming to her, or rather she must discover what is not becoming, and forever taboo it, no matter how modish."

"Lines and material count more than anything in the films. Any color other than white is all right. Light colors, of course, photograph nearly white, and for some scenes are very effective. One gets tremendous effects through clothes on the screen. In the filming of dark scenes, however, the actress must be careful not to wear unrelieved dark colors lest she melt into her background."

"I think one can anticipate the fashions well enough to make one's screen gowns sufficiently modish, even though the picture be not released for a year."

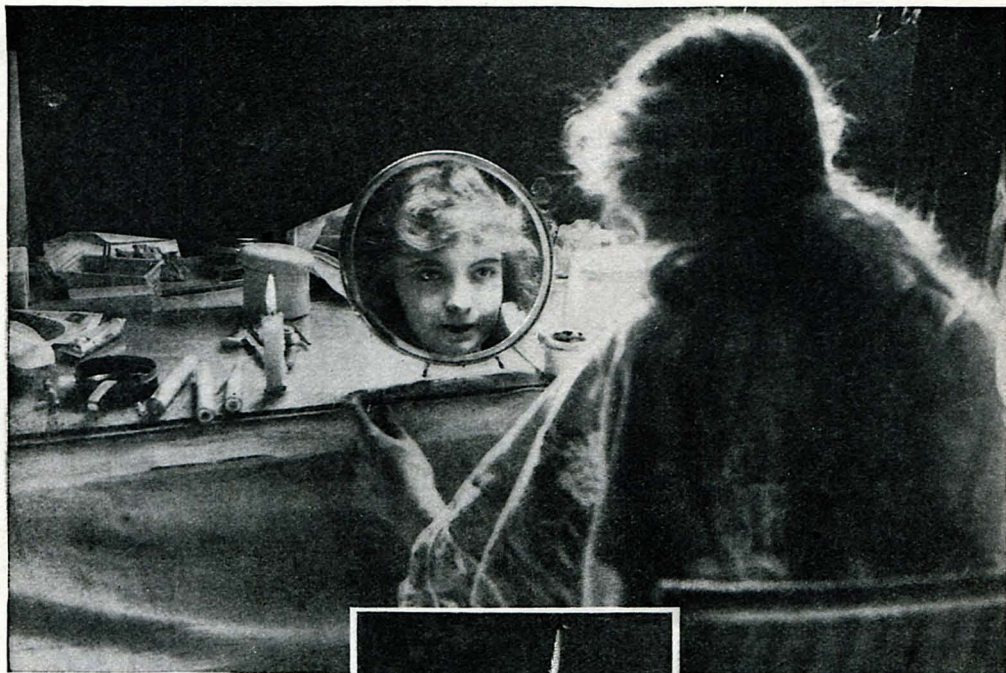
"Put your mind on the fashions and anticipate changes," said Miss Mabel Normand, the popular New York motion picture actress at present appearing in the Keystone pictures. "It's not hard if you watch the tendency of fashions to prophesy what the next thing's going to be."

"I get many fashion tips from my mother, who lives in New York, and is in touch with the leading fashion firms there. But I don't rely too much on today, for pictures taken today must represent tomorrow's fashions, else they will be out of date when the film is shown."

"Praise be, I'm doing a costume play of 1820 at present, and all I had to do was to go to the library and browse 'round till I found pictures of that date."

"Don't you think this gold thread dress is pretty? Silks, velvets, satins and flowered and striped materials are best in pictures. I often have materials photographed before I make them up."

Miss Bessie Barriscale, the beautiful and accomplished star of the Thomas H. Ince



"I forget my role if I'm too much dressed up," says Dorothy Gish, quaintly.

productions, appearing for the New York Motion Picture Corporation, claims that the film stage has become the fashion book of the people.

"Men of course don't know nor care what style of dress a woman is wearing so long as it's becoming. But women do. It seems to have fallen to the lot of the photoplay actress to serve as the sheep that wears the bell so far as styles are concerned. We help the great designers and modistes, for a woman who will scoff at a mode in a book, will often accept it when carried off by some graceful screen artist.

"One night not long ago I sat in a Los Angeles motion picture theater, and two young women sitting directly behind me began a discussion of dress. 'I just came down here to see if I



Below: Anita King, in her historic Indian costume worn in a recent picture.

could get an idea,' said one. 'I want a new dress, and I don't know how to make it. The fashion books look all alike.' Just then the leading woman appeared in a gown whose design had not yet become popular. 'Look!' cried the girl. 'We saw that very style in a book the other day, and I was afraid of it. But it looks lovely on her.'

"Women love to sit at picture shows and spot antedated gowns on a woman. I know it, for I've heard them do it."

Dorothy Gish, of the Mutual and Reliance, who appears under David Griffith's direction, is one of the most youthful of film stars.

"I forget my role if I'm too much dressed up," she said quaintly. "So I al-

*At the right: Bessie Barriscale in a
"Thoughtful" dress. Center: Dorothy
Gish in her favorite tailor-made.
Below: Anita King in a Hawaiian gown.*





Blanche Sweet Designs Her Own Clothes

At the right, in a costume of her own design; at the left, in a Montenegrin costume in "The Captive"—a bona-fide gown sold to Miss Sweet by a Montenegrin woman.

ways dress simply when I possibly can. I like costume plays, because, though the dresses are sometimes elaborate, you feel like somebody else and don't become self-conscious. But I like best to play parts where I can wear simple tailor-frocks. I design all my own dresses.

Miss Anita King, one of the best dressed stars of the Lasky Feature Play Company, who has just finished playing the lead in "Snobs," claims that every role should be thoughtfully dressed.

"The Indian dress which I wear in 'The Girl of the Golden West,'" she said, "was loaned me by an old Indian woman at

Kean's Camp, in the San Jacinto Mountains, where the play was staged. I had a dress, but when this old Indian woman saw me, she said it was not quite right for the tribe I was supposed to represent, and she brought from among her treasures the one in which I appear in the picture.

"The dress which I wear as the Countess Harcastle in 'The Man from Home' was a present to a friend of mine from Queen Lilioukalani of Hawaii, having been made by the natives. The spangles are of hammered silver. I wished a barbarically elaborate gown to accent the character, and I think I found it in this.

"The dress I wear in 'Snobs' illustrates an up-to-the-minute frock. It's really ahead of the fashions, being made from a Parisian sketch, and is an example of the new orchid gown."

Miss Blanche Sweet, star of the Lasky Feature Play Company, designs all her own dresses. She is a strict believer in individuality of style in dress. Her two latest photoplays are costume plays, however, and both the gowns which she wears in the accompanying illustrations have an interesting history.

Particularly is the one which she wears in "The Warrens of Virginia" of interest. William C. De Mille, who wrote "The Warrens of Virginia," and Cecil C. De Mille, who staged the photoplay, are descendants of the De Milles of the South, who are the real originals of "The Warrens," the play being founded on a story of the De Mille family. There was an old colored mammy who belonged to the

De Mille family, and who served Grandmother De Mille when the latter was a girl. A descendant of this colored mammy is now the nurse of the De Mille children, out in California, and this woman made the dress an exact replica of the one worn by the elder Mrs. De Mille in war times.

The Montenegrin gown which Miss Sweet wears in "The Captive," now being filmed by the Lasky Company, was the property of a Montenegrin woman in Los Angeles, who sold it to Miss Sweet.

In most companies the modern costumes are paid for by the actresses themselves, whose salaries are ample to justify the requirement. In the case of costume plays, the companies furnish the gowns. Every company has its own wardrobe department with one or more women in charge.

Some of the companies, notably the Lasky Company, maintain a library for research which is consulted in case of costume plays.



North Pacific Masterpiece

A new land has been invaded by the movie director in the six-reel photodrama, "In the Land of the Head Hunters," released during February by the World Film Corporation. This photoplay is a study by E. S. Curtis of the ancient Indian pirates of the North Pacific coast, and is interesting for the strange people in it, as well as on account of the historical accuracy of the film and the beautiful love story woven into its woof of adventure, battle and intrigue. The drama cost over \$75,000.00 and three years of patient research and labor along the Alaskan coast by the producer before it was completed.

How'd You Like to Be the Patent Man?

HOW'D you like to work in the Patent Office?

Especially, the Model Department?

Perhaps it's going to be very interesting soon—highly exciting, in fact.

You see, something *alive* has just been patented.

It isn't guinea pig, or trained horse, or champion cow, or performing chimpanzee.

It's *girl*.

Its name is Grace Darling.

The patent is held by the International News Service.

Now the governmental rules, like time, tide and Western Union clocks, admit no change. Rule A No. 1 Special, Extra and Important, says that models *must* be filed.

Models, furthermore, must be exact.

Now, where can you find an exact model of this Darling mechanism.

Remember—if it's not absolutely like the machinery it's supposed to represent it isn't a model. If there's another hair in its eyebrow, or if its small shoe is a quarter size bigger—or even if there's an unclassified mole missed, somewhere, it isn't right, and therefore it isn't a model as defined by the Patent Office.

It isn't probable, you see, that they can find a Darling model.

So, according to the present outlook, there's nothing for the Hearst-Selig news-maker to do but go to Washington, abandon all hope as she enters the Patent Office, and stand in a glass case not only for the rest of her natural life, but forever!

You see, they keep models very carefully preserved, so she couldn't grow old, but can you imagine what might happen about the year 2000 in that Patent Office?

Imagine day after tomorrow's scientist, in queer clothes and crystal spectacles and wearing antiseptic gloves, opening Its glass

door, and taking It down—carefully—and blowing the dust from the nape of Its neck, and polishing up Its scarlet smile with a bit of silk, and smoothing down Its fluffy skirts with trembling hands, and showing It off to a new wondering century.

It is quite probable that this custodian of the live model would have to take It out from time to time and exercise It to keep It from getting rusty. How dreadful when Its small slippers couldn't tango, or if Its fingers lost their suppleness, or Its eyes some of their brightness!

How terrible it would be if a cold blast from the north should chap Its perfect hands, cause It to catch cold in Its beautiful throat, or to have to resort to cold cream for Its red and curving lips! Then indeed would the owner of this patent fall upon the custodian in wrath—wouldn't you?

Grace Darling is a patented entity and a patented name.

Specifications, as *viz.*, namely, to-wit and the following:

Size, petite.

Eyes, dark blue; have distracting effect.

Mouth, rose; can work at high speed; for effect, see eyes.

Hair, golden.

All attachments movable and highly practical except financial sense; this is said to be impractical, but is being treated with a gold process.

Detailed measurements and specifications—what they ought to be.

Greasy Volcanoes

WHEN Hobart Bosworth produced *Sunshine Molly*, he brightened things up a bit by setting three oil wells on fire at the La Brea oil fields near Hollywood, California. Which caused the resultant film to be some considerable scene, to put it mildly. And then it took a week to get the fires out.



U. S. Patent No. 9,999,999

"I think I'd better tell you something," she said.



The Kiss That Cured

THERE ARE KISSES AND KISSES AND LOVE
AND LOVE. THIS IS A STORY OF THE
KIND OF LOVE THAT COUNTS—AND LASTS.

By Hector Braintree

(From the Edison Film, "When Gratitude is Love.")

MAUD DAINTREE sat in a corner of the ball room alone, screened from the dancers by a mass of plants. The little alcove had been cunningly designed to afford privacy by a wise hostess who had been young once herself, and knew that such a place would be found before the night was over by those who would rise up, later, and call her blessed for the thought.

Maud had not been alone when she entered the alcove. Jack Howard had been with her—her Jack now! She thrilled. She was very young, and this was her first great ball. And it was very much more wonderful than she had dreamed that it would be.

Remotely the music of the violins came to her in the swinging measure of a waltz. Caught up with the music was the murmur of the dance; low voices, the rustle of silk, the gliding of many feet; sometimes a merry laugh. Her alcove was a sort of inner sanctuary. It was cut off by the palms from a tiny room that opened into the ball room; the little room itself was a refuge. Now, suddenly, as the girl sat there, letting her fancy play, a jarring note sounded, just outside.

"Thank Heaven there's no one here!"

It was a girl's voice; the voice of a girl she knew, Millicent Olney. Everyone knew Millicent. She was older than Maud; she had been queening it for two

or three seasons, and rumors of her engagement had never ceased to fly. Yet she had never confirmed such a rumor.

"You're sure you don't want to dance?" asked a man's voice.

Maud knew that voice, too, and at its sound a wave of color rushed over her, flooding her shoulders, her neck, her cheeks. She half rose, gripping the arms of her chair. Then, with a smile, she sat down again. Jack Howard! Well—The woman's voice was answering—

"No. I don't want to dance. Jack—how could you make such an awful fool of yourself?"

"Millicent! I don't know what you mean!"

"You do! You certainly do! Jack—I saw you in here with that little Daintree girl from the backwoods!"

Maud choked and flushed again. She was on the point of rising, showing herself, of making some noise, at least, that would betray the presence of a listener. But she did not.

"Oh!" That was Howard, answering. Maud caught the note of embarrassment in his voice. "That—why, Millicent—that didn't mean anything! I'd been dancing with her—"

"You've been dancing attendance on her for two weeks—ever since you found she could skate and ride on skis."

"Nothing of the sort—I've just been decently civil! Hang it, she is a little wonder at all sorts of winter games—you know that! It's good fun to go skiing with her—"

"Granted! But how about what happened to-night? I saw, remember!"

Maud, shocked, dazed, held her breath. What would he say? Of course, it had to be a secret yet—Why, he hadn't had time to propose to her properly, even! Still—

"What do you think I can say, Millicent?" asked Howard, confused. "I—if you saw you must have been able to understand—it just sort of happened—she's so little and cute—" A new note got into his voice, suddenly. "Hang it, this isn't fair!" he said. "If I were engaged to you you'd have the right to quiz me like this. But as it is—"

*"I'm not really hurt
—I'll be all right,
by tomorrow."*



Maud was stiff with horror and dismay. And then she heard a strange sound; the sound of a faint, stifled sob.

"Millicent!" cried Howard. "What is it—? Why are you crying—?"

"I—suppose I've lost you by not knowing my own mind!" Millicent was stammering. "You—haven't asked me since the last time I said no—and I didn't really mean it—"

Very quietly, without any fuss or noise, Maud Daintree fainted. She came to herself before anyone found her; but it took all the sand she had inherited to go through with the rest of that terrible ball. She even danced again with Jack Howard, who was glowing, and seemed, to his friends, to be mildly insane. And when they sat together for a few minutes she reproached him, roguishly.

"You'll notice I am staying out in the open this time," she said. "You took advantage of my country ignorance before, Mr. Howard—but now I am on my guard!"

And he laughed, and thought she was a good little sport. He had no idea of how good a sport she really was, for he could not see through her eyes into the wounded heart. She had been just the innocent little country girl she seemed. She had dreamed that when a man took a girl into his arms and kissed her, and received her kiss in return, it meant that he loved her, and wanted her to marry him. If Millicent Olney had not seen, and intervened, she would have let Howard know that, and because he was a gentleman, he would have cut off his right hand, probably, rather than deceive her. But Millicent had intervened, and Maud Daintree went home the next day. There was just one prayer in her heart;—to forget. And to help her to forget she added to her prayer the hope that she might never see Jack Howard again.

But such prayers are not often granted. She did not forget. She remembered. She remembered every line in Howard's face, every tone in his voice, while he, for his part, forgot her utterly.

There was no great reason why he should not. She was just one of the many girls who had ceased to count. For he had never really wavered in his allegiance to Millicent. He had begun to love her as soon as he had met her; he had continued to woo her until at last, in that sudden,

strange fit of caprice, she had rewarded his devotion—just because he had frightened her into thinking that he was tired of waiting.

Millicent ruled him absolutely, once they were engaged. She demanded unflagging attention; she took little thought of what the effect might be on Howard. And it was a bad effect. He was not a rich man; he earned an excellent income, but it was by dint of constant attention to his business. And the late hours that constant attendance upon Millicent entailed affected his health. He began to grow indifferent, not to her, but to life in general. And at last he was driven to a doctor, who, in his turn, pronounced sentence of exile.

"If you were a woman you'd be down with nervous prostration," he said. "As it is, you're on the verge of it. Your nerves are exhausted. You've got to go away—right now. And not to Palm Beach or Pinehurst. You're going up into the woods, where there's deep snow on the ground and life and health in the air. You're going to-morrow."

Jack rebelled, but the doctor had the power to prove his statements. Millicent rebelled, too, but Jack was not a fool. He had been made to understand that he had to go, and Millicent's manner, far from persuading him to change his mind, served, instead, to make him doubtful regarding her for the first time.

And so he went. Millicent was to see him off. But she didn't. He had a telegram from her, instead. As he read it he laughed. Her mother had snared a famous Italian count. Millicent had to help to entertain him.

A few hours after leaving the city his train began to climb, and he was in a country where trees stretched endlessly, with deep snow beneath them. His doctor had told him of a little place where he could find board and lodging, and where there was a little life, so that the change would not be too great.

"In the real woods you couldn't do any riding—at this place you can," he said. "And that will be good for you. Any sort of exercise will, but that is the kind you'll take to best, I think."

Howard didn't know, when he got off the train, that he had come to a country that was Maud Daintree's own; that her father was overlord of the whole region, by

virtue of his ownership of the timber that was to be cut. He had forgotten her, or he might have chosen another stopping place.

After he had been there a week, they met.

He was riding and so was she. They came upon each other suddenly. At first he didn't know her. She looked like a boy, as she sat her horse; but at the sight of him she blushed. Had he been closer he would have seen that. All he did see was that she fainted, and fell from her saddle. He leaped from his horse to her side. She recovered her senses almost instantly.

"I've wrenched my knee, I'm afraid," she said with a great effort.

"Oh, I'm sorry—by Jove—Why—it's little Miss Daintree, isn't it?"

He was glad to see her; he would have welcomed the sight of his worst enemy, he was so lonely. He took her home. She thanked him very prettily when he and her father had laid her on a couch.

"I'm not really hurt—I'll be all right by to-morrow," she said.

"I'm obliged to you for finding her, Mr. Howard," said Daintree. "She's better off here than lying in the snow. You must stay for lunch."

Howard knew no reason why he should not. He had forgotten utterly the incident of the ball room. Had he remembered it he would have thought nothing of it. And so he stayed, and told why he had come.

"You don't look sick," said Daintree.

"I'm not, physically. It's my silly nerves—I've been going too hard I suppose. Not enough sleep."

"Why don't you go to work for me?" said Daintree. "Get out for a month with my lumberjacks? It's a hard, rough life, but it's healthy and it's clean. And we don't get nervous prostration."

"By George—I think I'll take you up!" laughed Howard. "That might be good medicine!"

It turned out that it was. Daintree had intended that Jack should live with him, but Jack insisted on living in the lumber camp. He bunked with the men, because, he said, he wanted to get to know them.

He worked hard all day. At night he was ready to sleep. But in the beginning he had other things to do. He had to win the respect of his new companions, first. And this presented difficulties, owing to



*"She is good whiskey—why not?"
"Because I don't drink," said Jack.*

big Jean Thibaud. Jean was a French Canadian. For some reason, he disliked Jack from the beginning and took a delight in tormenting him.

One night he started a dance. He played an old fiddle. The others danced in their great boots. Jack looked on, delighted. But Thibaud was not satisfied.

"Dance you!" he cried, with an oath. "One man come here—she do as we do—*hein?*"

But Jack only smiled, and, reaching over, took bow and fiddle from Thibaud. Then he played for them, and from that moment he was the official music maker of the camp—to Thibaud's jealous fury. Jack kept his temper, however, and it was some time before Thibaud provoked the fight he wanted. It came when Jack refused to drink with him.

"She is good whiskey—why not?" said Jean.

"Because I don't drink," said Jack.

"Pah! Take that, then!" said Thibaud. And he struck Jack across the face.

It was a short fight, but a good one. Thibaud had the strength, but Jack's science more than made up for that. And from that moment no one cared to provoke him, though Thibaud went about boasting of the revenge that he would take.

He took it, too. They were working together in the woods. Jean had managed matters to that end. The Canadian's axe slipped. It might have been an accident;—but Jack was laid out, his leg bleeding from a fearful gash. Thibaud looked at him, and laughed.

"Bleed, then!" he said. "Me—I have business away from here!"

And shouldering his axe he went off, singing.

His revenge was nearly complete. When other workers found Jack he had lost about as much blood as a man can spare, and still live. They made a tourniquet about his leg and got him to the Daintree house. At the sight of him Maud went white. Yet it was she who went for the doctor at once.

"Give him whiskey—a teaspoonful—every twenty minutes while I'm gone!" she cried.

At the doctor's house she learned that he had answered a call; she pursued him and found him, at last. And when he had made his examination and done his work he looked up at her.

"All right," he said. "He'll pull through, now—with careful nursing. But you got me here just about in time."

It was easy for her to nurse him while he was unconscious; but later, while he was still weak, he began to be able to talk, and there were times when Maud felt that she must escape or go mad. Once he took her hand, when she was giving him some medicine.

"You're the dearest thing, little Maud," he said. "I wish—"

She snatched her hand away.

The next day he asked if there were any letters. Maud knew there were none. It had enraged her. She told him.

"I'm supposed to be engaged, you know," he said, with a dry smile. "She ought to write. But—she won't."

And then, at last, a letter did come. Maud gave it to him, and fled. And a little later he was calling for her, triumph, delight in his voice.

"She's going to marry that Italian!" he cried. "Thank Heaven! I couldn't break the engagement, could I? But now—"

It was so very plain that Maud could understand. For just a second her heart leaped. But then she flushed, angrily.

"I think I'd better tell you something," she said. "I—I heard you getting engaged to Miss Olney. I didn't mean to."

He gasped while she explained what had happened.

"I heard what you said about me!" she said. Suddenly she turned to run from the room. And he got up—and caught her at the door! Her eyes were full of tears. And she had fumbled with the handle!

"If you don't come back and stay I won't go back to bed!" he said. "Then I'll probably die, and your father will have to pay for burying me, because I've lost all my money—"

"What?" she cried.

"Oh, yes—didn't you know?" he said. "I don't think the Italian would have won, but for that—I've got that much vanity."

"Then—" she said, and stopped.

"Oh, I love you!" he cried. "And—you must have liked me a little or you wouldn't have—Darling—I was a young idiot; but you're not going to make me keep on paying forever and ever, are you?"

He was strong enough to take her in his arms again.

His convalescence, it seemed to him afterward, began with the kiss she gave him then.

Raising Dough

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,

What does your garden grow?"

"Oh, I raise a dime from time to time

To go to the picture show."

—W. H. D.

"Tomorrow"

THE FUTURE OF PHOTODRAMA IN THE OPINION OF
THE FOREMOST WESTERN THEATRICAL MANAGER

By Oliver Morosco

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Morosco's forecast of the destruction of the dramatic stock company by the photoplay is of especial interest, since the Morosco stock companies of the Pacific Coast are celebrated examples of stock perfection. Anticipating events, Mr. Morosco has now turned his stock companies into literal producing organizations, and is regularly presenting to California audiences New York's advance crop of plays.

Mr. Morosco is literally and figuratively the theatrical "man on horseback."



SCREEN drama is ending the vogue of the stock company.

The stock company was doomed the moment the old-fashioned "moving-picture" turned into a genuine photoplay.

That is to my mind the most significant film news-note of the day.

Significant, because the dramatic mainstay of all American cities not the largest, has been the resident stock company. These companies have played steadily week after week, month after month, year in and year out, presenting the classics and the most enduring of the modern plays. Stars and intermittent traveling combinations have provided momentary sensation, and of course, not a little enlightenment. But it has





The Morosco mastery extends to life's gentler side. Mrs. Morosco at the end of the piano.

been left to the stock players, whose actors have become the local matinee idols, and whose leading ladies remain town favorites for years, to acquaint the majority of the population with plays as they are. Many of these stock companies have been hopelessly bad; the majority have been no more than mediocre, but they have served. Their plays have been clean; their players, for the most part, upright, respected, hard-working men and women.

I do not believe that the photoplay has been of any real detriment to the legitimate stage in any instance, since the photoplay is not a competitor of spoken drama, and cannot be.

Neither is it a competitor of spoken drama in its cheap and inferior forms. It has not deigned to compete; it has simply put cheap drama out of business.

And it will do so more and more.

The photoplay is actually raising the standard of the theatre.

I believe that dramatic producers must

go higher and higher with their standards or fail completely. My heart is in the theatre, but I had rather see a good film than a mediocre dramatic cast any time, anywhere.

And in saying that, I know that I reflect the sentiments of the millions of American theatre-goers.

The photoplay of tomorrow will have three keystones in its foundation:

Real directors;
Individual authors;
Individual actors.

Some writers have criticized the so-called "Czardom" of the picture director. Nothing was ever more foolish than such criticism. Can the keys of an organ play themselves into harmony? Can an army stretched through wood and field and over hills unconsciously and miraculously lead itself through fire and ambush to victory? Stage directors are needed to make plays, where everything is seen, when all the incidents happen in a few minutes, and with

players all assembled to carry through a spoken drama as directly, consecutively and swiftly as possible. How much more is a director—a general, even—needed to take a picture backwards, as is often the case; to handle virtual armies of supernumeraries as well as the principals; all the real effects of nature, and the scenic setting of a county or two? The sun of the second-rate actor or the third-rate stage managers in the director's job is almost set. They must hurry away, for the day of real camera geniuses has only dawned.

The photoplay has reached a stage where scenarios from novels, plays and short stories, however famous, are quite insufficient. I do not object to dramatizations—my own plays are being presented on the screen, and I have assisted in their preparation—but the photoplay has arrived as an art, and it demands original treatment, the imagination of a poet, and the dramatic vigor of a master-craftsman of the theatre.

Tomorrow must produce imaginative geniuses whose fame will rest wholly on their photo-dramas. It is not enough that

they condescend to "come over" from other branches of literary or theatrical craftsmanship. That "condescension" is an insult to a great and established medium of human expression. You and I will live to see the day of a Pinero, a Jones, a Bernstein, and a Thomas of the screen—men who will become world-famous for the depth, power, sincerity and compelling truth of their photoplays. But they will be specialists; they will not do pictures on Thursdays and Saturdays and literary or theatrical work the rest of the week.

The same comment applies to actors. The present system of legitimate "stars in the movies" is irritatingly unsatisfactory to theatrical managers, and I imagine, in a sort of hazy way, that it must be unsatisfactory to the public. If I were the casual theatre-goer, no matter how much money I possessed, I would not feel justified in paying two dollars at one Broadway theatre to see an estimable young woman whose photographic replica was running through half a dozen reels for 15 or 20 cents a few doors distant.



An Ideal Movie Fan

Bill is a movie fan. He is also a bulldog and the best friend and constant companion of Bob Wheeler of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Bill never goes out for a walk but that he makes for the nearest movie theatre, and the managers are always glad to see him, for he is a gentleman and never annoys the ladies, never reads the titles of the films out loud, nor does he ever smell of whiskey or use bad language. When he is intent on a picture, he watches it, motionless, from his seat beside his friend Bob. When he is amused, he opens his mouth and grins. It must be admitted that Bill has a bad habit of letting his tongue hang out when he grins; but this is pardonable in his case, for it is the only bad habit he has.

The Players from Ocean to Ocean



Margaret Nybloc

THE little Scotch comedienne, Margaret Nybloc, is to present herself in a photo-dramatization of J. J. Bell's redoubtable characterization of the Scotch small boy, "Wee MacGregor." This is not Miss Nybloc's first experience in managing, as she directed a theatre in Scotland.

Miss Nybloc was the original Teeny, in "Bunt Pulls the Strings," in America, and played the part for many months in New York and Chicago, and for a year or more in the smaller cities of the country. Last year she created the role of Mag. Duncan, in the year-running comedy, "Kitty MacKay," which, after its long presentation in New York, enjoyed a run of many weeks in Chicago, and six months' touring in the Middle West.

TWO other stars who are to appear before picture audiences for the first time: Valli-Valli, in "The High Road," and Emily Stevens, in "Cora." Both Rolfe management.

DUSTIN FARNUM has just completed "Captain Courtesy" at the Bosworth-Morosco studios in Los Angeles.

ROBERT EDESON has joined the Griffith forces, and is working under Mr. Griffith's direction on a new photoplay called "Man's Prerogative."

GEORGE PERIOLAT, character man of the Kerrigan-Victor company, has returned to the first organization with which he was connected, viz., the American company at Santa Barbara.

MARY PICKFORD, at the Famous Players Los Angeles' studio, is mourning the death of her pet dog, "Rags," who was equally a favorite with the studio people.

THERE is a persistent rumor that Mack Sennett himself is to appear in some Keystone features shortly to be undertaken.

LON CHANEY has left the Rex company and has gone to the Victor.

101 RANCH WILD WEST announces that it is going into the feature film industry, and the members of this frontier-show troupe will be utilized in the roles of border dramas.

INA CLAIRE has reached the coast, and will do a society film play.

GENE GAUNTIER, former star of the Kalem and Biograph companies, has joined the Universal, and with her, on her trip to Universal City, goes her husband, Jack Clark, who will be a Universal director and leading man.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN took a fourteen-day leave of absence from the Essanay company in Chicago last month, to attend the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mr. Bushman's round trip to and from the fair was doubtless the fastest from the Middle West.

EDITH STOREY, BILLY QUIRK and Estelle Mardo, of Vitagraph, have gone into vaudeville just to tell "how they do it" in pictures.

CRANE WILBUR, hero of "The Perils of Pauline," is to return to pictures. He has signed with Lubin.

MURIEL OSTRICHE, well known picture actress working, a few weeks ago in the Charles K. Harris studio, in the picture "When It Strikes Home," was stricken blind in the Mittenhals studio in Yonkers, N. Y., and her condition is said to be serious. It is said that the producers were trying out an exceedingly powerful new light in a "close-up," on Miss Ostriche, and that after several minutes of enduring its rays she was unable to see anything.

VITAGRAPH WESTERN has a new leading woman in Gretchen Lederer.

LETTER received by Billy Garwood, the Imp-Universal Star: "Dear Mr. Garwood: Will you please tell me how I can be a movin pictur actor? I'm 27 years old and weigh 223 pounds and have light hair and a dimple in each cheek. I play the mouth organ, sing a little and jig some. At present I run a fish market."

and What They Are Doing Today

HERBERT RAWLINSON, he of the fastidious vests and the bright yellow gloves, betook himself of the notion that any well-dressed gentleman should possess a fountain pen, so forthwith he purchased one.

A few hours later a very much ruffled party rushed up to the clerk who had made the sale of the pen and demanded.

"Young man, when you sold me this pen, you told me I could carry it upside down in my pocket with perfect safety, didn't you?"

"Well?"

"Well, I tried it—and look at this vest, will you?"

"My dear sir," replied the clerk, "you must have—er—filled the pen before you put it in your pocket. You shouldn't have done that."

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS, noted comedian, has just finished his first picture. It is a Universal, entitled "The Funny Side of Jealousy."

EDWIN AUGUST, movie leading man, is in receipt of a letter saying that Edwin August Fox, a boy baby of Franklin, Ill., wears his two front names by way of honorable mention.

MARION and Madeline Fairbanks, the Thanouser twins, have dual leading parts in a picture just finished, called "\$1,000 Reward."

DAVID HORSLEY, owner of the Centaur film company and inventor of a new duplex double-exposure camera, is constructing a complete manufacturing plant in New Jersey, from foundry to lens department, for the manufacture of the new taking instrument.

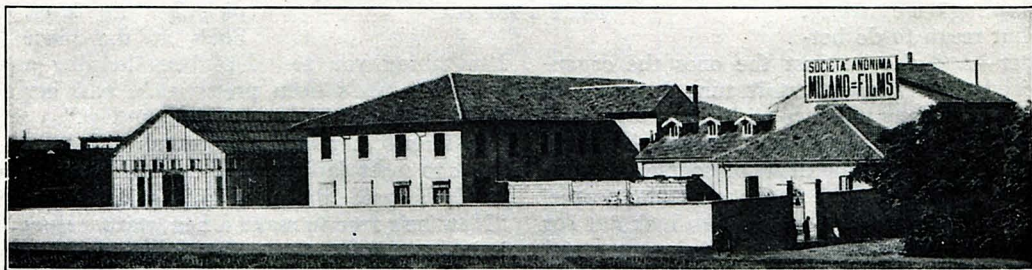
BESSIE BARRISCALE is again to be featured by the New York Motion Picture Company. This time the play will be "The Reward."

WILLIAM A. BRADY, manager, may break his producing affiliations in a few months. In case he does, his first pictures, produced entirely upon his own responsibility, will probably be "Way Down East," and "Bought and Paid For," successful Brady dramas known the country over.

JOHN EMERSON, well-known actor who appeared in "A Bachelor's Romance" for The Famous Players, has become a member of the California Reliance-Majestic forces.

FRED MACE will direct the Peerless multiple-reel feature, "Why Smith Left Home."

GILES WARREN has gone from Chicago Selig to Selig Western.



The Greatest of Italian Studios, in the Environs of Milan

in this building, most of the "interiors" of the great Italian pictures seen in America were taken. Italian sunshine is directly and only comparable to the dazzling solar radiance of Southern California—truly the American Film manufacturer's "Place in the Sun!"

The Come-Back

By George Wolfe

(Illustrations from the Laemmle Film)

HELEN ARNOLD had been waiting for some minutes to see her father, and when she finally was admitted to his office after some business visitors had gone, seized the chance to reproach him, playfully, for keeping her waiting.

"I think I'd like to be transformed into a business man," she said. "Then, perhaps, I could see you, once in a while!"

"I need some money and there isn't a bit of use in your telling me that times are bad and that the tariff is upsetting business and that—" "Hold on—hold on!" he said. "That's a bit hard, Helen. No man gives more than I do, in proportion, to the Charity Organization people—"

"Oh, that!" she said. "Dad—they don't help any except the *worthy* poor! And it's the unworthy poor that need help most! It's the people who have gone wrong, but mean to do better—and they're just the ones the organized charity investigators turn down. Oh, I haven't any patience with that theory—!"

"No," said Arnold, with a faint sigh. "You wouldn't my dear, of course. I wonder if there are any really unworthy people, in your eyes? But—I have to look out for you. And when it comes to bringing a girl like this one you have in the house right into your own home—"

"Amy?" said Helen. "Poor Amy! There's no place for her to go, Dad! You know what she was doing. She was completely in the power of that man. She'd

been a thief—she admits that. The police were down on her—oh, I know you'll say they had reason to be. But it kept her from having a chance to straighten herself out, just the same. That man, Gyp Carter, has some sort of influence with the police. As long as she did what he told her they let her alone. But when she tried to break away from him, they arrested her constantly, without any excuse. She's safe in

our house—that's why I brought her home."

"Well—I don't deny that there may be special cases," admitted her father. "There certainly are special cases," said Helen. "And you're going to see one of them right now. Put on your hat and coat. I've got the car downstairs."

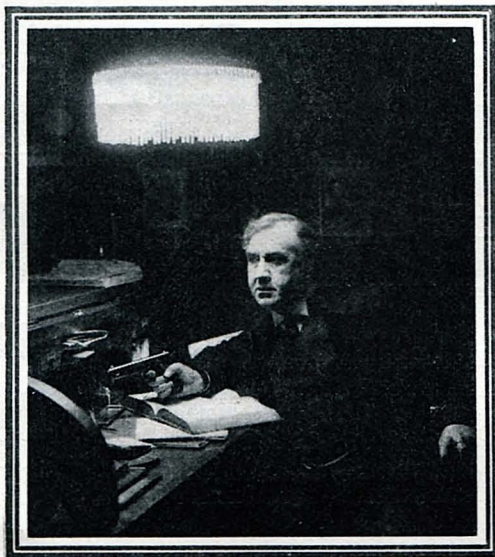
He argued; but he went with her. He looked into the car a little nervously, and Helen laughed.

"Amy isn't here," she said. "We'll pick her up later. She's at the place

I'm taking you to. I've been helping a woman. She's been pretty sick, and her husband is coming out of jail to-day!"

"Helen!" her father protested. "I don't want to meet jailbirds—"

"He's paid the penalty," said Helen. "Now he's free to make a new start. How is he ever going to do that if people keep on punishing him after the state is through punishing him? Anyhow—listen, Dad. You do feel sorry for Amy, you know, even when you pretend to be angry because she stays with us. And this man who is coming out of prison to-day saved her, once, when



"Mr. Arnold, to the Spider's dismay, had produced a revolver."

Gyp Carter was pretty nearly ready to kill her, I think."

"Eh? How?"

"She's told me. There was another girl—who was just foolish. Amy warned her, and Gyp was furious. I want you to find work for him, Dad. You've got to help me."

"I'll see," Arnold promised. He tried to make his voice gruff. But later, when he had seen the meeting between the released convict and his wife, he promised to do what he could for the convict—who was known to the police as Jim Watson, and to his friends as the "Spider."

The Spider had the prison look. But he said he wanted work, and a chance to be straight. Mr. Arnold found a place for him, using his influence with a friend, since he himself had no work to offer. And within a week he came home and called Helen into his study.

"I'm afraid experience is a better guide than emotion, my dear," he said. "Your friend Watson was discharged this after-

noon. Hopkins looked into his case personally, and he called me up to tell me of it."

"Discharged? Why?" asked Helen.

"Well—it seems that money has been missed several times in the last week. Nothing of the sort has ever happened before. And—well, naturally, with an ex-convict employed about the place, that was suspicious. So he was discharged. But there was no absolute proof, and Hopkins wasn't willing to call in the police."

Helen was worried. As the days passed she kept in touch with the Watsons, and she knew what a hard time they were having. She did what she could for them, but it was very little.

Jim Watson had been furious at his discharge. He said there was no sort of proof that he had been responsible for the taking of the money that had been missing, and he hinted that a deliberate case had been trumped up against him. He was sure, moreover, that Mr. Arnold was responsible for the rebuffs he met on all sides when he



"When the police came, Arnold explained the situation."

tried vainly to get work in other places.

"Spider thinks you're the salt of the earth, miss," his wife told Helen. "But he's bitter against your father. He thinks your father just got him that place to try to show him up to you, so you would think we weren't worth bothering with."

One night a note came to Helen from Spider's wife. It begged her to come at once, and, after a moment's hesitation, she decided to go, though it was late. Amy wanted to go with her, but Helen refused to let her.

Amy protested, but Helen was as obstinate as her father, once she had reached a decision. It was quite late; so late that few people were about, and there was risk in the streets for any girl. It was so late, too, that it seemed safe to a man who had been lurking for hours around the Arnold house to make his delayed entrance, which he did, in the most approved burglarious fashion.

It was Jim Watson, the Spider, who broke thus into the house of his benefactors. Only he did not think of them now as his benefactors. He did not think of Helen at all, except, possibly, as one who might help him if he were caught. His thoughts were of Thomas Arnold, and he hated Helen's father now with all his might. He had to steal. Society wouldn't let him earn an honest living. And it seemed to him that, since he must steal, Arnold was his ideal victim. He knew where Arnold's study was, and he had seen the old-fashioned safe it contained.

He reached it easily now, and found it dark. But he had not been in the room a minute when he heard a step outside the door. There was just time for him to con-

ceal himself behind a curtain; then the room was bathed in light suddenly from a lamp over the desk, and Mr. Arnold came in. He moved uneasily about, poking in corners here and there, before he sat down at the desk. Then he rang a bell; a moment later his butler appeared. Mr. Arnold, to the Spider's dismay, had produced a revolver, which he fingered uneasily.

"I've a curious feeling that someone is in the house—some intruder, Dawson," said Arnold. "Look about, before you close up. And close the house very carefully."

The Spider scarcely dared to breathe. He had not the sort of courage to enable him to face that revolver. He shrank into his hiding place, eager only to escape.

Arnold, plainly, had some work to do. An hour passed. A clock struck one, and Arnold suddenly jumped up, and went quickly to the door. As he flung it open he reached out.

"Amy!" he said. "What are you doing down here? Why aren't you in bed?"

"Oh—I'm so frightened, Mr. Arnold!" the girl cried. "Miss Helen—she went out at eleven o'clock—and she's not back—"

"What?" cried Arnold. "Tell me about this—"

Incoherently, with sobs of fear, Amy told of Helen's departure.

"And—she left the note behind, and it's not in Mrs. Watson's writing!" she cried, at the end. "I just found it, on the floor! It's a forgery. Someone has played a trick—and I'm afraid it's Gyp Carter! I'm afraid he wants me back—and that he thought he could get me if he could kidnap Miss Helen—"



"Helen decided to go, though it was late."

"Oh, my God!" said Arnold, his face white. "Where—what can we do? Here—I'll send for the police—"

He telephoned to headquarters.

"I don't know where he'd take her now! A year ago I might have known!" said the girl.

With a face of chalk, the Spider stepped out of his hiding place.

"I know where to find them!" he said quietly. "When the police come I'll show the way!"

"You!" cried Arnold. "What are you doing here?"

"I came here to rob you," said the Spider. "But you'd never find your daughter alone—and I couldn't let Miss Helen be carried off by that beast! So I showed myself. For God's sake, gimme the chance to help her—she done enough for me. Then you can send me to jail, and I'll never let out a whimper—"

When the police came, Arnold explained the situation.

"This man here thinks he can guide us to where they are," he said.

"I know him," said the detective sergeant, darkly. "Hasn't been out of Sing Sing a week—"

"What difference does that make, if he can help us now?" asked Arnold. "Let's hurry—"

"They'll be down at Coogan's place," said the Spider. "There's a back room there you bulls don't know nothin' about—see? There's a dummy door, that looks like part of the wall—and there's things go on there would give the papers lots to print, if they only knew about 'em."

"It's a chance!" said the detective. "I saw a car outside—"

"Mine," said Arnold. "I had it brought around."

Arnold, the Spider and the police officers piled out of the house and into the car, the Spider sitting beside the chauffeur, who drove his car at terrific speed through the narrow, low-lying river streets and drew up before a ramshackle building from which yellow gas lights glowed through dirty window panes.

There was no hesitation on anybody's part. The entire motor load poured out of the car, through the bar-room and into the "back room" where the usual pitifully cheap street walkers of the slums sat drinking thin beer.

Like insects, unused to the light, who scurry into the darkness under the roots of grass when the stone under which they live is overturned, so this wretched gathering fled into the night, the word "raid" large in terror before their imaginations.

"Where's your door!" the sergeant in charge of the squad demanded of Spider.

Spider grinned unpleasantly. Raising a chair above his head, he crashed it into an apparently solid bit of wall. What proved to be only a light partition splintered and broke under the blow. A hole gaped. Into it, a blue steel automatic threatening from his hand, the Spider stepped, emerging on the other side in a small room, in which Gyp, raving with a mixture of morphine and cocaine, was trying to kiss Helen, who, her hair dishevelled, her face bleeding, her clothes half torn off her, was fighting and scratching him like a wild cat. His "side-kick," who had been watching the struggle with peals of appreciative laughter, whirled toward the splintered panel, raised a chair and rushed at the intruder. Spider's automatic spoke—once. Chair and ruffian fell clattering to the floor together.

The terrific impact of the revolver's concussion on the air of the room roused even Gyp from his frenzy of desire and drugs. He released Helen, who staggered against the wall, and grinned madly at his foe.

"You, eh!" he screamed in a high voice.

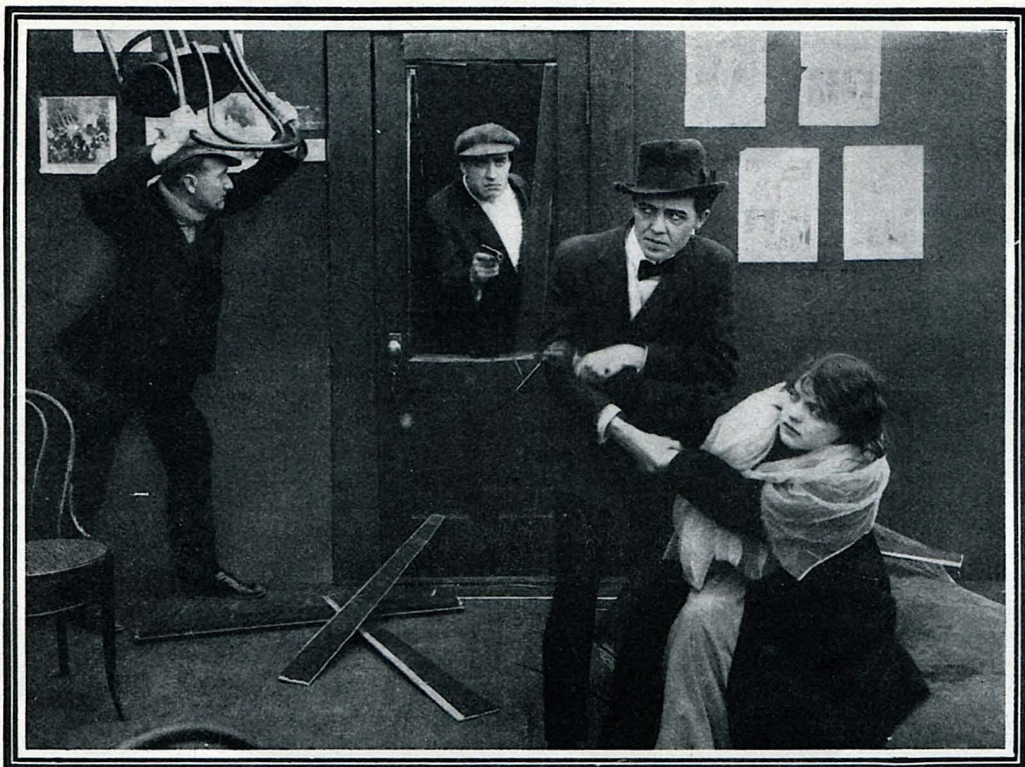
"Yeah!" agreed Spider, and with a leap was at the gangster's throat.

By this time the sergeant, followed by the detectives, had entered the hidden room. Arnold, mad with fury at his daughter's plight, mingled with delight that he had found her in time to save her from utter and horrible degradation, clasped her in his arms and carried her into the "back room," where a pale and shaking barkeep, under the direction of a harsh-voiced detective, poured out some whisky for her.

The Spider didn't need the police to help him. When they pried him from the prostrate, shuddering Gyp, the latter was a blue-lipped horror, squirming on the filthy floor.

Spider turned to the sergeant with a sneer. He was again the hunted prey of his own kind. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out the "gat."

"Here," he said, handing it to the officer, "take it. I'm t'rough. Gimme a little ride



"A hole gaped. Into it, a blue steel automatic threatening from his hand, the Spider stepped."

up de river. I broke into dis here gentleman's house. Dat's how I was there when woid came dat Miss Helen had been tricked."

The sergeant took the "gat" without changing expression and put it into his pocket.

"Come on," he said.

With another detective pulling the prostrate Gyp after them, they left the secret room.

"Mr. Arnold," said the sergeant, "this man says he was burglarizing your home."

Arnold, who had seated Helen in a chair by one of the beer-stained tables and wrapped her in his overcoat, straightened up and laughed pleasantly in the sergeant's face.

"That man is the greatest joker that ever came out of Wyoming," he said. "He doesn't understand that he can't joke with you boys on the force here about things like that and not be taken seriously."

He shook hands, smiling, with the ser-

geant, and presented him with a beautiful, new, saffron one hundred dollar bill.

He turned to the Spider, who watched him like a man in a dream.

"Watson," he said, "the big city is too much for one of your humorous propensities. I'm going to ship you back to my Wyoming ranch where you belong. You have Mrs. Watson pack your things in the morning, and both of you come up to the house at noon. You're going to take the Twentieth Century Limited to Chicago and from Chicago you're going on the Overland right out to Laramie where you belong. There's a hundred dollars a month and keep for a good man who's not afraid of a tiff, out there, and in Wyoming they like people with a sense of humor."

The Spider gripped his hand. Then he laughed in a funny way.

"Say, Mr. Arnold, you got a sort of a sense of humor yourself," he said, with a smile that no one had ever seen on his face before. "Dat was some come-back!"

A Thrilling Parallel

By Francis X. Bushman

THAT truth is often stranger than fiction everybody knows, but that truth sometimes actually approximates fiction—just equals it, neither more nor less—is stranger still.

Some months ago Miss Beverly Bayne and I were principals in an Essanay feature called "Dear Old Girl." The scene is laid in a college town, and concerns the courtship of one of the merriest of the college fellows, and a girl who lives in a distant city. The wedding must take place in that town, beneath the chimes whose evening ringing of the sentimental melody, "Dear Old Girl," has played such a part in the courtship. The wonderful day is set; the girl and her father leave on a special train for the wedding scene, and the lover's fraternity escort him to the station in a gayly decorated automobile. They wait; the train is very late; at length comes news of a wreck, and the death of the boy's fiancée. Distracted, he runs down the track in cap and gown, and is found mildly demented beside the body of his sweetheart. His existence from that moment becomes a bitter-sweet tragedy lightened by the touching kindness of his brothers-in-learning. His gleams of recollection, aroused by the playing of "Dear Old Girl," he totters to the station, and waits vainly as the trains arrive, scanning each face for the lost features whose absence he cannot understand. At length death makes him rejoin the "dear old girl."

A friend has sent me a clipping from a Chicago paper, which, under a March date, and emanating from Sapulpa, Okla., contains this story: "While razing an old oak shack on the Levi Weston farm, ten miles from this city, workmen found a time-worn, moth-eaten diary which at last clears up the mysterious life and death of Henry Martin, an aged recluse, who was found dead in his two-room cabin, several months ago. That a trick of fate, which wrecked the train and killed the girl who was on her way to become his wife, changed the life of Martin, was the tale unfolded by the closely-written pages, dim with age.

"Martin moved to Heywood, a little town west of here, about fourteen years ago. Old citizens remember how he used to meet

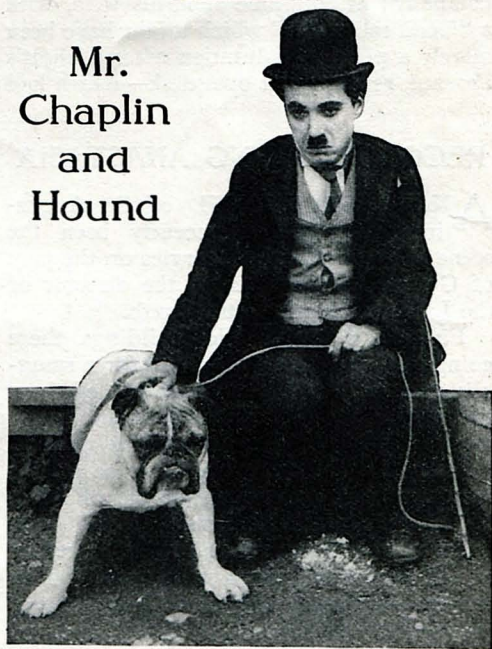
the one train which passes through the town every day, rain or shine—and then hobble away to his cabin."

My film-story was not suggested to me by any anecdote of fact. It occurred to me from an actual playing of "Dear Old Girl" on a set of chimes, at sunset, in a college town in New York State last summer.

I have often been asked about the affectionate and kindly old negro who played my man-servant in that picture, and who was never seen in any other film.

That too is a bit pathetic. He was a veritable ante-bellum darky, very old and feeble, but bright in mind, willing to learn, and more enthusiastic than a child about motion pictures, though he had scarcely seen one before I had engaged him for some slight service in actual life. He made one of the best small part actors, in that sort of role, that I ever had. Three weeks after the last scenes were taken he died, rather suddenly but peacefully. He had no disease; his race of life was simply run—with an exciting and blissfully happy finish.

Mr.
Chaplin
and
Hound



This broad-gauge Canine is a mighty assistant and the whole last act of "The Champion," a March Chaplin release

The Thanhousers' Return

THE business events of the manufacturing world of photodrama are seldom of interest for everyone, but such an event of interest for photoplayer, photoplay manufacturer and photoplay fan alike must have been last month's return of the Thanhousers—Edwin and Gertrude—to the company bearing their name, from which they had been quite a long time removed.

Edwin Thanhouser and his wife were a remarkably equal and remarkably effective pair of workers and creators in the American film industry. In 1912 they decided to take a brief vacation, with their son Lloyd and their daughter Marie, and that vacation prolonged itself for three years.

Suddenly, one day last month, Edwin Thanhouser walked into his office in New Rochelle and resumed general charge of his company; at the same time his wife, with a "Good morning!" which might have been merely a pleasant salutation after a night's absence, resumed her own desk—which had

apparently been kept as a melancholy memento of an energetic and thoroughly feminine woman—and her own method of scenario revision and dramatic "snapping up."

Mr. Thanhouser is a believer in feature pictures, but he is not a believer in set-length reels. That is, he does not believe in 1,000-foot reels, 2,000-foot reels, or anything of any other specified sort. He believes that the length of a picture should correspond exactly to the length of the story's dramatic inter-

est—without padding or cutting. And that is what he proposes to dedicate the Thanhouser Film Manufacturing Company to.

For seven years previous to 1908, the date of his embarkation in the picture industry, Mr. Thanhouser operated a highly successful stock company in Milwaukee, and there his wife read every play, and was his active co-adjutor in preparation and direction as well as in selection.



Edwin and Gertrude Thanhouser

RECONSTRUCTING ANASTASIA

ANASTASIA ISLAND off St. Augustine, Florida, has recently been the scene of reconstruction energies on the part of George W. Terwilliger, the director of the Lubin company in the South.

Finding a lot of old buildings there going to waste, he rebuilt them for a smuggling drama, cut the roof off one of them and used it for an interior, then, for a pirate picture bombarded it with cannon.

After that he carried another to a railroad track and made a station out of it for "The Telegrapher's Peril." The same building and some others are being refurnished for a new drama which will end by the whole group of remaining houses going up in flames.

VERA HEWITT has returned to the Essanay from California.

HARRY LAUDER FILMED

PICTURES have caught all of the stage folk, small and great, and one of the last to succumb has been the celebrated Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder. Lauder's first presented film was "A Comedy Golf Game," which has been out some time. He will make other pictures.

ORRIN JOHNSON, very well known on the legitimate stage, is to play the leading role in the filmization of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way." This will be a Rolfe feature.

IT is said that Marcelline, the famous Hippodrome clown, has been signed by Mack Sennett, and will become a Keystone comedian.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER has returned to her first famous play, "The Heart of Maryland"—but this time it's a picture.



Haunted House of Wild Isle

By John Doman

Illustrations from the Kalem Film

MRS. GRAHAM arranged the meeting between Anne Miller, whose father had left her the haunted house on Wild Isle, and Kent, the writer. Mrs. Graham was the kind of woman who caters to "lions." Anne was visiting her in New York.

"I've been promising Mr. Kent that he should meet you while you were here, Anne," she said. "You've read his stories, of course."

Then she left them. Both felt silly.

"Do you really own a haunted house, Miss Miller?" he asked rather awkwardly. "Don't!" said the girl. "If you knew how I hated to be reminded of it! I'm never allowed to forget it!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said, quickly, half-angry.

"You shan't hear this story, then. Heaven knows I don't want to tell it!" She smiled away the sharpness of her words.

They didn't talk again about her haunted house, even though they met many times afterwards.

She remained in New York for a month, and they were very good friends indeed by the time she had to go home—such good friends that Kent could notice that a constraint grew upon her as the time for her departure drew near.

"You don't want to go home, Anne," he said. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know!" she said. "But for some reason I hate the very thought of going. I always do hate to go back; but this time it's worse than ever."

It was Kent's business, as a writer, to know something of people. He felt that she was keeping something back; that, had she been willing to do so, she could have explained her mood. But he could not bring himself to ask her.

So she went home, and Kent stayed behind, and tried to write, and failed, be-

cause he was thinking about Anne Miller.

If she had written to him, he would have found it easier to forget her and the mysterious story she hadn't wanted to tell—and which he hadn't wanted to hear. But, though he wrote to her, wrote twice, indeed, she didn't answer. Finally, one day, he took a train to her home in the South to find her.

She was glad to see him, too, although she pretended to be a good deal surprised. She had not received his letters. This was mysterious; but not altogether unwelcome.

"I needed a change, anyhow," he said, breathing in the soft, warm air. "Now that I'm here I'm going to relax, and forget all about my work. One gets drawn out too taut in New York. I can let go here, and then, when I go back to work, perhaps I can do something."

He was staying at the little town's one hotel. Anne's home was not one of the places that had been touched by the magic wand of northern winter visitors; it retained its original character, and Kent had to put up with a good deal of discomfort in return for the local color he found so abundant. He had gone to see Anne, of course, as soon as he had unpacked his bags and met Anne's guardian, Dr. Truby, from whom he got the first of a series of shocks.

He was decidedly interested in Anne by this time; he was not at all the sort of young man who makes a practice of dashing off on thousand mile trips in pursuit of a girl. Truby, he decided at once, was by no means the sort of guardian for Anne Miller. For one thing, he wasn't old enough. Kent felt that a girl's guardian should be a mild mannered, ultra respectable old man. And Truby wasn't mild; he was finely vigorous, and might have resented it had he been called middle-aged. His household was correct enough, of course; he lived with an old mother and an innocuous, neutral sister, slightly older

than himself. But there was something about the way he looked at Anne that set little sparks dancing before Kent's eyes, and made him long to take a fierce, active hand in whatever game was being played. That there was a game, one glance at Truby told him.

Kent disturbed Truby. And the doctor didn't play his cards well. Anne suggested that he should invite Kent to his house. Truby rejected the suggestion with a good deal of brusqueness.

"I don't know anything about this young man," he said. "He is undoubtedly perfectly all right, or you wouldn't know him, Anne. I understand that. But, after all, I have certain old fashioned ideas about who shall be asked to stay in my



"For a moment, he glared at her."

home—with my sister—"

This was clumsy, and Anne flushed angrily. Truby saw that he had made a mistake. And then he made a greater one. He seized her hand.

"Anne!" he said. "I'm wrong—I'm a jealous old bear! But can't you see? I hate to have another man come near you! I want you for myself—"

Anne was shocked. Truby as a lover revolted her. She had always been a little afraid of him; now he inspired a sort of sharp disgust.

"I—I'm sorry!" she managed to gasp. "But, really—I can't talk about it! I never dreamed of such a thing!"

For a moment he glared at her; but he conquered himself.

"I'm afraid I had reason to be jealous," he said. "You've changed since you went to New York: but then, of course, up there they don't know about the house on the island—"

She quivered, as if he had struck her. And then, very quietly, she left him, her head high, fighting back the tears that were struggling to betray her.

Anne's town interested Kent, as all new places did. He absorbed it, drank in its

color and its history. He talked to children in the streets, to everyone who would talk to him. And gradually two things forced themselves upon his attention. One was that Anne seemed to avoid him. When he did waylay her, she was frightened, almost. He could see in her eyes that she was oppressed by some nameless thing of which she could not speak. And his other discovery was that the townspeople fought shy of her. They did not openly avoid her, and yet they were glad when she took herself off. They managed to find other things to do when she came near. He tried to get at the bottom of this strange feeling about her; but he encountered a general reluctance to talk. Only one or two old men, with nothing to do but sit all day in the sun, dropped hints.



"Two fishermen answered her call for help."

"Folks know about the house on Wild Isle," they said. "It's queer."

Some men would have given up, in disgust, and gone home, incontinently. But not Kent. He became systematic in his pursuit of her, and he trapped her, one day, walking far from the town. She could not refuse to let him walk home with her. And this gave him his chance.

"There's something mighty mysterious going on," he said, directly. "Now it's time for you to tell me. Mrs. Graham said you owned a haunted house. I hear this and that about it. And you're deliberately avoiding me. I take back all I said once. I've got to know the story of that house now."

She lifted tragic eyes to his.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" she said. "I used to live in that house, with my father. And—he killed himself there. There was a reason. He owned the bank here. After he killed himself it was found that a lot of securities had been taken from the bank. It ruined a lot of people. They were not the bank's securities he took; but papers that had been left in my father's care. Those people—well, you can guess how they feel. And, as to the house—to this day a ghost appears. People have gone over to try to lay it—and they have been fired at, in the most mysterious way. Now—I've told you."

She looked at him. And he laughed.

"Heavens and earth!" he said. "That's a nasty story—unpleasant. Tragic, in its way. But what's it got to do with you? Why should it affect your life?"

She stared at him incredulously. And then suddenly she broke into a storm of weeping, and, without quite knowing how he did it, he took her in his arms, and began to comfort her. He did it pretty well, too, considering that he discovered, in something less than a second, that he couldn't do it the way the heroes of his stories did. She was talk-

ing, rather incoherently, instead of crying, in a little while.

"People here sort of kept away from me," she said. "And I thought you would, too, when you knew—"

He explained, at length, what a ridiculous thought that had been. He felt tremendously noble, and very much stirred.

"I'm going over to lay that ghost!" he said. "There's something funny. I bet there's more of a mystery than anyone knows. Your father never did anything wrong. He couldn't have—being your father."

This was very absurd, of course. But she liked it. Only she didn't want him to go to Wild Isle. She didn't exactly believe in ghosts, perhaps, she said, but still—

He was very firm, however. But so was Anne. And she said that if he went, she would go, too.

"We'll fool the old ghost," she said. "I'll be a ghost, too."

And go with him she did, though he protested vehemently. They went over to Wild Isle that night in a rowboat, and landed under a diffident moon that cast weird shadows. Wild Isle was covered with great trees, from which festoons of Spanish moss hung down,

helping to make it darker.

"There's the house!" said Anne.

"It looks ghostly enough!" said Kent, with a little shudder. "Poor old house! It's going to pieces, isn't it?"

"It's quite old," said Anne. "But I can show you about inside—"

She had adjusted a white sheet about her, and she looked like a regular stage ghost. But Kent laughed at her suggestion.

"I'm going in alone," he said. "I don't believe in ghosts, but I do in bullets—and I've got some of my own, in this revolver. You stay here and be a nice ghost, in front of those unshuttered windows. They're only open on one side of the house—do you see? Oh, by Jove—look!"

In one of the upper windows a white figure was framed, suddenly, and they both ducked.

"Good enough," said Kent. "The ghost's really on the job! Here goes!"

He dashed for the house, while Anne, her knees shaking, stayed behind, watching. The white figure disappeared. All about her the silence was unbroken. And yet she had a curious feeling that she was not alone; that someone was nearby. So strong was this feeling that she began to turn about, in circles. And then the silence was shattered by a shot; a shot that aroused all sorts of night life. She screamed; there was another shot,

"They fought desperately."



inside the house. And then the sheet was jerked from about her, and she turned, to face the furious eyes of Truby.

"What fool's play is this?" he cried, shaking her roughly.

More shots sounded, and a cry of pain—Kent's cry. Anne screamed. And then, with a sudden wrench, she freed herself and started to run toward the house, but escape did not lie that way. She had upset Truby; now he picked himself up, and ran toward the house, too, but in such a way as to cut her off. Again Kent cried out, and now she turned and ran down the path toward the beach, where they had left the boat. Her one instinct was to go for help, and in a moment she was rowing desperately across the bayou.

Kent, meanwhile, was in the house. He had found the door half open. Entering, he discovered himself in a dim hallway. He made for the stairs. Half way up, a bullet whistled past his head, and he met a gust of hot, acrid smoke. The ghost gave ground before him. At the head of the stairs he was baffled by the silence. He turned into an open door.

Again a shot rang out. He fired at the flash with his own revolver; but heard nothing but splintering wood. The shot had come from the middle of a blank wall.

He pushed on, through a door that opened into another room. From behind some curtains came another shot, and this winged him, so that he cried out at the sudden sharp pain. But he rushed toward the place whence this shot had come, firing himself, only to find closed doors behind the curtains. He wrenched them open, and was in a third room—and another bullet whizzed past him.

Shot after shot missed him, and he stormed on in his pursuit, seeming to drive

the ghost before him, up and up, till he reached the attic. And now he was conscious of being pursued in his turn. He had run the ghost to its last lair; he could see the white-clad figure, and he closed with it suddenly, dragging the sheet away, and finding himself struggling with a feeble old man. He flung him away. And then, as the old man sank, with a groan, his head striking against a bureau as he fell, a new opponent hurled himself upon Kent, and he found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Truby.

They fought desperately. Kent's revolver had been knocked out of his hand by Truby's rush, and now both struggled to reach it. But it was Kent who got it, and as he brought it about to point it at Truby the doctor relaxed his grip.

"You win!" he said, with an oath.

Kent, panting, stared at him. And just then there was a rush of footsteps outside, and Anne came, leading two men with her—fishermen who had answered her call for help. She had found them across the bayou. The older of the two cried out at the sight of the old man who was struggling now to rise, rubbing his head.

"John Miller!" he exclaimed.

"John Miller? Of course I am!" said the old man. "What's all this—what's happened?" His eyes fell on Truby. "What are you doing here—you've grown stout—you look older—"

Anne screamed.

"Father!" she cried. "Father! Don't you know me? Anne?"

"Anne?" said the old man.

"But Anne is a little girl—and you're a grown-up young lady—"

Truby's harsh laugh broke in.

"The game's up!" he said. "I may as well explain!"

They turned

to him.

"You were supposed to have killed yourself, ten years ago, Miller!" he said.



"He was alone with Anne and her father."

"You've forgotten it—but you had an accident here one night, and lost your memory. You were like a child in my hands—and I made you play ghost here, and fire at everyone who came near the house, except myself. I took some securities you had brought here to your safe and juggled them so that it looked as if you'd converted them to your own use months before. People thought you'd stolen them and killed yourself to avoid disgrace! And I forged a will, too—and fixed your money so that it seemed that you'd died a poor man. I took care of your girl as an act of charity. I'm—I'm not sorry it's over!"

Now that he was discovered Truby seemed to take a fearful joy in exposing himself.

"I can give you back all I stole," he said. "I've played the market, and done pretty well. But—I wish you hadn't got another blow on your head, John Miller!

If that hadn't happened, to restore your memory, I'd have played out the string! I suppose you'll have me sent to jail now. Only—you'll have to prove what I've told you—"

The old man passed his hand over his eyes, puzzled.

"I—I don't know what to say," he said, slowly.

Kent looked at Anne. She nodded, and he stepped forward.

"I'm going to be your son-in-law, Mr. Miller," he said, gently. "Will you let me attend to this?"

Turning to the fishermen, he told them to watch the Doctor for him. They grinned appreciatively. He turned to Truby. "When I've done with you, you can have till morning to get out of town. I'll join you, in a few minutes."

Then he was alone with Anne and her father.

What the Audience Misses.

IN the thrilling scene in which the vagrant Gypsy drowns himself under the ice in Olive's Greatest Opportunity, Carlton King, who played the Gypsy, came nearest to being killed of any time in his life.

During the rehearsal of the scene, he ran to the edge of the ice covered lake into which he plunges in the photoplay, and dived into the water through a hole which had been previously cut into the ice. In cutting the hole, the workmen had thoughtlessly made it large enough only for a man to slip through into the water. The speed of Mr. King's dive was such that he shot far under the thick ice. By

the merest chance, he was pulled out by Edward Earle, who leaped in after him, and luckily caught hold of a piece of his clothing.

The two men were then dragged out, King in a fainting condition. The whole scene was taken by the camera man, who did not realize the ghastly reality of the situation; but the rescue had to be eliminated from the film as it did not fit the rest of the story. It was later run in the studio exhibition-room as a "safety first" argument. Mr. King spent that afternoon in bed; but was up and at the studio bright and early the next morning.

"Mollie of the Movies."

MOLLIE will make her first appearance on any page in the June number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. She thinks she's a combination of Mary Pickford and Kathlyn Williams, she can't get a job heroining, she's sixty percent quaint humor, thirty percent heart and ten percent pathos. Her adventures are those of lots of girls who feel sure that Bushman or the Moore brothers—instead of the tamed motorman or a light-running domestic fireman—was constructed to receive their caresses. Mollie opens her emotions frankly in her "Letters to Clara Bell." Kenneth MacGaffey, of California, is the studious lexicographer who, in the interests of history, has compiled Mollie's correspondence.

HINTS on PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority
the most successful scenario
Many of the most interesting



in this department is one of
editors and writers in the world.
film features are his creations.

A GREAT deal has been written on the subject of scenario writing and a great deal is still to be written, and all that is written on the subject will always attract the attention of a vast number of readers.

There are two good reasons why this is so. Firstly, because there is a very great number of people, in all ranks of life, who are writing photoplays, and secondly, because there is a still greater number who are mightily interested in moving pictures.

To vitally interest the former, and to aid them in the work they have taken up, is the aim, and will be the earnest endeavor of this department of THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

To the Wise there will, maybe, not much that will be accepted with sympathy, but to the Otherwise there will be a great deal that will prove of sterling interest. We are only going to deal with FACTS.

To the successful photoplaywrights we have little to offer. They have "arrived,"—some in one way and some in another—and, naturally, do not have to know anything about anything further than what they already know. Nobody should aspire to teach one's grandmother to suck eggs, though there are, doubtless, a great many grandmothers who have never sucked an egg in their lives.

Now, to "get down to cases." We have an idea for a photoplay,—an original plot,—which we want to work out into a pleasing and acceptable form which will warrant the serious attention of the staff readers and the scenario editor of a film producing company. We are setting out to compile a practical scenario.

We are absolutely certain that our plot is original. Mind you, that's important; the *most* important thing of all;—original plots are hard to find and they are what every film company is looking for.

Well, we have our original plot. That's settled. Now, we must outline it, mentally, and give names to our principal characters, thus giving ourselves something tangible to work on. Then we must sit down and make a short but comprehensive synopsis of the story. This is the next most important thing of all;—the "SYNOPSIS." A scenario is invariably accepted or rejected on the face value of a synopsis; providing, of course, that the plot embodied in it is original in the case of the accepted scenario.

A synopsis cannot be too short. If you can embody the plot of the story, and bring out the big idea it should contain in a synopsis of 50 words, so much the better. It will be certain to receive a sympathetic reading.

Staff readers and scenario editors do not relish having to wade through a mass of typewritten matter to get at the pith and marrow of the story.

Nuts that are easiest to crack invariably get eaten first. Staff readers often have a great number of scripts to read during the course of a day, and a long, and, perhaps, intricate synopsis may not receive the concentrated or undivided attention of the reader that the author should reasonably hope for.

Chop your synopsis into short sentences. Crisp, terse and to the point. Make every sentence tell something. Avoid side issues. Adhere strictly to the main plot. Keep the READER'S mind on that. Introduce only the main and vital characters in your synopsis, and do not give them more than one name when mentioning them in the synopsis. If a character is "May Stubbs" and you have to mention the lady several times in the telling of the condensed story, do not call her "May" in one paragraph and later on refer to her as "Miss Stubbs." The reader is apt to get confused and to lose the point of the story.

A Model Synopsis

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES"—Adapted from the famous comedy by George Broadhurst. Produced in a five-reel feature film.

Ebenezer Goodly (a professor of anatomy), his wife, two daughters and ward, Cissy, are expecting a visit from the professor's brother, the Bishop of Ballarat, Australia. It is thirty years since the professor has seen his brother and none of the family have ever met him. Secretly the Bishop has been making love, by letter, to Alvina, an elderly spinster, sister to the professor's wife.

The professor's youngest daughter is engaged to Richard Heatherly, who is supposed to be a very good young man. When leaving the professor's house, however, he drops a card of admission to a prize fight. The professor finds it and accuses him. After much discussion Richard persuades the professor—"In the interests of science"—to accompany him.

During the fight the police make a raid. Richard and the professor escape by crawling over a stable and down a water spout. They are followed by Jones, a traveling salesman.

A policeman was near enough to secure part of his coat tail, but Jones gave him an uppercut and got enough start to follow Richard and the professor into their house. He demands their protection as, "They are all in this." A new suit of clothes arrives for the expected Bishop,

Jones seizes on them and is mistaken by the whole family for the Bishop. He thus temporarily evades the police. The real Bishop arrives. Jones and Richard get him to his room. Richard pretends to be a valet and when he is undressed, Richard bolts with his suit to insure temporary safety.

A note arrives from a neighboring sanitarium to say a lunatic wrapped in a blanket and imagining himself to be an Indian, has escaped. The Bishop, getting tired of imprisonment, also wraps himself in a blanket and comes down stairs. Every one thinks he is the lunatic.

The right one is, however, taken by the superintendent. The Bishop, finding Jones' torn suit under the bed, puts it on and being seen at the window by the police, is taken to the police station. He tells such a plausible story, however, that he is sent back again with the policeman for further inquiries.

The professor tells the truth (that the real Bishop is his brother). Jones, seeing the advantage, threatens to sue for \$50,000 for false arrest of the Bishop, and the policeman begs them to let the matter drop and goes out crestfallen. Jones saves Richard and the professor from exposure by saying that he impersonated the Bishop to gain an introduction to Cissy, the professor's ward, who he has loved for a long time. Cissy, who now knows the whole story, helps him out, and everyone puts in a good word for Jones.

Do not attempt to be "literary." Stick to simple language;—the simpler, the better,—as the reader is anxious to get at the heart of the story and cares nothing about literary style.

Well, now, we are getting on. We have our synopsis. Short, and so simple and comprehensive that a child might read it and understand, yet so full of action and originality that blasé readers of a scenario department will sit up and take notice, and joyfully present it to the tired eyes of the scenario editor, who will, in turn, have pride and pleasure in submitting it to the producing Directors of the Company, and if one of those Great Moguls of the moving picture industry accepts it for production, then the thrilling story which we have condensed so ably in our synopsis will be on its way to give delight to a vast multitude of "Movie Fans," and we shall be in possession of a long coveted check.

But perhaps we are going too fast! We

have only completed our synopsis. Still, it is the synopsis that mainly helps to sell the photoplay. So, perhaps, we are not so premature after all.

Next we must have our cast of characters. Their names should be short, as we will find in working out the scenes of the photoplay that short names are easier to write and to remember. How much easier it is to write, "May Stubbs," perhaps fifty times during the working out of a script, than to have to worry with "Virginia Maltravers" through the same amount of scenes. This we soon learn from experience.

Then we must state the age of each character, and append a short description of each one, and state what relation one bears to the other, if any.

We must only deal with the main characters at first;—the ones we are certain of using;—and then, later, when the minor auxiliary characters crop up, as they are

more than apt to, we can add them to our already formed list. This can be done when our photoplay is finished.

Then we start to work out our scenes, introducing our characters in the strongest, but most logical way possible. We must make each scene stand out by itself, yet tell the action in as few words as possible. Any scenes which threaten to be unduly long should be broken up by "flashing back" to some other scene which is helping to carry the story, and then returning again to the scene and continuing it to its conclusion.

This can better be described in a sample scenario, which we purpose to publish in a near issue. Also it is very wise to write to several of the scenario departments of the leading film producing companies asking for a sample photoplay, which they are always willing to supply, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for the reply. In this way we will learn the form of working out the scenario which is most pleasing to each individual company. At the foot of this article will be found a short list of the film companies who purchase scripts, with the addresses of the scenario departments to which application for sample scripts should be made.

After due deliberation it has been found inadvisable to publish a list of the market needs of the various scenario departments, because the scenario market is an ever shifting one, and in the case of a monthly publication like *THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE* the information afforded would be apt to be stale, and we do not want to offer any information except we can guarantee it to be absolutely correct.

Every scenario must be typewritten. A hand-written script has about as much chance of being read;—let alone accepted;—as a lame mouse would have in a Cats' Home. We should always make a carbon copy; or better still, two; as the original may get lost and I have always found a carbon copy as efficacious as an original; although I have heard experts argue to the contrary.

Place your full name and address in the upper left hand corner of the title page of your MSS, and place a blank sheet of paper at the back of the MSS, thus ensuring that it may be kept clean, and worthy to be presented again and again, if it should prove unavailable to the first scenario depart-

ments to which you may choose to submit it.

As a free-lance writer who is breaking into the scenario field, I should confine myself to one-reel subjects;—dramas and comedies—as there is a far greater demand for one-reel photoplays than for the longer ones. Dramas should run from 30 to 40 scenes to the reel, and comedies from 50 to 75: all depending on the swiftness of the action.

Do not attempt to write "slapstick comedies"; they are invariably fixed up by the director who is producing that style of comedy, and, as a rule, do not need any definite plot. Besides the so-called "Slapsticks" are getting out of favor. The public has been surfeited with them and they will soon, happily, disappear altogether.

Clean society comedy and drama is greatly in demand. The patrons of the moving picture theatres are growing tired of "Kitchen Settings" and "Regenerated Crooks,"—also of "Dying Mothers, Sick Children, and Drunken Fathers."

Avoid murders, suicides, burglaries, and other delightful crimes, even should you aim to make them teach a moral lesson by evolving dire and suitable punishments to fit them. The National Board of Censors is very strict in such matters, and it is very wise to keep within the limits laid down by that most excellent body.

And above all, avoid everything questionable or immoral. The moving picture screen must be kept clean.

I cannot advise writers too strongly not to have anything to do with the so-called "Correspondence Schools" and "Clearing Houses," or the petty grafters who advertise so lavishly, claiming to be in a position to teach novices how to write photoplays and to revise and market them. I have never found one that can do what it claims, and I doubt that any scenario editor will accept a script if it is known that it is submitted by one of the gentle grafters.

If some of these advertisers happen to get hold of an original plot, it is pearls to cinders that they will annex it, change the title of the photoplay and try to sell it themselves. I had a personal acquaintance with one of these vampires once, and he laid bare to me his method of doing business, at the same time inviting me to co-operate with him. It looked like "easy money," and it undoubtedly was, but I

didn't fall for it. He claimed to have been an ex-scenario editor of one of the reputable film companies and openly traded on the reputation of the firm which had discharged him for incompetence.

He was selling photoplays under his own name, the plots of which he was stealing from writers who sent him their scripts for revision and advice as to how to market them;—and he was charging them \$2 for each script he handled!

The following is a list of the film companies who purchase one and two reel dramas and comedies, and who will gladly send a sample scenario on application to the editor of the scenario department.

Biograph Co.—Los Angeles, Calif.
 Selig Polyscope Co.—Chicago, Ill.
 Lubin Co.—Philadelphia, Pa.
 Edison Co.—Decatur Ave., Bronx, New York.
 Vitagraph Co.—Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Kalem Co.—235 West 23rd Street, N. Y.
 Santa Barbara Film Co.—Santa Barbara, Calif.
 Universal Film Co. (Western Studios)—Hollywood, Calif.
 Universal Film Co. (Eastern Studios)—1600 Broadway, N. Y.
 Mutual Film Corp.—Los Angeles, Calif.
 Essanay Film Co.—Chicago, Ill.

Questions are invited from readers of the Photoplay Magazine, and will be answered in due course, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

Virginia Kirtley's Recipe for Apple Pie

SHE can bake an apple pie, Billy boy, Billy boy,
 "She can bake an apple pie
 "Quick's a cat can wink his eye;
 "But she's a young thing and cannot leave her Mother."

Who?

Virginia Kirtley. And here's the recipe for the pie she can bake:

One and a half cups of flour,
 Four tablespoons of lard,
 Four tablespoons of butter,
 One-half a teaspoon of salt,
 Cold water.

Sift the flour. Add lard and butter when thoroughly chilled. Chop until like meal. Add cold water to make a stiff dough. Chill. Roll on a floured board into a rectangular shape. Fold ends towards center. Double: turn half way around and roll again. This paste is a superior one.

Three cups pared and sliced apples,
 One-half cup of sugar,
 One-eighth teaspoon of salt,
 One tablespoon of butter,
 One-fourth teaspoon of cinnamon,
 One tablespoon of lemon juice.

Bake in a hot oven at first, reducing the heat after the crust becomes hardened.



Virginia Kirtley, the American-Beauty Star.

Turn frequently while baking and bake until a golden brown—about forty-five minutes.

Try this in your kitchenette.

The Fan's Prayer

By Johnstone Craig

FROM old films, and from some new ones; from doors with surprise springs and from seats that stick; also from seats that flap, bang or squeak; from missing hat-holders; from snags in the aisle carpet; from onion-fanatics; from the garlic creed; from the clan of water-haters and from the association of soap-despisers; from piping organs and from sopranos with the gift;

From mechanical pianos and from machinist pianists; from full orchestras of three and from full musicians; from three-sheets and from caption grammar; from asthmatics; from thick wheezers; from the emotional; from fat crowdiers; from women's hats; from wet overcoats; from Jockey Club, and from Mary Garden and from Tuberosa; from old maids Bushmaning; from stage preachers, and from those who never heard of Kathlyn;

From six reels; from precipice wrestling; from the papers, and from the weapon; from actor's whiskers; from kisses that divert the train of thought; from waits between reels, and from adjoining waiters; from lack of ventilation; from assorted breaths; from fires; from singing; from drummers who have seen Vernon Castle; from Mendelssohn and from "Lohengrin;" from moonlight pictures by daylight; from water passers who sprinkle and from peanut eaters; from those who bank their gum; from explainers, and from the social; from pictures that jiggle;

From "good-night" signs; from next week's advertising; from song slides; from slow comedies and from quick love-scenes; from saints; from wrinkled ingenues; from fights; from sitting on one's own hat; from hat-pins; from fat women passing; from programmes; from the lecturer; from colored pictures; from pretty heroes and from country girls with high heels; from imitation cowboys; from villains who tell the camera-man; from stage Mexicans; from parlor sets and from furnished rooms;

From prop meals and from handkerchiefs in sleeves; from wrist watches and from suffragettes; from propaganda; from pictures with a moral; from a serious Keystone; from way down east in California; from the desert in Pennsylvania; from supers in evening dress; from a big party; from ensemble laughter;

From clubs; from conferences; from magnates; from society women; from Wall street, Edendale; from plotting; from just-in-time rescues; from polite loving; from fake kissing; from leading women who can't put it over; from leading men who aren't there;

From plush seats; from candy machines; from gigglers; from other people's feet; from balky ticket machines; from homely box-office queens; from lordly ushers; from operators who have dates; from cuts; from lobby displays; from lithographs, and from all censors;

Deliver us!

Photographic

I'M an amateur photographer, and a lover too, combined;
I've asked her thrice to marry me; each time she has declined.
Since the matter I've considered very carefully, I guess
In developing a negative, I'm surely a success.

—George Birdseye.



Lilie Leslie "a bright, sweet, smiling villainess."

Lilie, the Love-Pirate

BEING CERTAIN IMPERTINENCES SUGGESTED BY A CONVERSATION WITH MISS LILIE LESLIE, A LEOPARD'S LITTLE SISTER

By George Vaux Bacon

THE male human is born a saint and becomes a villain, if he ever does become one, by force of circumstances and example; but villainesses are born, not made.

So says Miss Lilie Leslie, one of the fairest of the fair amongst the collection of beautiful young women who make a visit to the great Lubin studios in Philadelphia a joy forever. She has been the villainess in any number of photoplays, too, and ought to know something about the business of villainessing if anyone does. We sat in her dressing room surrounded by grease paint and costumes while the rain poured down outside, one afternoon this spring, and went over the matter together.

The young man goes forth in the fullness of his powers to conquer the world. The young woman goes forth in the spring loveliness of her charms to conquer the youth, and her ability as a conqueror of conquerors is attested by every page of every marriage license record in every county building in every county in these great

and glorious United States of America.

Do you think those conquests are the results of fighting in the open? Nay, nay, Pauline; they are the result of careful plotting, of subtle wiles, of studied moments for smiles and equally well thought-out occasions for tears.

And these are the arch weapons of your villainess, who uses them deliberately and cold-heartedly to gain any end which it may suit her wish to gain, whereas, of course, the little maid who employs them instinctively does so only because she loves some carefree youngster and

All women have the tigress quality somewhere. Woman manifests her truest ferocity against woman.

Lilie Leslie (above) and Florence Hackett in "A Siren of Corsica."



must needs enchain him lest her heart break.

Your true villainess is to be seen in soft and clinging robes, with the slender, nervous hands of temperament, for your villainess, to be one, must be clever far above the average, and such people are always temperamental. They think, they talk, they love, they hate, they call and they dismiss intensely—with every fibre of their souls and bodies. They compel attention. They speak with their whole beings, whereas others speak only with their tongues, and because they are magnetic, charming, beautiful, they master a drab world. Of course, they are apt to be werry, werry sens-you-us—(business of disguising the word to get it by the editorial eye).

Every man loves a villainess. She has always a trail of broken hearts in her wake. Even though someone comes along, as a rule, whom she loves, she breaks his heart by force of habit and then, having hers broken in return, goes on about her nefarious business of wrecking more cardiac centers.

Such a woman is always essentially proud and puts her pride before sentiment, even though it hurt her. She takes all from those who fall into her net and gives nothing. She flies love's emblem at the masthead of her eyes, but she is a piratical craft, nevertheless, though she never shows the skull and cross-bones.

Behold Miss Leslie, for example, as a villainess. Light-hearted and gay she is, sweet of smile and bright of eyes; verily, a woman made for adoration. But she no longer appears on the screen than the first attributes of the villainess immediately appear to the practiced eye. She enters a room snakily; she leaves it with a quick glance over her shoulder and a silent, quick intake of breath, sure sign of a villainess. When caught in a dastardly deed, she does not cringe as would the heroine, and weep pitiously, confessing her fault. No, indeed!

"My fault?" says she in her sweet and luresome voice.

"How can you say that? Could I compel the man to commit suicide? What are you going to do about it?"

She laughs prettily, shows her teeth and languidly lights a cigarette.

O, if you could only have seen Miss Leslie illustrate that for you as she did for me in her dressing room at the Lubin studio a few weeks ago. She is a blonde, a real Scotch one from Edinburgh with brown eyes and that beautiful British complexion and kissable mouth, and dimple and—

I'd better stop. I'll be accused of not being neutral. I have been strongly in favor of the Allies since I met her, I confess; but I must keep it to myself or I shall probably get the Government into difficulties with dear von Bernstorff.

"Just," said Miss Leslie, "as there are wild, glorious spirits amongst men who are too different from a humdrum world to get along with its shopkeeping multitude, and whom, for want of a better name, we call 'the men who don't fit in,' so there are women of the



Every man loves the villainess. She flies love's emblem, though she is a pirate.

same type. They are beautiful, they are talented, they are clever and above all, dissatisfied. They realize the ridiculous cruelty of conventions which force some to go blind sewing while others drink champagne.

"Such people become either great saints or great sinners, in a greatness according to the measure of their spirit.

"There are women who become adventuresses in a small way, who are the Cleopatras of a coterie, of a small town, of a profession or a business. Such women exist in many manifestations, from the business-like young person who conceals her Borgia-like proclivities under a tailor-made suit, to the artistic woman who excuses everything in the name of art.

"The adventuress-women are strongly imbued with the dramatic instinct by nature, for a person with strong passions is essentially dramatic.

"The dramatic relies upon contrast, and is there a more vital contrast than the physical appearance of the super-adventuress,

whose features have all the soft beauty given woman for her greatest charm, whose figure is divine in its proportions and graceful

outline, the sound of whose voice is so musical that every word is a caress, and the soul of that same adventuress, which is as hard, as scheming, as unscrupulous as that of the coldest statesman who to favor his own greatness will send thousands of men to their deaths, devastate homes, raze cities and starve the wives of the dead.



"To any woman with the instinct of the actress strong in her, what can, therefore, be stronger in appeal than the role of the adventuress who is, by her very existence, super-dramatic? I love to play those parts. I love to slink into a room, to find a big, strong man, a master of men, waiting there for me, and to feel that he is in my power, that with a smile I can twist him about my little finger, wreck him with a kiss, drive him to frenzy with a granted caress—or to suicide with a caress withheld."

"I suppose Miss Leslie is the light and frolicsome type of villainess, being a blonde," said I. "I was always under the impression that the dark villainesses were the intense ones, the kind that carried a dagger themselves and did their own dirty work without relying on finesse to drive their victims to suicide."

"Oh, I have been both," said Miss Leslie brightly. "The first time I ever played a dark and dire villainess, I played the part of 'Martha the Pythoness' and had to go about with a python about my neck. I was scared almost to death, and as a result made a tremendous success as the most intense sort of villainess. People told me how my eyes sparkled with hate and vengeance and all those Rex Beach emotions; but it was all just the story of the Mona Lisa over again. As a matter of fact they didn't sparkle with anything except pure fright.

"I wish I could play in a series of what I call 'Hellion parts.' Somehow, they rest one so. It gives a woman an opportunity to get all the nastiness out of her disposition and to be achieving something instead of making trouble while she is doing it. All women have some of the adventuress in them, and all have the tigery quality somewhere. We are, every one of us, little sisters of the leopards and panthers. Men as a rule seem utterly unable to appreciate that fact until they have gotten a lot of experience. Then they are referred to by their fellows as cynics, and laughed at; but there isn't a woman in this whole world who won't scratch if she feels like it and gets mad enough with someone when no one else is looking; and the more she likes the person—or loves the man—the harder and deeper and more enthusiastically will she scratch.

"Of course no villainess is all bad. Every villainess has her good traits. Most



"I love to find a big, strong master of men waiting for me; I love to feel that he is in my power."

of them, when not on the trail of a victim, are generous and good tempered to a fault and easily imposed on by those few of whom she is really fond, just as every woman—and every man—is, for that matter.

"When anyone refuses to be imposed on by anyone else, that person shows that either he or she does not care very much for the other. The mind is wise; but the heart is not and thinks only of being kind, not of the cost of being kind. The adventuress bargains and drives hard bargains with the world; but every one, even the adventuress, has somewhere in her heart someone she really loves."

"Would you say, Miss Leslie, as an authority on villainesses that the villainess as a species is emotional?"

"I should say she isn't. Emotion with your true villainess is thoroughly superficial and is all put on solely for the purpose of obtaining her ends, whatever they may be. The villainess to be successful, while on the surface she appears to have every easily moved emotion of the average woman, must at heart be really as unemotional as a theatrical manager or a bank

president. She must have a heart upon which her victims cannot play in their pleadings for mercy. Emotional people can never be cruel enough to be successful villains and villainesses. You never hear, for example, of a truly sensitive nature doing evil things without suffering horribly as a result, and the villainess never suffers. She takes what the world lays at her feet with a smile, and if one or more lives are ruined that she may have silks and comforts and jewels—she smiles.

"Balzac or some other famous literary man said once that a good story has no beginning and no end—that it is merely a finished episode in the life of one or more persons, and that it leaves the thread of life just as it took it up.

"Such a story, truly, is that told in the photoplay in which I appeared recently, 'The Love of Women.'

"In that I am a bright, sweet, smiling villainess; but while engaged in the frolicsome pastime of wrecking a man's life and ruining the happiness of himself and his fiancée, I fall in love with my victim's brother—a thing against which not even the most expert villainess is safe—and for



"I should like to play a series of 'Hellion' parts, somehow they rest one so!" [Florence Hackett (left) and Lilie Leslie, in "A Siren of Corsica."]

the sake of my new love, I let my victim go.

"The brother is an army officer from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and the rapidity and surety with which your true villainess attains her ends is shown in the precision with which I make my officer fall in love,

in turn, with me, marry me, and take me away with him to Fort Laramie right away.

"But, just as Balzac said, the story is only an incident in the lives of those people—and once a villainess, always a villainess.

"So the question is—What happened at Laramie?"

Movies for Convicts

THE policy of "bringing the theatre to the people" which has made the movies great is being successfully employed in the amelioration of existence in the famous prison at Sing Sing.

One of the big New York releasing houses is presenting its releases each week freely to the prisoners, and they, in turn, are proving a most appreciative audience.

When someone suggested that they ought to get two projecting machines to eliminate the waits between reels, one of the convicts remarked there was no use going to the expense, because everyone at Sing Sing had all the time in the world and there was no hurry about anything.

Professional Lovers

AS in *The Warrens of Virginia*, House Peters and Blanche Sweet are going to be together in a new Lasky photoplay, *The Captive*, a photodramatization of the play of the name by Cecil B. DeMille and Jeanie MacPherson.

House Peters will be a terrible Turk captured by the Montenegrins and assigned as slave to a beautiful little Montenegrin girl who makes him do the work her brother had to leave behind when he started out to war.

Of course you know what happens. One simply can't help loving Blanche Sweet, and House isn't a bad sort of a guy himself.

The Passing of the Fight Picture

By "Jimmie" Johnston

Boxing Impresario and Manager of Madison Square Garden, New York City. This, one of America's greatest and most historic indoor arenas, is now the scene of championship battles in the circumscribed limitations prescribed by New York State's ten-round, no-decision boxing statute

MOTION pictures of championship battles, which formerly drew audiences of thousands and which people have been known to go hundreds of miles to see, have practically ceased to exist. They have silently slipped away. No one has made any particular comment on their disappearance, but how long has it been, in your own knowledge, since a fight picture was advertised and publicly displayed? Just try to remember particulars.

As a matter of fact, one of the most valuable perquisites of championship battles has gone the way of bare-fist fighting and the old knock-down round—and this, too, strange to say, in the face of prodigious advances in the mechanical side of picture manufacturing, and unbelievable strides in the popular favor of pictures.

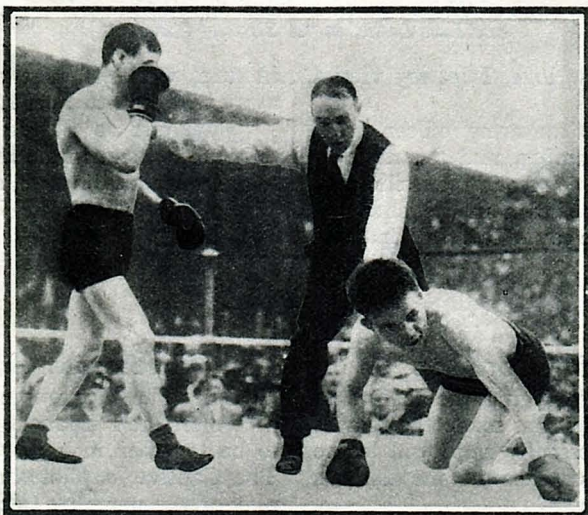
I believe that the fight picture has been knocked out by a pair of overwhelming blows: first, the popularity of the real photoplay; second, the Federal statute prohibiting the passing of fight pictures from one State to another.

This law was passed and signed by the President shortly after the Rivers-Wolgast battle in Los Angeles. Now boxing promoters, were they to take fight pictures, could show them only in the State in which they were taken.

When the Britt-Nelson fight pictures were taken by James W. Coffroth in San Francisco it was quite a novelty. Britt and Nelson were two of the best advertised boxers in the world, and the fight had a sensational finish in Britt's unexpected knockout—in round eighteen, if my memory serves me correctly. When this picture reached New York and Chicago the newspapers gave it whole pages on account of its unique news quality. Now it would scarcely receive a paragraph.

A good deal has been written in the papers about women fight enthusiasts. Quite true, I admit them, in constantly increasing numbers, to Madison Square Garden.

But women are not, and never have been, keen enthusiasts about fight pictures. Screen ring battles are for the technical, who want to see a disputed blow again and again. Therefore I think a manager who would substitute a reel of Corbett and Sharkey for a Mary Pickford feature would be very much of a fool.



From a famous fight film. Battling Nelson's Fatal Twelfth. Knocked out, for the first time in his career. The victor, Owen Moran.

Again, in the melodramatic brand of photoplays the element of physical conflict, which I believe is inherent in every real man, finds optical gratification. What fight picture ever staged a more hair-raising battle of fists than the conflict in "The Spoilers?"

Last of all, where are the first-class, all-

around fighters of day before yesterday?

We haven't a man on the order of Battling Nelson, or Terry McGovern, or Jimmie Britt, or Bob Fitzsimmons, or Jim Jeffries. Each and every one of these fought any and all opponents selected for them. There was none of this constant haggling and hair-splitting bickering that seems to distinguish present-day champions. They fought and pleased the public, and became popular idols. The public were reading about them constantly in the newspapers. Which of the present-day fighters can compare with these boys of yesterday as a popular idol?

Will the fight picture ever return? As a rule, I believe that prophets can only

make themselves ridiculous, therefore I'm not making any prophecies in the present instance. I should say that the first essential of a successful fight picture would be fighters who are popular idols; second, the Federal statute is in the way. Who wishes to make an expensive film for one State alone? On the whole I believe the battles of pure fiction, in skilfully directed film melodrama, will be the principal conflicts of the screen arena, at least for a considerable time to come.

The most famous fight pictures ever taken were those of the Wolgast-Moran, Wolgast-Nelson, Britt-Nelson, Wolgast-Rivers, Johnson-Ketchel and Johnson-Jeffries fights.

State Censorship Constitutional, says Supreme Court

STATE censorship of motion pictures is constitutional, according to a decision handed down on Tuesday, February 3d, this year, by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the Mutual Film Corporation vs. the Industrial Commission of Ohio et al.

The Mutual had contended that the censorship laws of the states of Ohio and Kansas, first, imposed an unlawful burden on interstate commerce; second, violated the freedom of speech and publication as provided for by the constitution of the State of Ohio, and third, attempted to delegate legislative power to censors and to other boards.

The Supreme Court rejected all three contentions of the Mutual and upheld in its entirety the authority of a State to censor pictures to be exhibited within its borders.

Ibsen in Pictures

"GHOSTS," said by the greatest dramatic critics of the age, including George Bernard Shaw and William Archer, to be the most perfectly constructed drama in the world, and which is undoubtedly the technical masterpiece of Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist who is the towering theatrical genius of the age, is to be pro-

duced shortly in motion pictures in this country.

The part of Mrs. Alving in the play, is to be done by Hilda Englund, herself a Norwegian and a protege of Ibsen.

Ibsen's plays were introduced to this country by the late Richard Mansfield. It is said that the tremendous work involved in his production of the great Norwegian's Peer Gynt was the direct cause of the weakness which eventually caused his death.

"Peer Gynt" and "Brand," the dramatist's two most titanic masterpieces, are to be presented to motion picture audiences following the appearance of "Ghosts."

Marie on Scout Duty

MARIE WALCAMP has been doing daring things again—as usual. Recently, she went up in an aeroplane as chief figure in a daring film showing a battle in the air between French and German machines.

Then she returned to earth and was delegated to shoot King, the lion in the Universal Zoo, who had become so dangerous that it was thought better to kill him, and the scenario department wrote a scenario calling for his death.

Miss Walcamp stood in front of King's cage as per directions in the scenario, and as the snarling and spitting king of cats emerged, stood her ground with a .30-.30 repeater and shot him dead between the eyes.



"When the evening came, he insisted on being butler."

Beauty to Burn

By George Orcutt

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS: *Bernice Frothingham, twenty and a beauty, falls in love with Robert MacCameron, the son of a neighboring farmer. Her step-father, Colonel Frothingham, is a multi-millionaire with great pride in his family name. He frustrates the proposed marriage by arranging to have the young man sent away for three years. Bernice, thoroughly disillusioned by her lover's spineless consent, runs away to Chicago to hunt a job under the name of Bernice Gale. She makes a friend of Sarah Wilbur, a trained nurse, and through her advice secures the chance of a tryout from Tom Morgan, director of the Transcript Producing Company, as a moving picture actress. As she is approaching the Transcript office she is intercepted by the Colonel and two detectives. He has a warrant for her arrest alleging that she is insane. At this point Tom Morgan interferes and by threatening to let the newspapers know all about the affair frightens*



the Colonel into permitting Bernice to go on with her work. She makes the acquaintance of several members of the Company and has her tryout. Tom Morgan tells her she will do for something. She goes home a little disappointed. Morgan writes the Transcript's New York office that he has a "find" so pretty that she has "beauty to burn."

For a week Bernice sat around the studio with nothing to do. Then, one evening, Morgan took her to dinner and explained that he did not want to pay any attention to her for a while for fear the other members of the company would suspect him of favoritism.

The next day she got her first part. One of the scenes necessitated a plunge into Lake Michigan and a swim for a motor boat with Budlong, the leading man. When Bernice dived for the boat, she took a long swim under water, and as she and Budlong reached the motor boat, she looked over her shoulder and found Morgan swimming out after them.

PART FIVE

WHEN Bernice realized that her long swim under water had made Tom think that she had gone down, and that he had plunged into that icy water with all his clothes on in order to rescue her, she burst out laughing. The contrast between the nobility of his impulse and its utter want of necessity was too absurd.

Tom came thrashing on, his head half buried as he swam the crawl stroke. The camera man was still turning the crank of his machine but a grin divided his face; the man next him on the pier was doubled up with laughter.

And then Tom raised his head to look, a wild stare in his eyes, and saw her safely

in the boat. Just an instant he looked, then turned and swam toward the pier. Bernice could not smile then. Perhaps it was because her teeth were chattering with the cold; perhaps it was something else. She suddenly realized that he might be in danger.

"Hurry," she cried to Budlong, and grasped the tiller.

Budlong fumbled with the crank a moment and then swung the fly-wheel over. The boat leaped forward, and Bernice jammed the tiller hard over to swing the bow in to the pier: but their haste proved unnecessary. Tom grasped the stringer and pulled himself wearily up on the planking just as Budlong leaned over the

bow of the boat to give him a helping hand.

Tom gasped for breath a moment, tried to speak and failed, and the slow smile that Bernice had learned to know so well spread faintly over his face. He shook himself, the water dripping from his clothes and flowing over his shoes in little rivulets, and looked at Bernice, his smile growing broader.

"Chilly, isn't it?" he said, as the smile became a grin. "Let's get some dry things."

Bernice could not help appreciating and liking immensely the man's incapacity for making himself ridiculous. What he had done had proved quixotic, if not absurd, and any other man in Tom's position would, she thought, have been a subject only for jibes—unless he stood on his dignity as director, and Tom never did that.

He returned from the temporary dressing room looking quite himself in spite of a thick sweater and rough-looking cap that belonged to the outfit of a Bowery tough. He announced that they would go home.

"There isn't enough light to do anything more—"

"Good God! Mr. Morgan," Budlong said, "Can't you put us out of our misery now? I've been in that lake once to-day and I'd rather go again than have to do it some time when it's worse."

"Don't you worry, Buddie," Tom answered. "We'll do something else with that bit. Now that I've tested the water myself I've decided that it's too cold."

And thereafter Tom's "testing" the water was a standing joke of the Transcript Studio, a catch word that suffered endless elaboration about the dressing rooms.

On the train going in, Bernice found herself the center of a lively group that gradually enlarged until it included as many members of the company as were able to join the conversation. She knew enough of them now to understand their badinage and to catch the force of most of their references and allusions. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright with the pleasure of being at last accepted as one of the group. And perhaps she was conscious of the admiration she excited. She was excited and happy and the more she enjoyed herself the brighter her beauty grew. She discovered an enormous capacity for

turning every allusion to herself again the person who had made it, for capping every remark that was made to her,—in a word, for being "good fun." She realized that she wanted to have a lot of that kind of fun, that it was one of the things that she had never had a chance at in "Red House." She remembered the lonely breakfasts; no two members of the household ever entered the breakfast room overlooking Lake Geneva at the same time unless by accident; and the stately dinners, where two men servants in livery always waited and everybody always dressed formally and spoke formally and there was never any easy talk or any pleasant chaff, because nobody ever unbent except in anger.

She thanked the fate that had sent her away from "Red House." She wished that she knew Tom Morgan better. He had carried off his plunge into the lake so well that she did not know what it had meant. She wondered if his only interest in her was in her possibilities as an actress who would become a valuable addition to the company he was directing. He seemed so friendly and yet so detached. He had done a good deal for her, yet had never allowed her to feel that anything he did was for her as a beautiful young woman. She admitted to herself that she would have liked him to be more interested in her. She thought that on the whole she had never met a man she liked better. And when she got home that night and told Sarah all about everything that had happened she realized that Tom Morgan's name was continually cropping up in her recital. She wondered if Sarah noticed it.

The month that followed was full to the brim with gaiety and work, for the two went together at the Transcript Studio in those days. Bernice was busy every minute changing costumes or working before the camera some days, and other days there was the excitement of being admired. It had never occurred to her step-father to express any admiration for her even if he had felt any, and she had hardly known any one outside her own family, except Robert MacCameron and that had lasted only a little while.

For a long time Bernice was content to bask in the general admiration she excited at the Transcript Studios, though she was not unconscious of the attention she attracted when they went in groups of three

and four at noon to the little restaurant a block away where most of the company lunched. They always wore whatever costume they happened to be wearing when the noon hour came, so that passersby invariably turned to look at them. But Bernice did not need the frankness of the little street urchins, who sometimes shouted "O look at the peacherino," or other equally confident and flattering judgments when she passed, to know that her appearance on the street aroused something more personal to herself than the curiosity that is always given to the actress in her stage costume. Her experience about the studio had made her vividly conscious of her beauty. She was beginning to expect admiring glances as part of her day's due.

It was then that Arthur Catlin joined the Transcript Company. He was the kind of man who is more often called distinguished than handsome, though he was both. He had been in the English army and he had been an actor in Australia and in London on the legitimate stage; he had been all over the world; and though he was just under forty, could still play juvenile leads. Bernice thought him quite splendid the first time she saw him; she noted the slight grayness about his temples, and liked it. He had a manner, as well as manners, and the speech of the cultivated Englishman. He invited her out to dinner the first week. He knew how to order a dinner. Bernice decided that he was perfectly charming and immensely interesting. No one else about the studio had so much cultivation, spoke so easily of all the things that went to make the kind of life that Bernice had known at "Red House"; and no one that Bernice had ever known had lived in so many places or seen so many interesting things.

Arthur Catlin told her of his adventures in the Sudan, when the British fought the natives; of a South American Revolution in which he had once taken part; of the Australian Bush; and then he had met everybody—he knew Claridge's and the Savoy; he had been an attaché in Vienna. Bernice wondered how he had crowded it all in.

But of course her interest in him was not due merely to the fact that he had seen the world. It was much more largely due to the fact that he had cast an admiring eye on Bernice and managed to tell her so in

a hundred subtle ways. She had a delicious sense of being appreciated at her full worth. For Arthur Catlin never paid a bald compliment, such as the recipient must deprecate or be convicted of outrageous vanity. His compliments were always implied, indirect, and often discovered only afterward—when one had had time to reflect. His thoughtfulness, so varied, so imaginative, was a continual compliment. She wondered many times how he had managed to discover so much about her tastes and likes. She decided that after all their tastes and likes were so similar that it was no wonder he knew hers. It was hard for her to think of anything that he enjoyed which she didn't, unless it was the cocktail which he always insisted upon with dinner and the liquor which he always took with his coffee. Bernice had never known any drink except the single glass of champagne which she drank whenever there was a birthday at "Red House" because she thought the bubbles in the stem were charming.

Bernice's imagination was so captured by the man that she hardly thought of anything else. She caught herself watching him whenever he was about the studio. She attracted his attention in all sorts of little ways, half-conscious on her part. She often found the image of him in her mind when she could not see the man himself. And she mentioned him so often to Sarah that she aroused a tremendous curiosity in Sarah's mind.

"Why don't you invite this over to dinner," Sarah asked finally, with a touch of exaggeration.

"I will," Bernice said. "What'll we have?"

They discussed the menu, settled upon a date, and Bernice asked him if he could come.

"I'd be delighted to come, of course. I haven't had a chance to accept an invitation to dinner in anybody's house for a month."

"House?" Bernice laughed. "Sarah and I don't live in a house. We live in a four-room flat. But it's really awfully nice," she added.

When the evening came he insisted on being butler. Bernice was very gay. It was a delight to entertain so responsive a guest and perhaps there was some pleasure in showing off so handsome and distin-



"She realized they were all alone



in the middle of the floor."

guished a man before Sarah. She knew that Sarah was appreciative.

After dinner Bernice sat at the piano she and Sarah had acquired, and played. It developed that Catlin had an excellent baritone voice. He sang gracefully to Bernice's accompaniment, sang familiar songs that everybody knows and three old English songs that everybody doesn't know but for which Bernice happened to have the music. They sang on and on until Sarah thought they were never going to quit for she had long felt herself distinctly a third person. But apparently Arthur Catlin thought of that too, for he turned from the piano finally without any suggestion from Bernice, and drew Sarah into talk. Bernice saw that Sarah was interested but not completely won and she joined in to bring out her friend. She really liked Sarah and she wanted Sarah to like Catlin. Sarah told two or three amusing experiences of her life as a trained nurse in response to questions and told them well. Bernice thought her guest was very appreciative of them. She wondered if there was any occasion to which he would not prove equal.

She looked at his fine head, carried with the poise of the man who has had military training and who takes a pride in his appearance that it justifies. She liked the subtle play of his features. Catlin was a good listener, even though he had the usual human preference for doing the talking himself. He could do it so much better than most of the people she had met! She noted his rather dark skin, his chin so smoothly shaven, the three cornered scar faintly visible on his forehead. It was the mark of an African warrior's assegai. A nick he called it and when she protested against calling it a nick, had said that with an assegai it was either a "nick" or a "great gash." He had gone on to explain that the bronze savage who had given it to him had a bullet from his revolver in his heart the instant before he brought his spear forward but that crumpling up in his death agony his stroke had still reached its mark. Bernice shuddered. But just then Arthur Catlin rose to go.

When the door had closed behind him, Bernice said to Sarah, with more fervor than she realized:

"Isn't he the most astounding man you ever met?"

"Quite," Sarah said briefly.

Bernice felt almost a rebuke in her friend's tone.

"Didn't you like him immensely, Sarah?"

"I think he's a very accomplished actor," Sarah began but Bernice interrupted.

"But I mean as a man. Acting is only an incident in his career. He's been everything, seen everything."

"My dear," Sarah said, as she put an arm around Bernice, "you're in love with the man, head over heels in love with the man. If I didn't like him at all I wouldn't dare say so because you wouldn't thank me for it. Only I hope you won't be in a hurry to tell him that you love him. I hope you'll be sensible."

Bernice flushed crimson.

"But I'll never have a chance to tell him, Sarah," she said. "He isn't in love with me you know. And besides I'm not in love with him."

Sarah noticed the afterthought and said slowly.

"It's only this, Bernice. I am suspicious of any man who is so complete, who has been everywhere and seen everything and done everything. It's—it's—well—please wait till you know him better."

"But I don't see what you mean, Sarah. I do know him. I know all about him. I've seen a lot of him in the last two or three weeks."

"I've noticed that," Sarah said drily.

Bernice was getting angry.

"If you have anything against Arthur Catlin I think you ought to say it right out instead of hinting around like that. It isn't fair to attack a man's reputation in such a vague way that he can't defend himself. Have you anything specific in mind?"

Sarah paused a moment.

"I didn't mean to get into any argument with you, Bernice. I'm sorry I said anything. But I care a great deal about your happiness and you asked me what I thought. I should have told you I didn't think anything. I merely feel something. It is an instinct, after all, by which one judges people: the facts come afterward—to explain the feeling. Some people you trust on sight, as I trusted you. Do you suppose if I had waited to find out whether the story you told me that first evening we talked was true we'd ever have been friends? It was a most unlikely story. But

I believed it because I instinctively believed in you and—.”

“I instinctively believed in you, Sarah.”

“Of course you did and I’m darn glad you did. I consider it the highest compliment you can pay another person. But I can’t pay it to Arthur Catlin even if I lose your friendship because I won’t.”

Sarah’s mouth was set firmly.

Bernice’s eyes were hard.

They stood looking at each other for a moment.

“I’m sorry, Bernice. I’m awfully sorry. But I liked your Tom Morgan so much better.”

“Tom Morgan never thinks about anything but producing; he’s—”

“He thought enough about you to prevent your step-father from kidnapping you.”

“Yes, of course, because he thought he could use me in the company. I don’t owe him a thing for that.”

“I shan’t say another word,” Sarah interjected quickly. “But I’ll shake hands with you and call it off.”

“All right,” Bernice answered, a little sulkily, and extended her hand. Sarah clasped it firmly.

“Good-night,” she said.

“Good-night,” Bernice answered, without looking at her.

The next day, as Bernice was playing through a scene with Catlin which required him to take her in his arms and say “I love you,” he held her close and spoke the words while looking directly into her eyes. Bernice answered, as the scenario required: “And I love you.” And as they parted he whispered quickly in her ear, so that no one but Bernice heard: “But we won’t tell anybody about it just yet, will we?” And Bernice spell-bound answered with her eyes.

She did not have a chance to see him again before she left the studio. He was in Tom Morgan’s office working out some detail of direction. She hurried home and looked at herself in the mirror.

“I’m glad that I’m not ugly and I’m glad that I’m young,” she said softly to herself. But her reverie was interrupted by the sound of Sarah’s latchkey in the door.

“Hullo there, runaway,” Sarah cried. It

was her favorite nickname for Bernice.

“Hullo,” Bernice said, trying to make her voice sound perfectly natural. She did not want Sarah to know.

“What’s the matter?” Sarah cried quickly, as she walked into the room.

Bernice forced a smile.

“Nothing in the world, Sarah. Except that I’m not hungry.”

“Well I am hungry,” and Sarah gave Bernice a sharp look as she turned away.

The telephone rang sharply while Bernice was in the kitchen. She fairly skipped to the instrument.

“Hullo,” she said softly.

“Hullo, Bernice,” came Catlin’s voice. “You’ve got to come out to dinner with me instantly. Don’t stop to do a thing—come just as you are. I’ll meet you on the corner. I can’t wait.”

“All right,” she answered quickly. Her cup of happiness was full. It was so unlike the punctilious Arthur to make such an engagement, and so delightful. Again he had paid her an indirect compliment—though one she could not miss.

Bernice adjusted her hat in a second and then, obeying her impulse not to confide in Sarah since Sarah had expressed disapproval of Arthur, she called “I’m going out Sarah. See you later,” and slipped through the door.

Sarah walked to the window and looked down as Bernice hurried down the walk. She felt quite helpless. She knew Arthur Catlin wasn’t the man Bernice thought he was but how could she prove it? Words would do no good. They had only alienated Bernice and robbed Sarah of her confidence.

Turning over and over in her mind the possibilities she said to herself, “It’s a man’s help I want.” She thought of Tom, stepped to the telephone, and invited him over to have dinner with her. They had a long, frank talk about Bernice and, more particularly, about Catlin. And when Tom left it was unnecessary for either of them to warn the other not to tell anybody of their plan because each understood the other perfectly. Sarah smiled a little wanly as she crept into bed, but still she smiled. She believed in Tom instinctively. She felt that he was a man who could do the thing he set out to do.

CHAPTER XII

A week later Bernice came home full of plans for a New Year's eve celebration,—a party which James K. Budlong was giving for the benefit of eleven fellow members of the Transcript Company.

"Don't you think it'll turn into an awfully rowdy affair," Sarah asked. "New Year's eve parties always do. It's the spirit of the occasion."

"I don't care if it does," Bernice cried gaily. "I've never celebrated New Year's eve in my life and I'm going to just once whether it's rowdy or not. But I wish you could go."

"I wish I could, too," Sarah answered, "but I've got to go on a case in a day or two and the chance of getting off New Year's is too slim. Besides I'm not invited."

"O, yes you are. I can invite anybody I like. Won't you try to come, Sarah?"

"We'll see," Sarah said. "What are you going to wear?"

"I'm going to have a new dinner frock, something I can dance in—there'll be dancing you know. I'm going to order it tomorrow. What color shall it be, Sarah? Do you think I could wear black? Arthur likes black."

"I think you could wear anything. Every time I see you in a new color I think it must be more becoming than the last. I suppose it's because you're still growing more beautiful."

"You know," Bernice said thoughtfully, "I'm beginning to believe I must be beautiful. Arthur says I am."

"*Beginning* to believe it?—Piffle! You've known it ever since I've known you. Don't be a sentimental 'it,' Bernice."

Bernice smiled; but she did not altogether welcome Sarah's "common-sense" mood. She felt sentimental herself and wanted to be coddled in her sentimentalism. She was very much in love with Arthur, so much that she no longer cared if Sarah knew it. She knew that Sarah did know it although neither of them had mentioned it since the night they had almost quarreled about him. They had tacitly agreed to ignore the subject and Sarah would not have mentioned it for worlds. But Bernice felt reckless.

"Do you know, Sarah," she said, "I especially want you to be there because

Arthur and I are going to announce our engagement. We are going to be married in two weeks."

Sarah's lip tightened.

"I'm not going to say I'm glad Bernice. When you're married I'll be nice about Arthur but—"

"I think you are utterly abominable and I hate you," Bernice flared at Sarah.

Sarah colored slowly but she did not say a word. And when she left four days later to keep her engagement with her patient the two had not spoken to each other.

The party began quietly enough at ten o'clock New Year's eve. The big white and gold restaurant of the hotel the party had chosen was not yet filled although every table was taken. Bernice was radiant. She felt that this was her night. She insisted that she was to have champagne and Arthur agreed with her. He was in the highest spirits, too. Bernice chaffed gaily back and forth with all the party for half an hour; but as the room began to fill, she grew interested in the tables about her. For one thing she was genuinely curious about the crowd. She had a vague idea of what New Year's eve in a big restaurant was like and she wanted to find out. She had seen very little, as yet of this side of the city. And she was conscious that she was quite the most beautiful woman in the room. She saw men nudge each other and point her out. She caught the envious glances of other women. She felt that she was the center and heart of the place, the one thing that interested everybody most. And she was so sure of herself that she had not the slightest impulse to feel at her throat or her hair to assure herself that her toilet was quite perfect.

She did not need even to look in a mirror. The eyes on her were enough. She was intoxicated with her own beauty and she knew that Arthur was intoxicated by it also. Could any triumph on the stage be so sweet? She looked at Arthur and his eyes answered her. She looked forward to dancing with him. She knew what people would say about "that couple." And she wanted the sense of his arm around her, and of floating across the floor to the strains of violins. For once she was more interested in herself than in Arthur. Perhaps if she had not been she might have noted how frequently he drained his cham-

pagne glass, how the flush in his cheeks was growing, how the slight lisp in his speech, ordinarily noticeable only in one or two words and then only to a trained ear, had grown on him, until he was touching each word with a slight burr, as if it pleased him to pronounce it a little oddly. But Bernice did not notice. Instead she drank the toast that was going round and rose to dance with Arthur.

There were but few couples out, the music was perfect, and she and Arthur danced as one. But after a moment the floor was jammed. Somebody stepped on her dress. Arthur unaccountably lost his fine rhythm with her, and she stopped, feeling that after all she didn't want to dance any more. Lottie Campbell, a young actress from another company, promptly asked Arthur to dance. Bernice did not mind this piece of effrontery. It was, she supposed, the spirit of the evening. She fell to watching the dancers, dreaming. Occasionally she replied to a remark but she kept herself detached from the conversation. Budlong's party was too gay to notice that she was not really with them.

Of a sudden she realized that the women in the party next to her were a little intoxicated. She did not like their flushed cheeks and their voices, grown louder and harsher. Looking about she saw that nearly everybody was a little under the influence of wine. She wondered where Arthur was. After a moment she found him. He had stopped at another table where some friends had called him. She saw him drink a toast. She wished he wouldn't drink any more. Drinking disgusted her. She already felt that the crowd had had more than it needed. She began to wish she could go away. But just then Arthur came up and asked her to dance. She smiled into his eyes and they danced off.

Arthur held her very closely so that she could not dance as she wished. She noticed that other men were dancing in a rather crazy fashion.

"Arthur," she said, "I wish I could go home now. I don't like this a bit. Look at that couple over there. It's a little disgusting."

"O, no," he answered, "stay and have the fun of it. It's really fun you know," and he held her closely. She did not like his breath. She realized all of a sudden that Arthur was not quite himself. His breath was hot on her cheek. He was not keeping time with the music. She gripped his arm more closely and tried to swing him into the music but he only held her more tightly.

"Don't Arthur," she said. "You're holding me too closely."

"Never," Arthur answered, hugging her so that she could hardly breathe. "I never could hold you too closely, my beauty," and he looked down into her eyes. She was a little frightened. Then she realized that they were all alone in the middle of the floor and the music was drawing to a close. But Arthur was oblivious to everything except the woman in his arms. She realized with sudden panic that he was going to kiss her out there in front of everybody. She struggled a little but he held her so tightly she could not move. His mouth approached hers slowly, inexorably. She felt that every one in the room was looking at her and this time the sense was awful. She felt faint. And then his lips touched hers. With a last effort she freed herself and ran toward her own table. She heard a wave of laughter go over the room. Her breath came quickly. A hand grasped her shoulder. She jerked herself free and hurled herself into her chair. She wanted to hide, to escape, to get away from those hundreds of pairs of eyes that were on her.

Arthur was struggling with somebody who had held him by the arm. He broke away and dived toward her his face livid with rage. She shrank back from that face, a face that was Arthur's and yet not Arthur's. She felt he was going to strike her and then she fainted.

(To be concluded)

A Visit to the All-Night Movies

By
John Ten Eyck

ON Madison Street in Chicago, between Dearborn and Clark Streets, two enterprising motion picture theatre managers have made a success of keeping their theatres open all night.

Whereupon the apt slang of the West immediately dubbed them "Pullmans"—All-night movies. Get it?

Algernon Montmartre, the artist, and myself decided to take them both in one night. We met in the pearl and gold lobby of the new Morrison for a starter, and began with the Rose theatre on the south side of Madison Street next to Stillson's Cafe.

It was one o'clock in the morning—and the house was half occupied. By two o'clock, it was full. There was a sprinkling of young women, young men and old men. Some were asleep, a few were snoring, others made remarks, complimentary or otherwise, regarding the picture before them.

What is there about that part of the day which follows midnight and lies between it and the rising sun which seems to suggest to every human that all usual laws of conduct are in abeyance? The young men laughed, tittered

and made noises in imitation of what the people on the film were doing, while the young women in turn tittered, giggled and laughed in chorus.

Even I found myself criticizing a scene I didn't like in a loud voice, and the artist laughed aloud as he sketched a young wife peacefully asleep beside her husband behind us.

Who are they, these people who go to the movies at the hours when the world is asleep?

We left the Rose Theatre and crossed the street to the Casino, the other "Pullman." "Traffic in Souls" was being shown there. It was nearing three o'clock by this time. The streets of Chicago—which is nothing like the all-night city New York is—were practically deserted. Yet the theatre was almost as full as it is at noon-time when all the office employes in the district go there for dessert after luncheon.

In one part of the film, a policeman all by himself, captured seven evildoers at the point of the revolver. A man across the aisle from me awoke from his slumber at the sight. His remark as he gazed at the

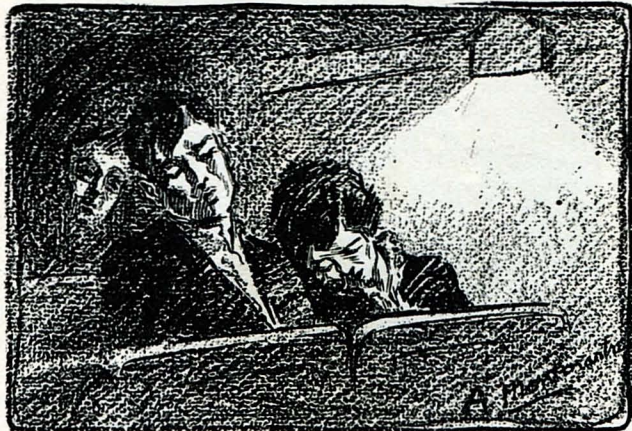


"The Midnight Movie face."

policeman's badge, showed the town *he* came from.

"Gee, Bill, can't yuh tell dat's a Noo Yoik cop? Dese here Chicago bulls couldn't 'a' did dat!"

"W'y, dey never even got *us*!" agreed Bill sleepily.



"Peacefully asleep."

The hands of the illuminated clock over the screen swung slowly around the dial till they pointed to four o'clock. In another hour it would be dawn. A month later in the year, it would have been dawn already.

Two boys came in who had apparently been drinking. From their conversation we learned that they were spending the night in the "Pullmans" to get into condition to go home.

For those who labor through the night and have their lunch at a noon hour which to the majority of the world is midnight, the mid-night movie—the "Pullman"—is a blessing. Nay, it is perhaps the only convenient method by which they can see the movies. Near the two "Pullmans" into which Algernon Montmartre and myself insinuated ourselves, there is the printing plant of one of the big Chicago dailies. Among the audiences were many of the compositors, linotype men, stereotypers, devils and others of the multitudinous and multifarious crew which

makes up the mechanical staff of a newspaper.

These were quiet in the theatre as a rule, taking their enjoyment with the same stolidity with which they set a joke or a death notice in type.

As we emerged after four o'clock, and stood in the cold gray dawn looking absently at the posters in front of the theatre, Algernon asked me:

"Say, what struck you the most about these 'Pullmans'?"

"Well," I answered, "since you ask me, and in common politeness I ought to reply, the thing that struck me was why a young husband should spend the night with his wife in a motion picture theatre!"

"Maybe they were broke."

"She had a diamond on her finger. They didn't have to be."

"I give up," said Algernon as we dived into Thompson's for a glass of milk and a roll.

"Is there anything human beings won't do?"

"Sure," I answered brightly.

"What is it?"

"What you or I'd do in their place."

And yet, what would you or I do in their place?

What would these people have been



"Others made remarks about the pictures before them."

doing if the movies had not been open and they had been left to wander in the streets?

For they would surely have been out. There is always, in the streets of the great

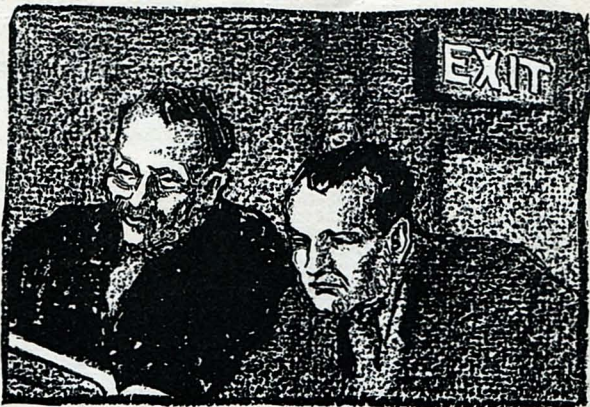
cities, a crowd of people. In the early morning hours, it dwindles; but it is always there. There is never the complete cessation of street life such as there is in the small town. Why this one or that one is out of doors at such an hour, who shall say? The fact is, they are there. Perhaps their work keeps them out. Perhaps misfortune has closed the door of their boarding house rooms upon them, or perhaps, tormented by some inner worry, they cannot sleep.

In any case the "Pullman" movie is a blessing. It proves the great truth which so few people truly understand—that entertainment is not only a profession; but a mission. Mary Garden taught us all that in the wonderful opera, "The Juggler of Notre Dame." The movies would teach us the same if we would only open our eyes to it.

Is the boy better off on the street corner or in the motion picture show? Is the girl better off watching the photoplays or in the park?

And to those for whom the night has been nothing but a dark time of toil unrelieved,

the all-night movie has come with its proffer of entertainment, not at the price which fat-paunched theatrical magnates demand that they may grow rich enough to despise their public; but for a dime.



"Gee, Bill, can't yuh tell dat's a Noo Yoik cop?"

Therefore, gentlemen inventors of the "Pullmans," permit me to raise my hat, and in the name of all movie fandom, to thank you for your thought, and in behalf of Algernon and myself to thank you for one most interesting early morning's entertainment.

Hair Raising Drama

By Lillian May

A BALD-HEADED man said "in truth
I'll soon be renewing my youth.
If you keep watch of me
Very soon you will see
A miracle happen, forsooth!"

His yearning he strove to fulfill,
Attended shows with a thrill;
Saw them plunder and loot,
Load their weapons and shoot
With unerring aim straight to kill.

The miracle's happened, for lo!
His hair is beginning to grow!
"If a bald guy you see,
Just tell him"—says he—
"To frequent the hair raising show."

Questions and Answers

A Service to the Readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE through which they may get information about Anything Concerning the Movies.

BETTY G. P., URBANA, O.—The "X" in Francis X. Bushman, stands for Xavier. No. Florence Lawrence is not married to the gentleman you name. What funny ideas some of you "fans" get! We don't believe it would be just polite to expose the ages of the players you mention. Suppose you were a player and we told everybody how old you were?

JOSIE I. C., YUBA CITY, CAL.—Herbert Rawlinson lives in your state. At the time this is written he is employed by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company and if you will write to that concern, Mecca Building, New York City, and enclose a quarter we believe you will receive a photo of Mr. Rawlinson. Look in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

C. E. M., RICHMOND, VA.—He is married.

R. I. W., ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph and appearing quite regularly. Pearl White has Arnold Daly for her new leading man in the new Pathe serial. We can imagine how you felt when you thought you saw that poor horse injured by such a terrible fall. But, —sssh, don't let on we told you, but honestly it didn't happen at all. It was cleverly faked and accomplished by mighty good trick photography.

MRS. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In time we hope to be able to interview all the actresses you name. Billy Burke has appeared in pictures for the Kinemacolor Company and also was photographed in one episode of "The Mutual Girl" serial.

RICHARD J. K., NEW YORK CITY.—The address of the Chicago Essanay studio is 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Illinois; the Keystone Company is 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles. Joker is a brand made by Universal.

"PANSY," BUFFALO.—Flo Lawrence is presumed to be about ready to return to the pictures, but with what company we haven't been informed. Yes, honest to goodness, Edward Earle did really and truly cook that "goo" just as described in a recent issue of Photoplay.

EDWARD W. M., MARINER'S HARBOR, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—See page 172 of March issue for name and addresses of different film companies.

MARIE J., OMAHA.—Wallace Reid's address is care of Majestic-Reliance studio, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Can't give you other addresses you want.

CHRIS J. K., DETROIT, MICH.—Ford Sterling has gone back to Keystone and you will soon see him on the screen again as funny or perhaps even funnier than ever before.

BEULAH L. T., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—G. M. Anderson is at the western studio of the Essanay Film Company, located at Niles, Cal.

A. L. A., BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark are both now with the American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, Cal., and if you were to write them there it is likely you would receive an answer provided you enclosed a stamped envelope for a reply. It would all depend though on how busy they happen to be at the time your letter arrives. Gerda Holmes can be reached by addressing her care of

the Essanay Film Company. See address elsewhere.

H. M. C., SPRINGFIELD, O.—Both the players you name are unmarried. At least so it is alleged.

"JACKSONVILLE GIRL," JACKSONVILLE, TEX.—Give up all thoughts of becoming a picture player. You haven't a chance in a thousand to succeed without oodles of experience, and even with experience you might not be given consideration. Hundreds with real talent are daily turned down at the studios.

CHARLES B., CLEVELAND.—Both Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne have been interviewed by Photoplay. Miss Bayne was interviewed in May, 1914, and Mr. Bushman in the July issue of the same year. They'll both be heard from soon again.

C. BURROWS, PALMS, CAL.—No, John Bunny is a long ways from dead. He is touring the country in person. Mary Pickford is not divorced so far as we have heard. Thanks for the suggestion.

GEORGIANA B. F., UTICA, N. Y.—Yes, we could give you the names of a score or more of directors, together with their addresses, but we fear you are contemplating applying for a position. If so, forget it. You haven't a chance in a thousand for success unless you can show that you have successfully appeared in films.

R. W. C., OAKLAND, CAL.—If you have been trained in picture work and are recommended by certain directors you might have a chance of getting work in a studio. Probably you would have to begin as an "extra" however, and the salary wouldn't be very large.

GOLDIE S., NEW YORK CITY.—Irene Wallace, who used to appear in films of the Victor brand, Universal, is now in the employ of the Selig Company.

MISS M. K., CLEVELAND.—Write both Florence LaBadie and Marguerite Snow care of the Than-houser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York, and enclose at least 25c to cover cost and postage of their sending you their photographs.

C. A. R., NEW YORK CITY.—A "close-up" in a scenario means just what it says—a close-up view of the character or action described. For instance you see a man take his watch from his pocket and glance at the time. A "close-up" might then follow in which only the face of the watch was shown. "Flash of Dick, entering window" in Scene 14 of the model photoplay in March issue, means that just a hurried glimpse is given of Dick performing the action described. You just have time to see what is going on and then another scene begins. The letters "X" and "Y" were merely used to indicate two different rooms. Perhaps it would have been better to have said "parlor" and "library." Yes there should be plenty of action in your photoplay. A book that we could honestly recommend would be A. W. Thomas' "How to Write a Photoplay." Address Mr. Thomas, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

MARION M. B., HARRISBURG, PA.—We didn't know it if the gentleman you mention has been playing leads with the Solax Company. However Solax productions have been rather infrequent of late, so perhaps a change has occurred, unknown to us.

GENE G., BALTIMORE.—G. M. Anderson and Francis X. Bushman are both with the Essanay Company. Mr. Anderson is at the Niles, California studio, Mr. Bushman at the Chicago one. The addresses of the various companies you ask for will be found on page 172 of the March issue of *PHOTOPLAY*.

W. E. H., NEW YORK CITY.—We can't tell you how to become a movie actress. In fact without experience you wouldn't even be given a chance at the studio to which you applied for work, unless you happened to be a peculiar "type" wanted as a supernumerary at that particular moment. Give up all thoughts of becoming a screen star.

R. S. J., SEATTLE.—Of all those whom you mention only the following are married: Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Ruth Stonehouse and Joe Roach.

CHARLES C. K., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—The best suggestion we can give you as to the form in which to prepare your photoplay, is to refer you to page 164 of our March issue.

MILDRED J. B., MILWAUKEE.—Owen Moore can be seen in Paramount films. Yes Mary would probably send you her photo if you mailed her a quarter to cover its cost and the return postage. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are featured in Essanay's production of "Graustark," the release date of which is not yet announced. Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood are the featured members of the cast in that Famous Players release that you mention.

HARRIET A., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Write Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge, care the Vitagraph Company of America, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERBERT P., GALVESTON, TEX.—We know of no company that accept hand written scripts. Handwriting is often almost illegible and consequently typewritten scripts are insisted upon.

R. J. M., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Really we haven't any idea where in your city the Vitagraph releases you mention can be seen. If there is a branch of the General Film Company there—an exchange we mean—call it up on the phone and ask what theater is showing that particular film. That's the only suggestion we can offer.

"ROSEBUD," SUMTER, S. C.—Kathie Fischer is a niece of Marguerita Fischer and Leland Benham is Harry Benham's son.

R. A. S.—The priests and nuns whom you see on the screen are only actors. The aim is not to advertise any particular religion or church, but to conform to the action of the scenario or plot.

KATHERINE L. E., NEW YORK CITY.—You have read the instructions correctly. Only the synopsis of a plot is wanted, not the scene arrangement. You will only be paid for the idea in other words and the scenario will be written by an experienced staff writer from your suggestion or idea.

CHAS. W. C., DUQUESNE, PA.—It all depends on the company to which you submit your scenario. Some of them buy ideas or suggestions only, while others want the whole photoplay written out scene by scene as indicated in the March issue.

E. F. W., WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—If when in New York or Boston you look up in the classified telephone directory the names and addresses of the various film exchanges in either city and then call upon them you will be shown a full line of motion picture supplies. Most of them carry everything from projection machines down to slide ink and carbons.

A. A. G., HAMPTON, VA.—We fear you have little chance of selling such a photoplay as you mention. The life of Abraham Lincoln has been told again and again in pictures, and just this year a multiple reel subject with Lincoln's life as its theme was released by Edison. Unless your story is unusually unique and interesting, treating the subject in an entirely new way, we fear it is hopeless for you to try to sell it.

RUBY D. S., LITCHFIELD, KY.—The Vitagraph studios are located in Brooklyn, N. Y., and California; Biograph in New York and California; Reliance in New York City and Los Angeles; Universal at Universal City, which is near Los Angeles; Imp in New York City and Universal City; Essanay in Chicago, and Niles, California; and the New York Motion Picture at Inceville, just outside of Los Angeles.

J. H. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Any company you approach will first demand a sight of your manuscript. Your ideas must all be prepared in scenario form and then submitted to the company that is equipped to produce that particular kind of drama or comedy.

CLAIRE M. J., ASHLAND, ORE.—Really, Claire, if all questions were as easy as yours to answer we should have a snap. Mary's maiden name was really Pickford and Blanche Sweet's is a real name. Now, art satisfied?

J. C. E., BEACH CITY, O.—The first episode of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" was released December 29th, 1913. The characters you mention were played by the following: *Kathlyn*, Kathlyn Williams; *John Bruce*, Thomas Santschi; *Winnie*, Gordon Sackville; *Colonel Hare*, Lafayette McKee; and *Umballah*, Charles Clary. Kathlyn Williams has been married. She is now divorced. "The Spoilers" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were both produced at the Los Angeles studios of the Selig Polyscope Company. *Slap Jack* in "The Spoilers" was played by Jack MacDonald. There are twenty-three episodes in all in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

ISABEL R., MEXICO, MO.—We fear film manufacturers wouldn't accept suggestions from us as to what to produce. Yale Boss and Arthur Houseman are not related.

CHARLES C. D., DUBZURA, CAL.—If your photoplays don't sell it must be that your plots, technique and originality are not as great as you have been told or perhaps as you imagine they are. If the story isn't strong enough or if a real plot is lacking not any amount of rearrangement will enable you to market them.

FLORENCE C., WATERTOWN, N. Y.—G. M. Anderson should be addressed care of Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, Niles, Cal.

CARL L. J., JACKSON, O.—We don't really believe Thanhouse meant to slander any automobile when in "The Million Dollar Mystery" there flashed a sub-title of James Cruze remarking to his friend "You can have it, I'm through!" when the car he was riding in got stuck. That action was called for by the action of the scenario and no reflections were intended on any particular make of car, we feel quite sure.

MISS E. B., CHICAGO.—The Selig Polyscope Company has a Chicago studio. It is located on Western Avenue. No, the Essanay Company, will not grant you a permit to visit their studio. They hire "extras," but these extras are supposed to have had picture experience. They have an employment office. It is located at the studio on Argyle Street.

EDWIN F. H., PHILADELPHIA.—We never heard of the concern in question and fear it is one of little if any importance. Reputable film companies are not asking their actors or other employees to invest in stock in the company.

"WILD ROSE," CHICAGO, ILL.—The cast of Selig's "The Strange Case of the Princess Khan," is as follows: *Princess Khan*—Stella Razeto; *Philip Dawson*—Guy Oliver; *Sadi Khan*—Jack McDonald; *Mrs. Carewe*—Ada Snyder; *Ben Sada*—Scott Dunlap; and *Mrs. Dawson*—Mrs. Bryant.

FRANK J. S., PORTSMOUTH, O.—You will have to give the name of the brand of film as well as the title. There are frequently two or three films of the same title released and we have to know which particular one you are asking about.

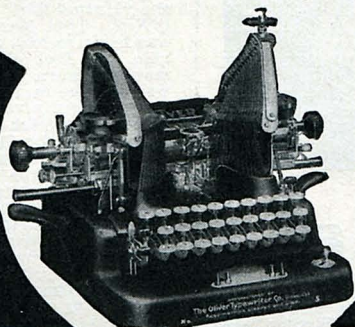
NELLIE E., DALHART, TEX.—The cast of Broncho's "Jim Regan's Last Raid" is as follows: *Jim Regan*—Hershel Mayall; *Thad Channing*—Richard Stanton; *Anna Regan*—Clara Williams; and *Inez*—Miss Lederer.

W. E. F., COLUMBUS, MISS.—The correct way in which to insert a newspaper item in your photoplay is to mark it "insert" and then to state the text to be contained therein, in a concise manner. You seem to have the wrong idea of double exposing. What you are driving at is a vision scene. This is handled by simply writing "fade out" before the actual vision begins and "fade in" after it. Vision, by the way, is now accepted as a full scene rather than as a small insert in a scene. This also answers your third question.

(Continued on page 158.)

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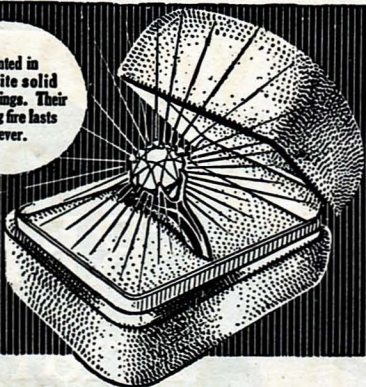
(290)

Date
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HAZEL P., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—Sorry, but we cannot give you the date of Kathryn Williams' birth. If sufficiently interested why not address a letter to her care of Selig Polyscope Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

HELEN M. T. SHERMAN, TEX.—Charles Arling, we understand, is not at present appearing in films. He last was seen in releases of the Pathe brand. The young doctor in Kalem's "The Black Sheep" was played by Robert Ellis.

LEONA W., DENVER, COLO.—Ralph Hamilton in the "Mutual Girl" series of pictures was William J. O'Neil. That Mary Pickford Biograph film you saw was made so long ago that cast sheets are not available. In fact at that time Biograph objected to making known the identity of its players. Yes, the wreck scene in Vitagraph's "413" was a real wreck most carefully staged by the Vitagraph Company. It was not trick photography, but the real thing.

EDNA C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Neil Craig last appeared to our knowledge in an Essanay production made at the Chicago studio. Consuelo Bailey is not acting in film at the present time. The leads in Selig's "The Mysterious Beauty" were William Scott and Elsie Greason. The two Biograph questions are unanswerable for the reason that no cast sheets were issued by the Biograph Company at the time those pictures were produced. Frank in Kalem's "The Black Sheep" was Robert Ellis.

MARY E. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Clara Kimball Young is now appearing in films made at the Peerless studio, New York City. These films are released on the World program. James Young is the director. The young man in Rex's "A Night of Thrills" was William Dowlan.

EMIL J., CLEVELAND, O.—Sydney Ayres played the role of Cameo in Universal's "On Desert Sands." Anatole in Imp's "The Treason of Anatole" was Etienne Girardot.

H. M. L., PARKVILLE, MO.—Florence Lawrence is not acting in pictures just at present but expects to return to the screen shortly. Elsie Albert we believe is still with the Miller Brother 101 Ranch Film Company. Barbara Tennant is seen in productions released on the World Film program. The cast in Domino's "A Modern Noble" is as follows: *Gretchen*—Violet McMillen; *Ludwig von Hoffman*—Thomas Chatterton; *Count von Hoffman*—Herchal Mayall; *Countess von Hoffman*—Ida Lewis; *Father Schultz*—Mr. Hollingsworth; *Mother Schultz*—Mrs. Jay Hunt. The cast of Selig's "Robert Thorne Forecloses" is as follows: *Robert Thorne*—Robyn Adair; *Violet Fitzhugh*—Virginia Kirtley; *Mrs. Fitzhugh*—Eugenie Ford; *Brown*—Edwin J. Brady. Yes, "Reel Life" is still published. The Universal Weekly can be obtained for \$2.50 a year by writing The Motion Picture Newspaper Publishing Company, Inc., Mecca Building, New York City.

WALTER H. L., YONKERS, N. Y.—The tallest actor we know of that ever appeared in the films was one of the giraffes (name unknown) used in a Selig picture. The shortest is probably Will Archie, seen in "The Fairy and the Waif," a World-Film release. Address the Vitagraph player you name, care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

KENNETH P. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Aha, Kenneth, this is twice for you in this one issue, isn't it? But, Good Heavens, where have you been not to know that Grace Cunard was *Lucile Love*. Ye Gods, what would Paul say if he knew a mortal lived anywhere on the planet who didn't know who was playing *Lucile Love*? (For your information, Kenneth, Joe is the Universal press agent.)

MRS. CLAUDE F., EARLVILLE, N. Y.—Write any good bookstore in New York City and we think you can secure a copy of Rider Haggard's "She." Yes, it did make a good picture, didn't it?

B. J. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—We never heard of the film company that you mention and would scarcely advise you to invest in a concern so little known. If preparing to buy stock in a film company you had best invest in a going concern with an established reputation. Keep your money in your sock, child.

M. E. I., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Guess our art editor must be a mind reader. There's a picture of Crane Wilbur in the April issue.

MADELINE H. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Write Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Bldg., New York City, for photo of Francis Ford. Enclose enough to cover cost and mailing.

J. B. E., RICHMOND, VA.—“In the Lion’s Den” (Eclectic), was a foreign production and we have no cast sheet.

“INQUISITIVE,” BOSTON, MASS.—Florence LaBadie is a long ways from dead. Why will picture “fans” start and peddle such stories among themselves? There is scarcely a day goes past that somebody doesn’t ask us if this or that player hasn’t died in a horrible catastrophe or been murdered by an anarchist.

M. B. MCE., FRANKFORT, KY.—Address Mary Pickford, care of Famous Players Film Company, Las Angeles, Cal.

R. L., BRONX, N. Y.—Carlyle Blackwell’s Favorite Players Company is located in California. The street address is 126 West 46th St., New York City, if you want to communicate with the Eastern office of the same concern.

S. B. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Look on page 172 of the March, 1915, edition of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for a suggested market for your scenario. Without knowing something of its character—whether it’s a comedy or drama, a costume production or a blooie-blooie detective drama we can’t even give you a hint as to where to sell it.

H. R. W., DETROIT, MICH.—The scenario department of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company is located at the Chicago studio, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago.

ETTA VAN A., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—In explanation of the subject you mention in your letter will say most of the stories you read based on photoplays are prepared from a very brief synopsis of the story. Very rarely indeed does the author of the story have a chance to see the photoplay, since the story is written and often in print before the photoplay is finished. The synopsis is based of course upon the scenario, but oftentimes the director so changes the scenario that the author himself would scarcely recognize it, so you see it’s wonderful that the stories and the film resemble each other as much as they do.

KENNETH P. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—A photoplay should have a synopsis and also a scene by scene arrangement. See page 164 of the March, 1915, issue of PHOTOPLAY for a suggested form of construction.

EVELYN M. T., PORTLAND, ORE.—Harry Pollard, Henry Otto, Thomas Ricketts and Frank Cooley are a few of the American Company’s directors. Mack Sennett is the head director of Keystone comedies.

S. M. R., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—There is no certain specified number of scenes for a one or two reel photoplay. It all depends on the story. We have seen them with as few as twenty scenes and with more than eighty to a reel. Better let the director decide where he wants to begin reel two and reel three. However, it will do no harm for you to indicate your own idea of where part one should end and part two begin. The director will change it anyway if he wishes to.

MICHAEL D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Is everybody in Jersey writing us this month? You’re about the tenth we’ve answered so far. However, we give a whoop where you live. No reliable film manufacturer that we know of in New York City or anywhere else gives free instructions in motion picture acting. Good actors are too anxious to break into the movies to bother training amateurs.

WINIFRED T., WALTHAM, MASS.—Marie Eline was one of the Thanhouser child stars. We understand she is no longer connected with that firm. Both Marguerite Snow’s and Florence LaBadie’s pictures have appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE time and again. You must have missed a lot of numbers. But it’s not too late. Watch.

LENORE S., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Our advice would be to “pass up” making a photoplay out of a book the copyright on which you think has expired. Only staff writers in the studio are as a rule competent to perform such labor and if the book is really worth while it has probably already been arranged for pictures.

CELIA J., NEOLA, IA.—Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Bryant Washburn, and Ruth Stonehouse is Mrs. Joseph Roach. The others you name are alleged to be unmarried. Yep, we’ll interview Bryant Washburn before long.

MRS. E. H. C., TOLEDO, O.—Send your “Seen and Heard at the Movies” addressed to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look in front for our address.

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"HORTENSE," St. Louis, Mo.—Pearl White was born in your state. That's her real name. She has been married, but is now divorced, we understand. She isn't appearing in vaudeville to our knowledge, being far too busy being exploited as *Elaine*. The average studio working hours are from 8:30 to 5, but when productions fall behind they have to take advantage of sunny days, so often begin much earlier and work all night sometimes under the studio lights to catch up. As a rule players will send photos if a quarter is enclosed to cover cost and postage. The line "The Epochal Publicity Campaign" in the Pathe ad might be worded in the language of the Ringling Brothers, "The world's greatest." Do you "get it" now? For back numbers of PHOTOPLAY you had best send direct to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, enclosing 15c for each copy you desire.

DAVID C. MCK., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—If you will look at page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY we believe you will find a suggested answer to each and all of your questions as to the proper way in which to prepare a scenario. On that page a sample scenario is given which will illustrate to you what the synopsis should be like, how the cast should be arranged, and the scene action indicated, also how to use subtitles.

LYDIA L. J. OLNEY, ILL.—If you address a letter to Cleo Madison, Universal Film Company, Universal City, Los Angeles, California, it will reach her.

CHARLES P. C. EAST BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—The motion picture cartoons that you refer to are made from thousands of sketches, each one of which is a bit more advanced than the previous one. For instance, take Selig's "Doc Yak" pictures. The first drawing would show "Doc" with his head appearing above a fence we will imagine. The next would show him with a bit more showing, the third with still more, and so on until probably the fifteenth or twentieth one showed his whole head. Each picture would be photographed separately and then when the film was run rapidly it would appear that Doc's head actually moved. As to the prices paid for such cartoons we couldn't possibly tell you. That is a matter known only to the film manufacturer and the cartoonist.

B. H. B., HUBBARD, ORE.—Sorry to disappoint you, but we can't give you the names of any motion picture companies operating in Canada just at present. There are none in Oregon that we know of.

MRS. L. A. M., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The press agent solemnly asserts that none of the actresses whom you mention are married. Wouldn't you enjoy their playing just as well though even if you knew them to be married?

C. B. ADMIROR, BUFFALO, N. Y.—The lady you name is married to the actor you mention. That Biograph picture will have to remain a mystery. We haven't a cast sheet on it. Courtot, we understand, is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. Film revivals usually mean that the picture is one of the long ago done over again. For instance, both Selig and Edison recently released in two reels, subjects which they had previously issued in one reel, but which proved so popular that they were "brought back" in an even more elaborate form. Yes, probably both Carlyle Blackwell and Mary Pickford would answer your letters. Better enclose a stamped envelope for their reply. Crane Wilbur, we are told, will soon be seen on the screen again in Lubin films.

GARNET R., JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Give up all thoughts of becoming a movie actress. Without experience you haven't a chance.

HAZEL P., LOS ANGELES.—Of all those you name Ruth Stonehouse is the only one we know to be married. She is Mrs Joseph Roach.

CHARLES H., MOBILE, ALA.—Write to Romaine Fielding, care of Lubin studios, Phoenix, Ariz.

J. H. S., PRINCETON, N. J.—Mabel Normand can be reached by addressing her, care of the Keystone studios, Los Angeles.

JOY A., WEST PHILADELPHIA.—Really we wish you had told us more of your wonderful dream. We are sure the actor whom you thought you saw in the Garden of Paradise would have been pleased to have us tell him all about it.

CATHERINE MCC., NEW YORK CITY.—Good looks count for a lot in getting a position in a photoplay company, but experience is an absolute necessity. Without that we fear your good looks would count for little. Some of the best looking people in real life photograph poorly and consequently are hopeless for screen purposes.

RUSSELL F. B., EUGENE, ORE.—"The Clansman," now called "The Birth of a Nation," is nine reels long, and nearly all the Griffith stars are featured. Mr. Ritchie doesn't claim to be better than Chaplin but to be the originator of that type of comedy. Essanay is at present releasing a Chaplin comedy once in about every two weeks. Mr. Chaplin is now located at Niles, Cal. Photos of him have already appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MRS. H. F. W., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—See answer to "Sam H., Des Moines, Iowa," in this issue, for Broncho Billy's address. Here's wishing you good luck on your scenario.

"GLORIA," NEW ORLEANS.—Those studios are not occupied by the Kalem Company the year round, but only in certain seasons. The actress you mention is rumored to be single.

CAROLINE R. D., BROOKLYN.—Mr. E. H. Calvert is still with Essanay, though he now directs or produces more than he acts. However, you will see him in one of the recent George Ade fables.

HELEN O., ROXBURY, MASS.—See answer to "Sam H., Des Moines," in this issue.

MARY E. R., TRENTON, N. J.—You are mistaken, we are sure, in thinking Mary Pickford is securing or has secured a divorce from Owen Moore. They have no children. Mary is far too busy to find time to visit her "fan" friends, or to have them visit her. Her husband appeared opposite her in such Famous Players films as "Caprice" and "A Good Little Devil."

EDWARD R., CHICAGO.—The complete equipment of a very ordinary studio would require many thousands of dollars. The Universal and the Mutual own their own exchanges. The exchange pays for its films at approximately \$100 per reel.

MRS. J. A. S., TORONTO, CANADA.—The March issue of PHOTOPLAY contained in the "Who's Married to Who?" department pictures of Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnell; Frank Montgomery and Mona Darkfeather; Max Figan and Lolita Robertson; Harry Beaumont and Bliss Millford; Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale; Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport; Marguerita Fischer and Harry Pollard; and Edgar Jones and Louise Huff. A copy of that issue will be mailed you if you will forward 15c. "Wildfire" was produced in the East. Winifred Kingston was on the legitimate stage before appearing in films. She has appeared in such pictures as "The Call of the North," "Rose of the Rancho" and "Brewster's Millions." Florence LaBadie is still to be seen in Thanhouser productions. Clara Kimball Young's director is the man you name.

L. T. O., CHANUTE, KAN.—You're kidding us, aren't you? The very idea of saying that you don't know whether you are writing comedies or dramas. Visit the nearest picture theater and we believe you will soon grow to learn which is which.

MISS COLLEEN C., NEW CASTLE, IND.—Mary Pickford at this particular time is with the California Famous Players Company. Hardly know how to advise you with regard to the script you say Famous Players' editor has approved. Try it on some other editors that you know are buying that sort of plays.

MRS. HARRY O. (EX ROUTE).—The Mary Pickford films recently released by Universal were made in the old days when she worked for Imp. They are reprints of those old films so appear like new, though they were made years ago. Miss Pickford is appearing exclusively in Famous Players films at present.

MALCOLM P. M., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—So far as we have been able to learn Mary Pickford is the highest paid motion picture star. It is alleged that she receives now \$2,000 per week for her work.

EMIL J. M., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—We have heard of the "Pansy Correspondence Club" and shall indeed be glad to answer any questions you may ask us, provided it is within our power to do so. We wish both yourself and your club every success.



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12 Inch Statuette of Charles Chaplin

Yes, this great statuette of Charlie Chaplin is yours for only \$1.00 if you act at once. Superbly finished in BRAVIAN IVORY.

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The country has gone mad about these genuine Charlie Chaplin Statuettes. The hearty laugh of this world-renowned movie comedian can be yours always. The newest, latest fad in statuettes.

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Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and this handsome statuette will be sent you PREPAID at once.

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CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE, Sculptor
19 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. P. 5-15

Dear Sir: Attached please find one dollar for which please send at once your statuette of Charlie Chaplin. It is understood that you will refund my money at once if I am not entirely satisfied.

NAME

ADDRESS

P. O. STATE

GRACE L. S., TROY, N. Y.—A photo of Nolan Kane appeared in the June, 1914, issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The April, 1915, issue contains a picture of Charles Chaplin without makeup. He is seen with Francis X. Bushman and Gilbert M. Anderson.

ROBERT M. A., CHICAGO.—Usually the consent of the manufacturer of the film has to be secured before one can novelize a photoplay. If an author in submitting a scenario reserves the right to later fictionalize his story, he can probably arrange to do so, though some film concerns ask an author to release all his rights when they accept his scenario. A letter addressed to the Famous Players Film Company's New York office for Miss Marguerite Clark will be forwarded to her.

"EVELYN," ALTON, ILL.—A "multiple reel" means a picture of two, three, or more parts or reels. No, indeed, you can't write a scenario from any story you might happen to read. The story is copyrighted, of course.

C. G., BALTIMORE, MD.—For such a book as you desire write William Lord Wright, care Selig Polyscope Company, Chicago, Illinois. He can supply it at about the price you mention.

F. W. P., PATTERSON, N. J.—Write the scenario editor of the Essanay Film Company, Chicago, for information as to what has become of your scripts submitted in the Chicago Tribune—Essanay contest. Possibly the fact that they are holding them shows that they are seriously considering purchasing.

IRENE M., MONTREAL.—We don't know Yale Boss's birthday, but you may be sure it wasn't so dreadfully long ago, since he's only fifteen now. Did you notice that picture of him in his first long trousers in the April PHOTOPLAY? Surely if you saw "A Night in an English Music Hall," you can't be mistaken about which role Charley Chaplin played, for he did almost exactly what you now enjoy seeing him do in pictures. We haven't heard that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was going to appear in any more films, but perhaps some manufacturer may induce her to. We know if Harry Myers ever hears what you wrote about him he will diet.

CLARA E. J., BELMONT, IA.—Yes, Mary Fuller is exceedingly popular, but we wouldn't undertake to say that she was more popular than this or that star. It's all a matter of opinion. Miss Fuller appears with a number of others besides Charles Ogle. In "The Master Mummer," one of the last releases of the Edison Company she has many scenes with Barry O'Moore.

MRS. W., OTTAWA, CAN.—Write Mary Fuller, care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City.

LEONA M. J., BELMONT, IA.—You must have missed a lot of copies of PHOTOPLAY for we have published interviews in the magazine that told just what you want to know about all the actresses you name. If you care to forward 15c per copy and tell us which ones you are most interested in we will mail you copies of the magazine that had the interviews in. Of all those you name we should imagine Mary Pickford to be the most popular, or at least she is generally so considered.

MRS. C. F. O., SONORA, CAL.—We no longer have the cast sheet of that production, but we are quite sure it was Florence LaBadie who took the leading role in the film you mention. By all means send your script direct to the film company instead of to the concern you name.

H. L. R., WESTMOUNT, P. Q., CAN.—You're question is easy to answer. Don't! Give up thoughts of becoming a movie star. It's a good deal harder than it looks and really you haven't a chance without years of experience. Hundreds of perfectly good actors who apply for work are turned down at the studios every day.

HARRY B., NEW YORK CITY.—Page 164 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY will give you an idea as to the proper form in which to prepare your photoplay and page 172 will probably give you a hint as to where to sell it.

SERIOUS L., CINCINNATI.—Blanche Sweet and Anita Stewart are neither of them very old. The one you mention is unmarried. Really we fear your dramatic school training won't count for much when you try to get into the picture studios. Hundreds of professionals apply for work every day.

"INTERESTED." KANSAS CITY, MO.—By all means prepare your photoplays in photoplay form except when submitting to such concerns as Keystone where a synopsis or idea only is wanted and all the scripts are prepared by the staff editors. Photoplays must be typewritten to receive consideration.

ELEANOR L. EUREKA, CAL.—Marguerite Snow was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, and spent her childhood in Savannah, Ga. Her father was a minstrel man. Do you lose or win your bet?

C. W. D., LOS ANGELES.—See page 172 March issue of PHOTOPLAY for street addresses of nearly all film companies in and about your city.

"BUZZ." ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore, Ruth Stonehouse is Mrs. Joseph Roach, the others all allege that they are unmarried though (Sssh!) we've got our fingers crossed on two or three of 'em.

W. L. B. S., ST. LOUIS.—The price of photoplays is usually based upon the quality of the story, considering the length also of course. The number of "feet" of a subject or play means how many feet long the film is. If the plot you refer to is really based on a historical incident we presume there would be no objection to your mentioning the question of religion, but as a rule you had best avoid any reference to certain specified sects or creeds. Of course you can't sell your plot to more than one film company—that would be dishonest. Most magazines nowadays in accepting stories also reserve the dramatic and motion picture rights, though oftentimes publishers if so requested will permit the author to scenarioize his short story.

LILLIAN H. H., BUFFALO, N. Y.—One and two reel plays really mean one and two part subjects. Each part as a rule is 1,000 feet long and occupies one full reel of film. A thirty-one scene photoplay could scarcely run over one reel in length. If submitting your scenarios to any of the reputable film companies you need not fear having your plot "swiped." It isn't done in the best film circles, though there may be some companies who might be that dishonest.

SAM H., DES MOINES, IA.—You can address G. M. Anderson, care Essanay studio, Niles, Cal.

"CONSTANT READER." ST. LOUIS, MO.—Release is the term by which a film manufacturer refers to his films. For instance, the Essanay Company would refer to the two reel subject "The Champion," in which Charles Chaplin appears as "the release of March 11," because that is the date upon which it will first be shown to the public. "Released," on the other hand, means that a film has been put out and is already being shown to the public. A reel is the name for a subject 1,000 feet or less in length. When a subject is 2,000 feet in length it is called "a two reeler," because two spools are used to hold the film.

MARY N., SOUTH CHICAGO, ILL.—Address Ella Hall, care of Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Universal City, Los Angeles. She is not married to Robert Leonard.

GENEVIEVE R., BELMOND, IA.—We're going to suggest that you send 15c for the January, 1915, issue of PHOTOPLAY, which contains a five-page story with pictures about Ethel Clayton and particularly her home life.

MISS S. R., HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CAN.—We refer you to pages 164 and 172 of the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for there you will obtain an idea of the proper form in which to prepare your manuscript, and also a hint as to the most likely places in which to sell it after you have completed it.

"A MOVIE FAN," BELLEVILLE, ILL.—Frequently, if he can do so without infringing on another's copyright, a manufacturer will go ahead even though he knows another has produced the play he has in mind, for he believes that he can do it better than the other manufacturer did. There is no specified time in which you can be sure you will see your accepted story in photoplay form—sometimes it is a year after a subject is submitted and purchased before the film is released, and in several cases that we know of the story is still unproduced though the manufacturer bought and paid for the manuscript more than three years ago.

E. H., MURFESBORO, TENN.—No such articles as those you mention have appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, although lots has been written about the methods of picture production.



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Folks stand spellbound in stores all over the land and watch the miraculous way the BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper runs itself.

Look for the one in your neighborhood. See how it feeds the raw corn from the hopper; watch the kernels swell, jump and burst into big, fluffy white flakes—crisp, crackling and clean—untouched by hands and piping hot. See how this marvelous little machine butters each morsel evenly—more dexterous than human fingers.

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This is the title of a book which treats upon every feature of this fascinating work. Tells kind of plays wanted by film producing companies, kind NOT wanted, how to choose plots, how to write synopsis and scenario, how to introduce characters, how to begin story, importance of first scene, climax, continuity of scenes, all about inserts and leaders, what is wanted for two and three reel plays, how to submit manuscripts to insure attention, prices paid for plays, and dozens of other important points necessary to success; includes a complete sample play, showing just how it should be prepared and written, and a full list of all film producing companies wanting and buying plays, telling the kind of plays each one wants.

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This book, a few sheets of paper, envelopes and a few postage stamps are the "tools of your profession." There is nothing more to buy. Producers pay from \$5.00 to \$100.00 for each play accepted. Many ask if we guarantee success. NO success is for YOU to acquire. It cannot be bought. Our book merely offers the proper technical training and places clearly before you

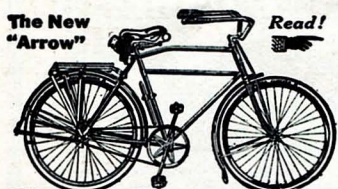
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G. A. UTICA, MICH.—None of the four players your name are married. We have not heard that Francis Ford is to appear in another serial, though it is possible of course that he may do so, after the present Universal serial, "The Black Box," comes to an end.

"AN INTERESTED READER." ST. PAUL, MINN.—You must have missed a lot of numbers, or you would certainly have discovered that Mary Pickford is the wife of Owen Moore, that Marguerite Snow is the wife of James Cruze and that King Baggot is married to a non-professional. The others you named are unmarried.

LAURA J., BEVERLY, MASS.—Owen Moore is the husband of Mary Pickford. Francis X. Bushman, the press agent alleges, is unmarried. Crane Wilbur is now playing leads with the Lubin Company. Visitors are not allowed at the plant of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company. Bryant Washburn is married.

"MARY." GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—An interview with Mary Pickford appeared in the September, 1914, issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and "Little Mary's" picture adorned the cover of the same issue. The part you mention was played by James Kirkwood. Mary Pickford's particular "hobby" is her work in pictures. It's a good one, don't you think?

M. F. W., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—We've got to tell you just like we have hundreds of others that you haven't a chance in the world to succeed as an actress. Why ought a director to employ you when he can get experienced talent by merely stepping to the phone and calling up any one of a half hundred telephone numbers that have been given him by actors of years and years of experience who are now anxious to work in the movies? Mr. Griffith is the director of the Griffith brand of Mutual films, and is just now in New York City, where the latest masterpiece of his creation, "The Birth of a Nation," is being shown. Not only the best, but the only school for the photoplay actor or actress is the studio. Two of the most prominent Universal directors are Otis Turner and Francis Ford. Address Anita Stewart, care of the Vitagraph studios, Brooklyn, New York. The Balboa studio is located at Long Beach, California, and the Laemmle brand is made at Universal City, a suburb of Los Angeles.

"ANDY"—Perhaps some of our other readers will fall in with your suggestion for a correspondence club, though PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE doesn't very well see how it can act as your postoffice. Florence Lawrence, we understand, will soon be back on the screen, though with what company we can't tell you at this time.

MISS M. M., NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA—Florence LaBadie is still with Thanhouser and is still unmarried.

FANNIE G. B., CHICAGO—Honestly, Fannie, we don't see how we can encourage you, though, frankly, you have written us a more sensible letter than any would-be-movie-star in a long time. The concern you mention we never even heard of, and we fear it is even more unreliable than a lot of the companies that come and go almost overnight, so we shan't for a minute think of urging you to join such an organization. If it were possible for you to get work as a super in one of the studios of a big and reliable company there might come a day when you would be just the "type" needed by a director at that moment and then you would have your chance to demonstrate your ability—but, getting the job of a "supe" is no easy matter.

"V. V." NEW YORK CITY—Both Miss Stonehouse and Miss Bayne are classed as "leads" at the Essanay studio. Miss Edna Mayo is, however, just now leading woman in the first company. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE would not care to express an opinion as to which actor or actress is the best in any company. It's all a matter of individual opinion.

MRS. E. P. G., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—There is no big studio located nearer your home than Chicago, where the Essanay and Selig people both have a company at work. Yes, the action in the studio occupies approximately the same time as the same action does on the screen when you see the picture projected. Of course many of the scenes which in the studio run three to four minutes are cut down when the picture is made, until only about two minutes of the action is shown.

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PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. 10 8 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

MARTHA P., ST. LOUIS—Surely if your letter got as far as the "Answer Man" it has been replied to. We don't, however, recall seeing it, so here goes to answer your questions again, even if we have replied to them before. Pearl White is the real name of the actress you mention. Yes she has been married and divorced. There are to be fifteen episodes in "The Exploits of Elaine," and the ending of the first serial will be followed immediately by a new series of "Exploits" in which Miss White, Craig Kennedy and the other familiar characters will be seen again. Miss White has been interviewed by PHOTOPLAY—see the October, 1914, issue. Studio hours vary. Sometimes they begin almost at daylight and continue as long as the light is good; again they begin at 9 or 10 o'clock and run far into the night when the players work in the electric lighted studio in order to complete a delayed picture, and there are certain days when the stars scarcely work at all. Yes, we think it likely that Miss White would answer your letter if you are thoughtful enough to include a stamped and addressed envelope for her reply. We can't answer your other question. You'll have to ask the lady herself about that.

J. S. M., FARRELL, PA.—Florence Lawrence hasn't been in pictures of any brand of late, but we understand is "coming back" shortly, though we haven't learned with what company. She never appeared in an LKO film, so you are mistaken in thinking you saw her. John Bunny is touring the country in person, appearing with a number of vaudeville players of note and doing some stunts that none but Bunny would attempt. His Vitagraph pictures, however, still continue. The cast of "Quo Vadis" is as follows: Vinitius, Antony Novelli; Petronius, G. Serena; Tigellinus, C. Moltini; Lygia, Leah Giunchi; Eunice, Mrs. Cattaneo; Nero, C. Cattaneo; Chilo, A. Mastripietri; Ursus, B. Castellani; Peter, J. Gizzi; Poppaea, Mrs. Brandini.

E. P. C., MORGAN, PA.—We can't answer your questions or anybody else's by mail. You'll all have to look for your replies in this department. None of the players except Maurice Costello is married, and Mrs. Costello doesn't appear in pictures, but is a non-professional. If a girl has no experience she can't hope to become a photoplay actress so we can't tell you "what she must do."

P. L. C., DELPHI, IND.—Grace Cunard is not the wife of Francis Ford.

"OAKY," NEW ORLEANS—We are quite sure Wheeler Oakman would be tickled pink if we had room to print all the nice things you wrote about him, but we haven't, so you'll have to write 'em to him yourself. Thanks for the kind words about PHOTOPLAY and we'll try awfully hard to deserve more of them in the future. Sure, come on in again any time you feel like it.

"AUSTRALIA," NORTH RICHMOND, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA—Your letter had to come such a long ways that it's a shame to disappoint you, but honestly we can't give you the birthdays of all the actresses you name. We can only say none of them is past twenty-five. But where, oh where did you get the idea that Mary Pickford was with Kalem? Really, Australia, you'll have to show a better knowledge of the film game than that if you want to make us believe you are a dyed-in-the-wool fan. Miss Pickford is a Famous Players actress and not a Kalemite.

D. H. W., BALTIMORE—Miss Blanche Sweet can be addressed care of the Lasky studios, Los Angeles, California.

Miss I. E., NEW YORK CITY—None of the players you name are married.

Miss E. L., NEW YORK CITY—The babies used in photoplay productions are nearly always borrowed from mothers who live in the vicinity of the studio and are only too glad to have their "dimpled darlings" photographed for the movies.

JOHN C. M., GREENSBORO, N. C.—The Pansy Correspondence Club is just what it's name indicates—a correspondence club composed of motion picture fans who write each other frequently about their favorites of the screen. We agree with you that both the players you name are excellent and probably, before so very long, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will contain interviews with both of them.



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ELEANOR O'K., JERSEY CITY—Florence Lawrence is not at present appearing in films, but will probably return to the screen in the near future. As soon as she connects herself with a film concern we shall be glad to give you her new address.

"PEGGY, THE PICTURE FIEND," COLUMBUS, O.—In Vitagraph's "Sins of the Mothers" Alice is Lucille Lee, and the actress you mention in "Two Women" is Julia Swayne Gordon. The Gish sisters pose for the Mutual, not the Biograph company. Interviews with the players you mention will probably appear in PHOTOPLAY within the next few months.

"PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT," TARPON SPRINGS, FLA.—The National Board of Censorship in one of its pamphlets says of the subjects it taboos: "The Censoring Committee insists that there shall be no sensationalism and no representation of crime, except with the object of conveying a moral lesson. Crime for crime's sake is condemned. Certain socially forbidden themes are, of course, proscribed and any leaning toward over-sensationalism is discouraged. But for the extreme demand which is sometimes made, namely that all pictures of crime or violence be forbidden, the Board is compelled to point out that such a standard would prohibit practically all of Shakespeare and the other classics, and even some of the Biblical motion pictures." The Kalem Company comes the nearest to being an all-the-year-around Florida studio that we know of, though in certain months many other concerns have companies operating in that vicinity. Probably you will be able to see much of the out-door work that is done while you are there, though whether the director will permit you to watch the company in studio work is extremely doubtful.

M. P. S., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—We never heard that Dorothy Gish ever attended the school you name. Blanche Sweet, we are told, was born in Chicago, but did her first picture work in the Biograph studios in New York.

GLADYS M. B., BALTIMORE—The players whose picture you refer to is Tom Forman. The Clutching Hand is being played by an actor whose name has not been revealed, and you will only learn at the end of the final episode who he really is. However, we should say that your guess was a pretty good one. Yes Owen Moore played the part you name opposite Mary Pickford. Rumor has it that he is to appear in some Keystone pictures.

H. L. M., JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—You will have to tell us who made that film you mention. There are so many hundreds of titles to the various film releases, that it is utterly impossible for us to tell you what you want to know unless in asking your question you mention the brand of the film you saw.

MARGARET E. A., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—The Universal cast sheet on "The Girl of the Secret Service" does not tell who played "Mrs. Langford." Dorothy in Big U's "Her Bargain" was Doris Pawn. We have no casts on Hepworth productions since they are made abroad. Wilkerson in Universals "The Master Key" series is Harry Carter. Sister Agnes in Rex's "Her Life's Story" was Laura Oakley.

OLIVIA C. S., JASPER, IND.—We think you must be mistaken in thinking that Marguerite Snow attended the school you mention.

JOSEPHINE S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Viola Dana appeared on the legitimate stage in the play you mention. "Tommy Thomas" in "Runaway June" is Margaret Loveridge. Sorry, but we have no cast sheets on Nemo productions.

"CALYFORNIA," JERSEY CITY—Gee but you went a long ways from home for your nom de plume. There is no relationship between Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, other than leading woman and producer. Carlyle Blackwell's latest is "The High Hand." Warren Kerrigan doesn't appear opposite Mary Fuller because Miss Fuller is working in the Eastern studio and Mr. Kerrigan is appearing in films made at Universal City, California. The King in Victor's "The King and the Man" was Warren Kerrigan. The leads in Domino's "A Modern Noble" were Thomas Chatterton and Violet McMillen.

GLAD N. P., ST. LOUIS—Frank Bennett is the player you mention in Reliance's "Heart Beats." A letter addressed to him care of the Reliance studio, Los Angeles, California, will reach him. Francis X. Bushman, as we have stated time and again in these pages, is alleged to be single.

BERNICE C. B., SANTA CLARA, CAL.—Willie and Kitty in Big U's "Dad" were M. Wilson and Agnes Vernon. William Hardy in Lubin's "The Friendship of Lamond" is Herbert Fortier. Neither Frieda or Fritz, Jr., were cast in Imp's "The Treason of Anatole."

EDWIN C. L. MONROE, WIS.—It would take all of this page and most of the next one for us to list for you all the film exchanges of the United States with their street addresses. The exchanges nearest to you are those of Milwaukee, we presume, and we will therefore have to stop with just listing those of that city. They are as follows: General Film Company, 220 West Water St.; Mutual Film Exchange, 301 Enterprise Bldg.; Universal Film Exchange, 133 Second street.

JANE W., SAN FRANCISCO—June in Reliance's "Runaway June" is Norma Phillips, who also appeared as the Mutual Girl in the serial of that name. Elizabeth Burbridge played the lead in "The Midas of the Desert," but it was a Kay Bee, not a Reliance production.

MRS. A. G. M., MEDFORD, MASS.—We cannot tell you why the Selig Polyscope Company does not announce the names of its players on the screen. In some productions they do, though the greater part of the Selig releases are without casts. Daly in "Between Matinee and Night" was William Stowell.

MISS EDYTHE L., LOS ANGELES—Francis Ford of Gold Seal brand, Universal, was born September 15, 1883, in Portland, Maine, so you can figure out for yourself how old he is. He is not married to Grace Cunard.

"TONY BOY," NEW ORLEANS—Edward Earle will probably be interviewed in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Joseph Kauffman appears on an average in about three productions a month for Lubin, though once in awhile it happens that he is seen as many as five times a month. In recent releases Florence Hackett, Flora Lea and Ethel Clayton have appeared opposite him. You are only one of thousands who enjoy the Essanay George Ade fables.

GLADYS M. B., BALTIMORE—Willie and Kitty in Big U's "Dad" were M. Wilson and Hilda Sloman. The cast of Selig's "The Passer-By" is as follows: Fay Thompson, Stella Razetto; Frank Coakley, Guy Oliver; Col. Morrison, Jack McDonald; James Thompson, Sidney Smith; Mrs. Thompson, Eugenie Bessner; Wallace Richards, Scott Dunlop.

"KATE," SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The leads in American's "A Heart of Gold" were Harry Von Meter and Vivian Rich.

ELSIE C., MEMPHIS, TENN.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are not married. Miss Cunard was born in Paris, France, April 8th, 1893, and Mr. Ford's birthplace is Portland, Maine, the date being September 15th, 1883.

E. AND C., CINCINNATI—Marguerite's two chums in Kalem's "The Adventure at Brier Cliff" were Marguerite Prussing and Mary Moore. In Vitagraph's "Netty or Letty" it was Dorothy Kelly who wrote the note. Rosemary Theby's sister in Victor's "The Hard Road" is Delphine Fielding.

MAXINE C., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—The addresses of the film companies you mention are as follows: Masterpiece Film Company, Los Angeles, California; Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, 220 West 48th St., New York City; Alliance Films Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City, and World Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

"TYMP."—The Vitagraph player you mention is still with the Vitagraph Company, but has not appeared in any recent releases. You will see him before long, however. We can't place those characters you refer to in Thanhouser's "Million Dollar Mystery." The actor in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that you mention was a child a good many years ago.

"SEATTLE KID," SEATTLE, WASH.—The child in Big U's "Seven and Seventy" is not mentioned on the cast sheet. William Garwood is featured in Imp's "On Dangerous Ground." Jim in Beauty's "A Girl and Two Boys" is Joseph Harris. Florence Crawford was the player you didn't know in Reliance's "A Miner's Peril."



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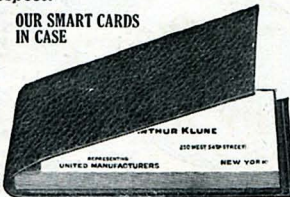
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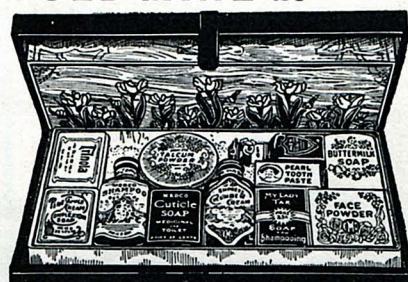
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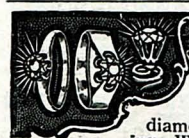
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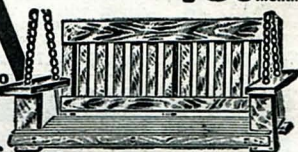
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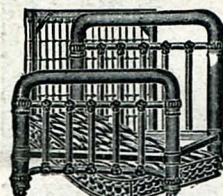
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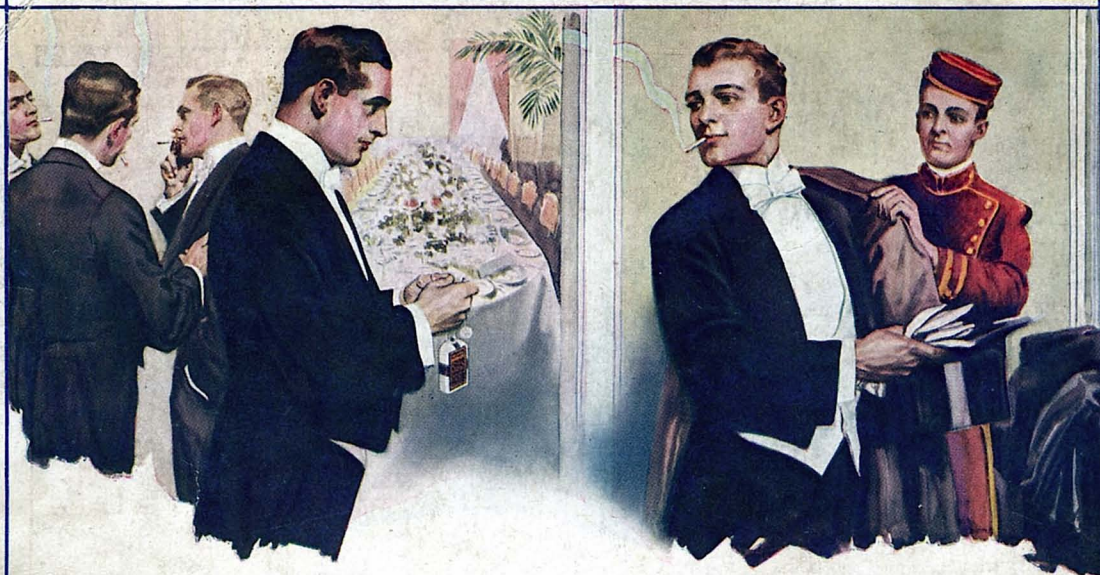
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